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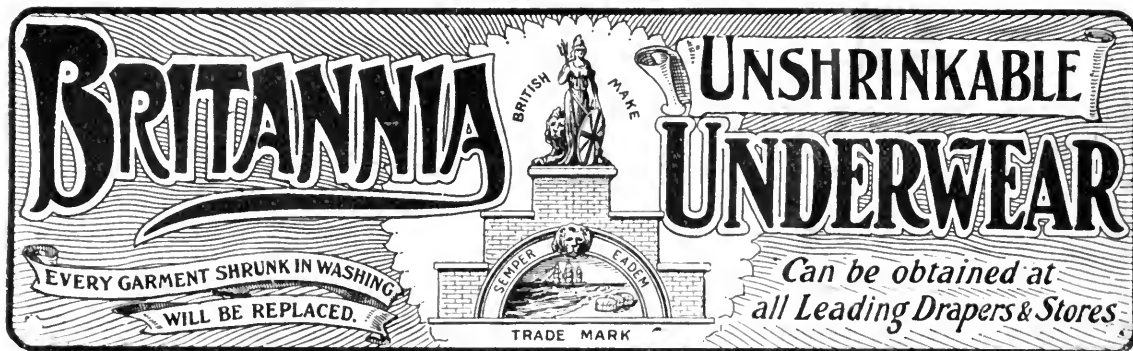
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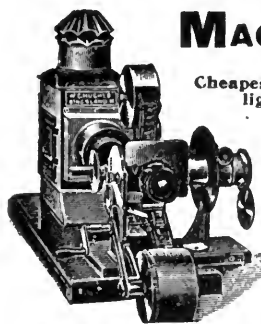
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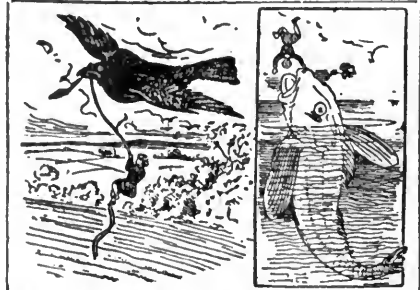
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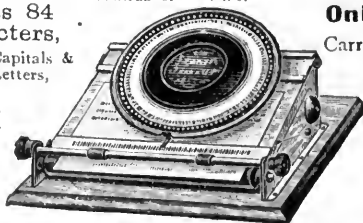
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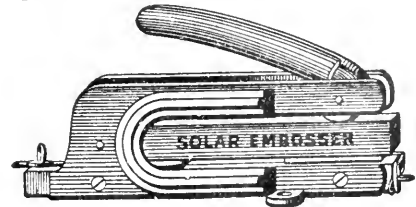
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"Mr. W. G. Hearne—Dear Sir,—I am writing to tell you about the wonderful cure your medicine has effected in my case. About three years ago I began to cough. At first the cough was not severe, but it gradually got worse, and I became very weak and troubled with night sweats, pain in my chest, and great quantities of phlegm. On several occasions there was blood in the expectorated matter. I had been treated by a doctor, who pronounced my case to be Consumption, and various other treatments had been tried, but without benefit. It was at this stage that I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and sent to you for a course of the medicine. When it arrived I was too ill to leave my bed, but I commenced taking it at once, and gradually improved. I am glad to say that the two lots of medicine you sent have effected a complete cure, for which accept my very best thanks—Yours gratefully.

"J. BLAIR.

"Westminster Bridge-road, S.E., London."

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RELIEVED BY ONE DOSE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS
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"Dear Sir,—I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful effect of your Bronchitis Cure. I suffered for nine months, and the cough was so distressingly bad at nights I was obliged to get up and sit by the fire. I had medical advice, and tried other 'remedies,' without avail. I tried yours, and never had a fit of coughing after taking the first dose, and though I have had but two bottles I feel I am a different man, and the cough has vanished. You may depend on my making known the efficacy of your wonderful remedy to anyone I see afflicted.

"Yours faithfully, JAMES ASTBURY."

GRATITUDE AND APPRECIATION.
HUNDREDS CURED IN THEIR OWN CIRCLE.

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"Dear Mr. Hearne,—The silent workers are frequently the most effective, and if there is anybody in Victoria who during the last few years has been repeatedly working for and singing the praises of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, it is our Mr. Phillips. This gentleman, some three years ago was recommended to try your Bronchitis Cure by Mr. Barham, accountant, Collins-street, and the effect that it had was so marked that he has ever since been continually recommending it to others. We are glad to add this testimony to the value of Hearne's most valuable Bronchitis Cure, which has eased the sufferings of hundreds and hundreds of people even in our own circle of acquaintance. Believe us always to be yours most faithfully.

"PHILLIPS, ORMONDE & CO."

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Mr. Alex J. Anderson, of Oak Park, Charlesville, Queensland, writes:—"After suffering from Asthma for seventeen years; and having been under a great many different treatments without benefit, I was induced to try Hearne's medicine for Asthma. After taking three bottles of this medicine I quite got rid of the Asthma, and since then, which was in the beginning of 1883 (15 years ago), I have not had the slightest return of it. The medicine quite cured me, and I have much pleasure in recommending it."

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A FEW EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

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"Your Bronchitis Cure relieved my son wonderfully quick. I only gave him four doses, and have some of the medicine yet; but I am sending for another bottle in case I should want it.—D. McDONALD, Trinky, via Quirindi, N.S.W."

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"I lately administered some of your Bronchitis Cure to a son of mine, with splendid effect. The cure was absolutely miraculous.—D. A. PACKER, Quiera, Neutral Bay, Sydney, N.S.W."

"Your Bronchitis Cure, as usual, acted splendidly.—O. H. RADFORD, Casterton, Victoria."

"Kindly forward another bottle of your famous Bronchitis Cure without delay, as I find it to be a most valuable medicine.—(Mrs.) J. SLATER, Warragul, Victoria."

"I am very pleased with your Bronchitis Cure. The result was marvellous. It eased me right off at once.—G. SEYTH, Bourke, N.S.W."

"Your medicine for Asthma is worth £1 a bottle.—W. LETTS, Heywood, Victoria."

"I have tried lots of medicine, but yours is the best I ever had. I am recommending it to everybody.—S. STEELE, Yanko Siding, N.S.W."

"I suffered from Chronic Asthma and Bronchitis, for which I obtained no relief until I tried your medicine, but I can truly say that I am astonished at my present freedom, as a direct result of my brief trial.—JOHN C. TRELAWNEY, Severn River, via Inverell, N.S.W."

"Last year I suffered severely from Bronchitis, and the doctor, to whom I paid seven guineas, did not do me any good; but I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and two bottles of it made me quite well.—H. HOOD, Brooklands, Avoca-street, South Yarra, Melbourne."

"Please send me half a dozen of your Bronchitis Cure. This medicine cured me in the winter, and has now cured a friend of mine of a very bad Bronchitis.—A. ALLEN, Ozone House, Lorne, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure has done me much good. This is a new experience, for all the medicine I previously took made me much worse. I am satisfied that the two bottles of Bronchitis Cure I got from you have pulled me through a long and dangerous illness.—HENRY WURLOD, Alma, near Maryborough, Victoria."

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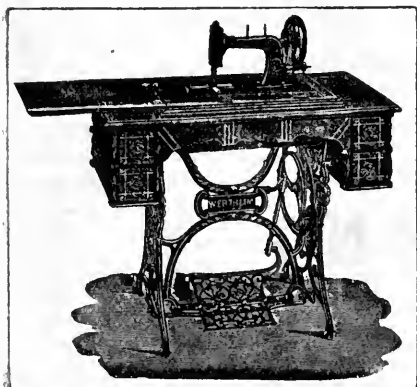
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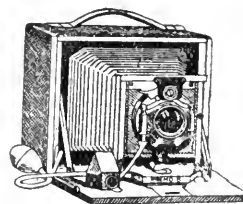
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This month—February—is the last for this Competition. If anyone desires to have the whole of the numbers from the beginning of the Competition (March, 1904), they can be procured from the "Review of Reviews" office.

Abundance of time will be given for the forms to reach us from the most remote parts of Australasia. The cost of freight of the Sewing Machine will be paid to the chief town or port of the State in which the winner lives. In the case of a tie or ties, the prize will be awarded to the list first opened. The decision of the judge will be final. The competition commenced in March, 1904, and in that and succeeding issues will be found a form to be filled up. The forms should now be completed (the name of the competitor being signed to each), pinned together and forwarded to The Advertising Manager, "Review of Reviews for Australasia," Equitable Building, Melbourne. On the upper left hand corner of the envelope, should be marked "Advertising Competition."

Anyone can join in the Competition, but the printed form on page xvi. must be used.

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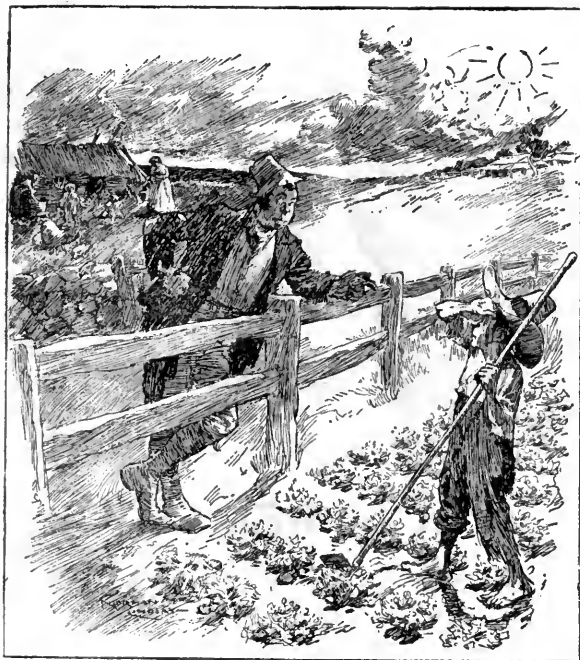
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Sydney Bulletin.]

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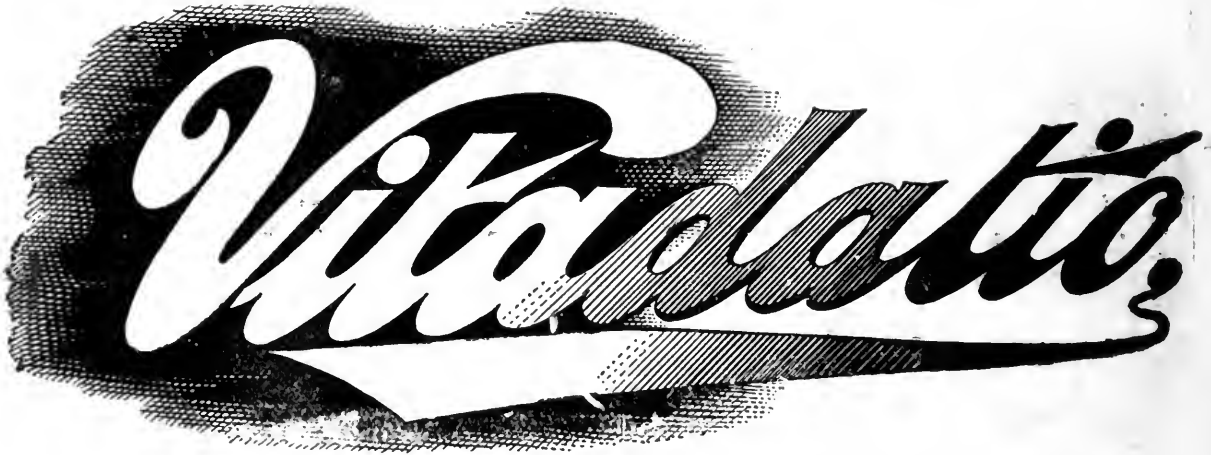
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Huddart, Parker & Co.,
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Cures ECZEMA.

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Westminster Gazette.]

[Dec. 7.

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SEE PAGE XL

REVIEW OF REVIEWS FOR AUSTRALASIA.

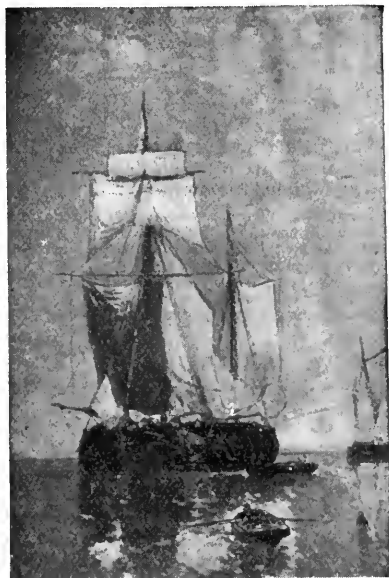
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- | | |
|--------|---------|
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THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS FOR AUSTRALASIA.

(ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 8/6.)

EDITED BY HENRY STEAD.

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY 20, 1905.

	PAGE
The Premiers' Conference at Hobart—Frontispiece.	
History of the Month	107
Interviews on Topics of the Month—	
XXIII.—The Revival in Wales: Mr. Evan Roberts	125
XXIV.—A Year on the Congo: Mrs. French Sheldon	126
XXV.—Rev. Father Hays on the Liquor Traffic	128
XXVI.—Capt. Scott-Harden on the Russo-Japanese War	129

	PAGE
Australasian Industries:	
IV.—Sugar, by Major A. J. Boyd, F.R.G.S.	132
Character Sketch:	
Mr. Livingston Hopkins—"Hop." of <i>The Sydney Bulletin</i>	143
First Impressions of the Theatre: By W. T. Stead	151
II.—His Majesty's Servant.	
III.—A Wife Without a Smile.	
Articles and Pictures from the London "Punch"	155

(Continued on next page.)

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CONTENTS (continued from page xix.).

Leading Articles in the Reviews:	PAGE		PAGE
An Impeachment of the Churches	159	Day by Day	182
The World's Greatest Labour Leader	160	The Reviews Reviewed:	
How New Zealand Solves Its Problems	161	The American Review of Reviews	184
Notes on the War	162	The Contemporary Review	184
The Art of Modern Warfare	162	The Nineteenth Century	185
Mrs. Blackman and Her Work	162	The Century Magazine	185
The Japanese War Fund	163	The Fortnightly Review	186
The Most Popular Pictures in the Tate Gallery	163	The World's Work and Play	186
Sidelights on the War	164	The Independent Review	187
The Naval Fight Outside Port Arthur	164	The Monthly Review	187
The War of the Future	165	The National Review	188
Germany the Enemy	166	The Atlantic Monthly	188
Beethoven and Goethe	166	The Westminster Review	189
Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer	167	Harper's Monthly Magazine	189
About the Brownings	168	Pearson's Magazine	189
Mr. Hall Caine on the Religious Novel	168	The Occult Review	189
The Author of the Simple Life	169	A Labour Magazine	190
History from Advertisements	169	Blackwood's Magazine	190
Lawless America	170	A Polish Novelist's Sad Story	190
A Story of Bright	170	La Revue	191
Theodore the First	171	The Nouvelle Revue	191
How the Earth is Weighed	172	The Arena	191
One Empire, One Flag	172	The Cornhill Magazine	191
Mr. Frederic Harrison's Jeremiad	173	The Pall Mall Magazine	191
Roman Catholicism To-day	173	The Dutch Magazines	192
Reforming the American Hooligan	174	The Italian Reviews	192
How Great Workers Work	174		
The Problem of the Unemployed	175	History of the Month in Caricature	193
Municipal Trading a Dead Loss	176	The Great Welsh Revival	199
The Future of Public-house Trusts	177	The Review's Book Shop	208
The Diet of the Future	177	Insurance Notes	212
London, Old and New	178		
How to Build a Cheap Bungalow	178		
The State and the Church in France	179		
Horseflesh as Food	180		
The Garden City of Hitchin	180		
The Modern Utopia	181		
Memorial Plant-names	181		
Algiers as a Winter Playground	181		

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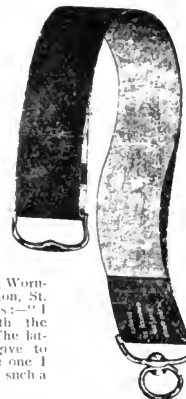
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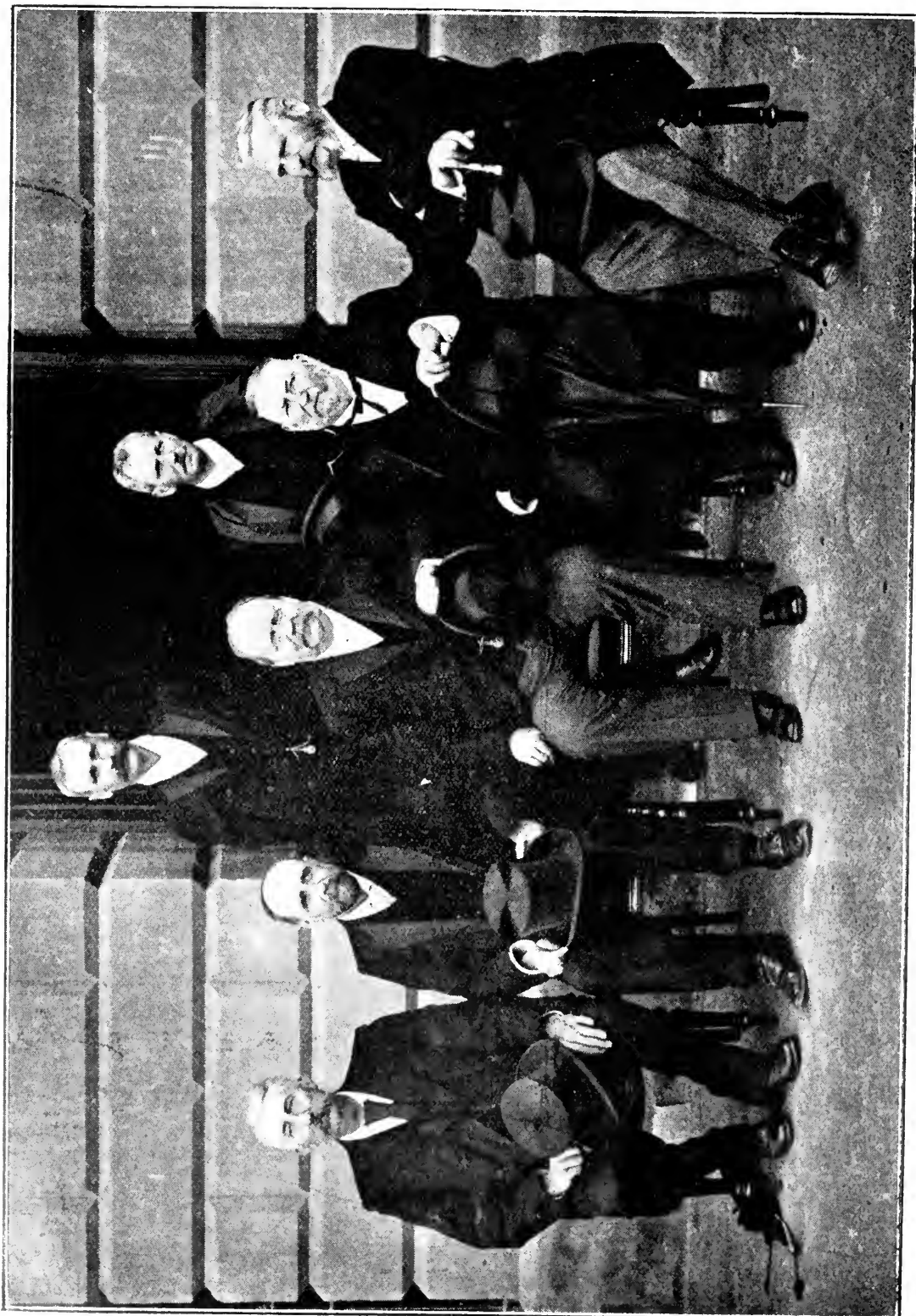
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THE CONFERENCE OF PREMIERS AT HOBART.

Mr. J. G. Jenkins (S.A.),

Mr. J. W. Evans (Tas.),

Mr. J. H. Douglas (W.A.),

Mr. G. H. Reid

Prime Minister),

Mr. J. H. Carruthers (N.S.W.),

Mr. T. Bent (Victoria),

Mr. A. Morgan (Queensland).

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS



FOR AUSTRALASIA.

EQUITABLE BUILDING, MELBOURNE.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

MELBOURNE, February 13th, 1905.

The Premier's Conference.

At the time of writing, the Premiers' Conference is sitting in Hobart. It is a curious admixture of pleasure and business, of secrecy and publicity. The element of pleasure is mingling with the business of the Conference to a greater extent than pleases some of the Premiers, and the press is excluded, although skeleton reports of the proceedings are supplied by the Prime Minister as chairman. In one way the privacy of the Conference is commendable, for full reports of speeches would inevitably lead to discursiveness, and newspaper controversy would rage round individual expressions of opinion for no good purpose, and the Conference can only be advisory after all. On the other hand, the Premiers are representatives of what are really huge business concerns, and each State has a very real interest in the deliberations. It is not as though the Conference was an enquiry in which information which might be damaging to some outside interests has to be elicited. Its purpose is rather to elicit a frank statement of the individual needs of the States.

Some Practical Results.

At the beginning of the Conference it seemed as if little substantial progress would be made. It is clear that in a good many quarters Federation is looked upon with suspicion, and the curtailment of State powers and privileges is being resented by some of the States. Time will have to heal a good many of the misunderstandings and bring needed reforms. But the unexpected suddenly happened, and

unanticipated results have been achieved. The question of transferred properties found a satisfactory basis of settlement, and it was agreed—(1) that the basis of compensation be the value of the land, plus the value of buildings or other property at the time of transfer, taking into consideration the purpose for which they were used; (2) that each State, and the Commonwealth, should each appoint a public officer as valuer, and their valuation shall be accepted as final, provided that in case of difference the dispute shall be referred to a judge in the State, who, after hearing the valuers, shall decide the amount at which the disputed valuation shall stand, and his decision shall be final; (3) that the amount due to each State shall be a credit to it, and a debit to the Commonwealth, in the accounts between Commonwealth and State, and, until paid, shall bear interest at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, such interest to be Federal expenditure. It was also agreed to ask the States to unite with the Federal Government in making the electoral laws uniform with regard to modes of enrolment, modes of revision and establishment of polling places, and to invite the Federal Government to introduce legislation to make its members and officials liable to State taxation. It is also probable that some agreement will be come to with regard to the Federalising of State debts, the proposal for the hypothecation of railway revenues being abandoned, and the Bradon clause being extended in its operation as for a period of about fifty years, or until the sinking fund established by the States be sufficient to pay interest. It is exceedingly satisfactory that a more workable line of action has been found, for per-



Punch. That Mail Contract. [Melbourne.
(The Orient Co., thinking it has all the best of the position, is working a game of grab.)
ORIENT Co.: "Pooh! pooh! I'm not going to bargain with you, little man. I've got you on toast."

petual friction between the State and Federal Governments is inimical to good work by both. One rather remarkable feature of the Conference is the extreme mildness of the Victorian Premier (Mr. Bent), whose opposition to Federation was expected to produce some interesting passes in the debates. If it be indicative of a general change of attitude, and a willingness to give and take on the part of all the Premiers, the Conference will be productive of even greater good than the mere passing of the few resolutions agreed upon by the Conference.

The Mails Contract Deadlock.

The position with regard to the carriage of mails is tantalising to a degree. In spite of expectations to the contrary, it has been so far impossible to arrive at an understanding with the Orient Company. Mails will therefore be carried to Britain at poundage rates by whatever line is possible. The position is still further complicated by the refusal of the captain of the "Orontes" to take on board Australian mails at Marseilles. Briefly, the proposal of the Orient Company is that it

should be receiving £140,000 in annual subsidy instead of £78,000, the amount of the previous subsidy. Now it is quite possible to pay too dearly for one's whistle, and the general feeling amongst business men is that the Orient Company has been greedy and unreasonable in its demands. If the profits of the company have been small, it is yet too much to ask that one shipper—the Post Office—should bear what would practically be the burden of the difference between profit and loss. Mr. Reid has expressed surprise that some of the great Australian companies have not stepped into the field, a possibility that might eventuate if the deadlock continues. The action of the Orient Company is the more inconceivable, considering that the required speed is not, in these days of fast and increasing speed, unduly excessive, and the unreasonableness of the demand for £140,000 becomes evident when it is remembered that for an accelerated service of 662 hours between Brindisi and Adelaide the P. and O. Company receives £85,000. The Orient Company thus asks £55,000 a year more, and gives a slower service, as its guarantee would be for 696 hours for the same distance. It is, after all, possibly in the best interests of the Commonwealth that the nakedness of the unreasonable proposal has been exposed. In these days of competition, a great subsidy will not for long wait wanting eager applicants. Meanwhile Australia has to be content with what is practically a fortnightly service as, with the exception of the French boats, all of the lines by which its mails can be sent are a week slower than the P. and O.

The Collapse of the Newcastle Strike.

What the Newcastle wheelers have gained beyond universal blame by their foolish and ill-advised action, probably even they cannot find out. Their strike fizzled out with time, and they returned to work under the old conditions. Very properly the Government acted promptly and firmly. The prosecutions commenced will be carried through. But the regrettable aspect of the whole affair is that the very people who clamoured for the Arbitration Act were the first to flout it. When previous troubles were on in the coal trade, the employers loyally obeyed the findings of the Court: but on the first occasion when the men had to abide by an unwelcome decision of the same Court, they flung the provisions of the Act to the winds. Of course, the principle of arbitration is not going to be adversely affected by the ill-advised action of a small body of men, but oppor-

tunity has certainly been given for the sarcastic comments that have been made. The men have not had the sympathy of their own labour brethren; but general faith in the sincerity of the party as a whole would have been strengthened had the Labour leaders repudiated the action of the wheelers, and used what compulsion they could to secure their return to work. Incidentally the cause of arbitration would have benefited wonderfully.

A Blot on our Escutcheon.

The report of Dr. Roth, the Commissioner appointed to enquire into the condition of West Australian aborigines, makes woeful reading. Conflicting reports of alleged cruelty to the blacks cropped up so incessantly and insistently that Dr. Roth was appointed to investigate, and his bald recital of apparent facts is startling. There is no mincing of words or turning of fine phrases, but a bold and strong indictment against the methods adopted by the police towards the natives. Indeed, it is so damning that if the statements made affected foreign Powers British blood would be stirred to a righteous indignation. We have good cause to indulge in some introspection and to set our own house in order. Drunkenness, prostitution and disease, he says, are rife. We are accustomed to deal in some rather Pharisaic adulation with regard to British treatment of native races, although they have generally been accustomed to wither before the blight of civilisation; but the report will surely bring self-reproach and cause the most searching investigation and the most radical interference with the system which has made all this possible, a course which, if we judge aright, the West Australian Government, knowing the facts, will not be slow to take.

A Reversion to Barbarism.

So scathing is the report that we can not refrain from quoting from a summary of it, though the record is almost too bad to be preserved in cold type. It is hard to believe that anyone could so treat any fellow-creatures; much more so is it to credit that the original owners of the land, of a type the lowest and most helpless, one of the most childish of the child races, and needing the kindest treatment, could be subjected to the horrors the West Australian black has suffered.

The number of aborigines brought in being the great desideratum (each having money value to the escorting officer), it is not surprising to find that little boys of immature age have been brought in to give evidence;

that children varying in age between ten and sixteen are charged with killing cattle; that the blacks do not realise why they are sentenced; and that an old and feeble native arrives at the end of his journey in a state of collapse, and dies eighteen days after admission into the gaol.

It is only fair to state, with regard to cattle-killing by the children just referred to, some of whom were found neck-chained in Roebourne Gaol, that as soon as the attention of the Executive was drawn to them by the Commissioner they were released.

Besides being half-starved, the blacks are beaten on the way down.

Rations are charged for to take witnesses home again, but it does not follow that they are escorted back. In some cases they are certainly not; in others, they may hardly have time to get to their destination before they are rushed in again by the police with another mob.

It is no secret that the police say if the ration allowance was cut down or taken away they would not arrest so many natives. By their own assertions, every native caught means more money in their pockets. At present there is nothing to prevent a constable arresting as many blacks as he chooses, while there is no limit to the number of witnesses he is allowed to bring in with him to secure a conviction.

The accused are made to plead guilty at the muzzle of a rifle, if need be.

Of course a general denial is given, but on the face of it the report bears the semblance of truth, and it is scarcely credible that a Commissioner should make these terrible accusations without chapter and verse to establish them with. If only a tenth of what Dr. Roth asserts is true, and if it refers only to certain districts, it is still sufficient to rouse the West Australian public to indignation meetings and a demand for redress. The matter is one that the Federal Government should take up, if the Government concerned should prove helpless or careless, but that is hardly possible. A blot like this cannot be allowed to remain upon our Australian civilisation. Developments will be watched with interest.

Irrigation Prospects in New South Wales.

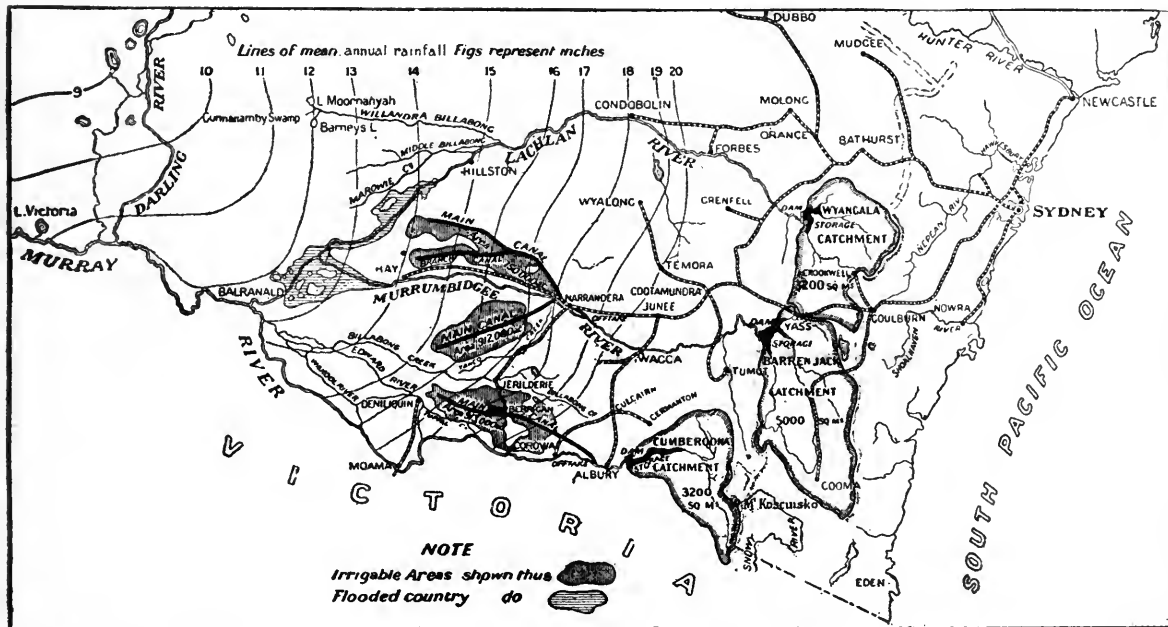
The huge Conference held in Sydney to discuss the questions of water conservation and irrigation should give the Government heart of grace to go on with some definite scheme. The Conference unanimously approved of the principle. Even the estimate of the Premier that ten million pounds would be required to carry out a huge scheme did not damp the enthusiasm of the members. It is practically certain that a vast area in the north could be irrigated by means of artesian supplies, and in the south by conserved water. Of course, the whole of a vast capital would not be required at once, while the fact that the money

the particular objective expressed in the resolution. And they will receive much outside support. A great many people who are earnestly desirous of seeing industrial wrongs righted and inequalities removed will disagree with this extreme statement of view. Moreover, they will quarrel with the terms of the proposal, and object to the use of the term "socialisation." There are thousands of workers who honestly strive for the highest good for the greatest number, who believe in, and work for, the principle that would transform the face of humanity if generally acted upon, "even as ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them"—the loftiest socialistic spirit—and who are prepared to, and do put this into operation personally, who will repudiate this interpretation of socialism. This is a term to which is given many and varied meanings, and there is therefore all the more reason why it should be shorn of artificial ones. Many of those who work for the social regeneration of humanity, and who in the sense of the principle quoted above are socialists in the truest sense of the word, will object to the monopoly of the term by those who

use it in the connection expressed in the resolution. Besides, the motion is bewildering as it stands. What, put in plain language, does "the socialisation of the production and distribution of wealth" actually mean? It may, in one sense, mean every possible description of human effort on the face of the earth. No wonder it was so stoutly opposed. The League would do well to state its position in clearer terms that ordinary people can understand.

Queensland Sugar Bonus.

**Queensland
Sugar Bonus.** Although the promised sugar bonus on cane grown by white labour was satisfying to a good many people who otherwise would have been rank opponents of the white labour principle, there is certain to be a good deal of disappointment in its allocation. The definition of "white-grown" cane is so severe, the conditions hampering that particular phase of the industry so many, that very few growers will participate in the bonus. According to the report of Dr. Maxwell, only 25.7 per cent. of the total cane crushed in Queensland was harvested by white labour. Three-fourths of the industry was to a greater or less ex-



Daily Telegraph.]

Map Outlining the Departmental Plans for Utilising the Waters of the Lachlan, Murrumbidgee, and Murray Rivers in New South Wales.

With regard to the above map, it is necessary to add that it is proposed to construct a reservoir on the Lachlan, at Wyangala. A storage reservoir is also contemplated at Barren Jack, with a capacity of 30,000,000 cubic feet, and the land to be submerged by this water service will be about 8320 acres. The canal on the northern side of the river will take off at Bundigerry Creek, a short distance above the town of Narrandera. It will then traverse the plain country north of Whitting, and will serve an area of 750,000 acres in the vicinity of Narrandera, Hay and Booligal. On the southern side of the Murrumbidgee River an area of 912,000 acres of irrigable land can be commanded. The main canal will leave the river a short distance below Yanco Creek. With regard to the Murray River scheme, the area commanded will be 913,000 acres of what is described as splendid irrigable land, in the vicinity of the towns of Berrigan, Deniliquin, and in the adjacent districts. The off-take of the canal is proposed to be situated at a place called Bungowannah, a short distance below Albury. The storage reservoir at Cumberboona will submerge an area of 23 square miles, and its capacity will be 25,367,000 cubic feet.



The Recently-erected Statue of Robert Burns, in the Sydney Domain.

tent so dependent on coloured labour that it is impossible for it to earn the bonus. The increasing difficulty of obtaining white labour as the cultivation extends nearer the Equator is evident from the following comparisons:—In the southern district, 74,863 tons of cane were harvested by white labour, as compared with 121,144 tons harvested by coloured labour; in the central district, there were 100,733 tons harvested by white labour, and 157,763 tons by coloured labour; while in the northern district only 36,521 tons were cut by white labour, as compared with 332,851 tons by coloured labour. The difficulty does not lie in the greater expensiveness of white labour, but in the impossibility of securing a steady supply of it all the year round so as to fulfil the stringent conditions. As a really vigorous attempt has been made to comply with the requirements of the Act, it is clear that tropical Queensland requires some special concessions in order to fit in with the conditions that are imposed upon it by its northern position. The white man does not take kindly to the arduous work of sugar cane cultivation in a steaming atmosphere.

**A
Well-satisfied
Premier.**

Since Federation became an accomplished fact, State Premiers have certainly tackled with greater earnestness the question of retrenchment. Possibly it is because the greatly increased expenditure over Federal matters brings into view more prominently the great cost of government and the necessity for economy. At any rate, there is a laudable movement towards it. Mr. Morgan, the Queensland Premier, is jubilant over his State's prospects. In spite of the fact that his way has been a stormy one, he claims to have made good progress. Certainly deficits were the rule when he came into office little more than a year ago. He points out that his determination to retrench has brought the margin down from hundreds of thousands of pounds to £12,000, and he hopes to have a surplus at the close of the next financial year. Furthermore he hopes to compile a record in another direction, in that if he is three years in office he will not have increased the amount of the State's loans. In one way he certainly enjoys a record. In sixteen months he has passed through a crisis, a general election and four sessions of Parliament. His term promises to constitute a record of records.

**New Zealand's
Political Labour
League.**

The Political Labour League of New Zealand, whose platform we published in October last, has issued a manifesto to be circulated broadcast. Most people, especially non-residents of New Zealand will be rather astonished at the opinion expressed in this document, for the colony is generally looked upon as the one which has tackled Labour problems in a braver spirit than any country has done. Certainly no one who has visited that prosperous and contented colony will, from its general condition, be inclined to quarrel with its policy. But in spite of this, we read with something of amazement, that "the necessity for the League lies in the fact that a majority in Parliament is opposed to Labour legislation. This unsatisfactory result has been brought about by organisation, due to your indifference. The census shows that 63 out of every 150 people in this colony belong to the wage-earning class. It is clear, therefore, that you allow a minority to rule you. You have handed your political mansion to strangers, and you beg at the doorstep. Is it not time that you took possession of your own?" Then, after detailing the proportion of Labour members in the Australian Parliaments, and stating that "in Tasmania, the most

Conservative colony in Australasia. Labour holds four seats," the manifesto goes on: "Now, where do you come in? In less than twelve months there will be an election in this colony. Shall New Zealand shake hands with Tasmania, or will you make an effort to place it in the foremost rank of democratic colonies?" We thought it occupied that desirable place already. Mr. Tregear, the Secretary to the Labour Department, whose excellent contribution to the *Arena* we notice on another page, has no doubt of it, and most people will agree with him. The manifesto is as ill-timed and ill-advised in labour's interests as is the creation of a separate Labour Party in a House that has uniformly favoured democratic legislation. As far as the creation of a separate body and the pushing of its interests in an isolated fashion is concerned, the Labour Party will be wise to "hasten slowly," or, better still, to retreat.

**An
Australian
Dreyfus.**

New Zealand has for some time been the willing spectator of one of the most terrible abortions of justice that any country could witness. A highly respectable and well-to-do farmer in Southland, John Meikle by name, was in 1887 charged with sheep stealing, and sentenced to "seven years' hard." The conviction was secured on the word of a private detective, Lambert. Meikle served his sentence, with the exception of the maximum allowance for exemplary conduct (two years); but, stung by the injustice of the charge, and strong in his innocence, he set about clearing his reputation as soon as he was released. In the meantime, his son, a lad of tender years, and an invalid, who was joined with him in the prosecution, but against whom a *nolle prosequi* was entered, had died in 1890 from the trouble and disgrace. Some eight years after his own conviction Meikle succeeded in bringing Lambert to trial, the case was proved, and Lambert was found guilty of perjury and sentenced to four years' hard labour, the then maximum penalty. Had the present law been in force, he would have been liable to imprisonment for life. Meikle's innocence was established beyond doubt.

**Asking for Bread
& Receiving
a Stone.**

Although Meikle had suffered the penalty of a felon for five years, and for three years spent all his money and time in trying to clear his reputation and that of his dead son, no help was given by the Crown, which had so eagerly taken up the case of his prosecutors. For years Meikle has

striven to induce the State to make the only reparation it should gladly and voluntarily make—the expunging of the names of father and son from the colony's criminal records. In spite of the fact that a Parliamentary committee has recommended it, the request has been obstinately refused, and the saddening spectacle is afforded of a State refusing to undo, as far as it can, a grievous wrong done to an estimable citizen. Even with regard to financial compensation (for Meikle has been ruined in his vain pursuit of justice) the Administration niggardly placed on the estimate the paltry sum of £500, and extorted from him "a full discharge of all claims." Although this was signed under protest, it has since been quoted as a complete discharge of any responsibilities.

**Nemesis
on
the Track.**

But the case is assuming a large aspect. Mr. Meikle has, by addresses and pamphlets, placed his case before the colony, and a hot-bed of feeling, though tardy in the process, is beginning to ferment. The records of any community can hardly give a more heartless case of injustice. The only right thing an Administration could do would be to clear the character of a man who was proved by the Courts to be innocent after the same



Sir Charles Todd, Retiring Deputy-Postmaster-General of South Australia.



Mr. T. A. Coghlan, Government Statist of New South Wales,
Who is going to England to re-organise the New South
Wales Agent-General's Department.

Courts had first wrongly pronounced him guilty. But an underlying principle is affected. The people will lose faith in any administration that tramples on the primary rules of justice. What has happened to Meikle may happen to any man, but woe betide any authority in which the people have no faith that it will assist the innocent to establish what is dearer to the heart of any upright man than material wealth—his good name. It is not too late for justice to be done, and if it be wise, the Administration will make reparation before its opportunity goes.

A Rising Barometer.

Even a little gain is better than none, and is infinitely better than a loss, especially in regard to our stagnant population, and although Australia has not much to boast of in the matter of increasing population from outside, she may take heart of grace that the movement last year was upward. According to a return supplied by Mr. Coghlan, the continent has profited to the extent of 1360 souls from outside sources, arrivals numbering

46,307, and departures 44,947. Still this is better than the previous year, for then we lost 7249, the population of a fair-sized town, a process which would very soon and very seriously deplete our population. During the last thirteen years, 1892-1904 inclusive, the population barometer has been as changeable as the weather, now rising and now falling, and the average person will feel somewhat lugubrious when, reckoning net gains and losses, he finds that during that time the Commonwealth has suffered a loss of 1412. The talk of politicians about the necessity for securing population, stimulating industries, developing irrigation and settling people on the land will have to find speedy fruition in deeds if any improvement is going to take place, and Australia is to attract to her areas that are crying out for settlement, the eager home-seekers from other lands.

New Zealand Land Commission.

When the land question in New Zealand reached such an acute stage that some action by the Premier was necessary, he very astutely shelved it as far as any immediate and definite action on his part was concerned by referring it to a Royal Commission. That has now been appointed. It consists of ten members, none of whom are members of Parliament or civil servants. The Commission has a wide area to investigate. It is to report as to whether it considers any alteration in the law desirable regarding the ballot system of constituting Land Boards and the tenures upon which lands may be obtained; whether Crown tenants labour under restrictions inimical to their well-being; whether their residential conditions require relaxing; whether Crown lessees are placed at a disadvantage in borrowing privately, or from the Advances to Settlers' Office. The question of the aggregation of estates is also to be looked into, and an opinion is to be given as to whether a maximum area should be fixed. The report is returnable fourteen days after Parliament opens.

A New and Novel Strike.

It was hardly to be wondered at that the shipping companies strongly objected to the Sea Carriage of Goods Act, which aims at giving shippers much more protection than they have hitherto enjoyed. Hitherto the bill of lading has been inequitable and the advantage has all lain with the companies, and to such an extent that the shipper has had practically to bear the whole loss of any damage or delay. But the Act very rightly

alters that. One of the first indications of opposition came in connection with the wool business, when the companies announced that they would levy a primage rate of 6s. 3d. per £100 value of the goods shipped, to cover themselves for extra obligations imposed by the Act. Wool-buyers in Sydney, however, promptly resented this, and struck buying, not because of the greatness of the charge—for it would at the present time amount only to about 11d. per bale, and they would be willing to pay this as an increased freight charge—but on the ground that it was practically a second insurance rate, and as such would vitiate their ordinary insurances. They promptly took action by refusing to operate at the sales. This was serious, for it meant the paralysing of the wool trade. After a few days, however, the shipping companies gave way, and decided to withdraw the primage not only on wools, but on all goods, until April 1st. Some interesting developments may, however, be expected. Some of the companies have been refusing perishable produce, but it is to be questioned as to whether they have the right to refuse goods unless they are in an unfit condition to be shipped. All that is asked of the companies is that due care shall be exercised, but it is probable that before the matter is finally and satisfactorily adjusted the companies will increase freights on perishable goods, and the producer will have to bear the burden.

The New Hebrides Question.

Although the representations of the Federal Government regarding the New Hebrides seem to be bearing no fruit with the Imperial authorities, the situation is as acute as ever, and no stone it being left unturned by the French residents in the islands to secure annexation. Some time ago a petition with that end in view was presented to the French authorities, and a new argument in its favour is now being adduced. New Caledonia is extremely rich in minerals. Its deposits, especially of iron and coal, are enormous, but it is little suited to agriculture, as the New Hebrides are. In view of the opening of the Panama Canal, it is urged that the French Government should turn its attention to the development of the iron industry, and establish furnaces so that the ore could be treated on the spot. A huge mining and industrial population would necessarily follow, and it is pointed out that the contiguity of mineral and agricultural colonies would mean the establishment of a prosperous and populous French community in the South Seas, while

the fact that it lies in the direct route between Panama and Australia would render it a station of vast commercial and strategic importance, and that it should be the base of a fleet. All this is very obvious, and it forms a very powerful reason why the question of the New Hebrides should be settled speedily. There is no reason why an understanding satisfactory to Australia, at whose very gates the islands will lie when the new route is opened, should not be arrived at, but in the interests of both peoples, it should be done speedily, while the issue is simple; for every year the increasing interest of both races in the islands render it more complicated.

The Marshall Islands Trouble.

In spite of the fact that the German press minimises the importance of the trouble over trading in the Marshall Group, the matter is important enough to demand close attention on the part of the British authorities. It is a matter which is not going to be settled or helped by newspaper controversy. In view of future contingencies, it may be as well to quote the clauses in the 1886 declaration which bear directly on the question:—

That ships of either State—Great Britain and Germany—shall be free to resort to all possessions or protectorates of the other State in the Western Pacific, and to settle there, and to acquire, and to hold all kinds of property, and to engage in all descriptions of trade and professions, and agricultural and industrial undertakings, subject to the same conditions and laws, and enjoying the same religious freedom and the same protection and privileges as the subjects of the sovereign or protecting State.

The ships of both States shall, in all respects, reciprocally enjoy equal treatment, as well as the most favoured nation treatment and merchandise of whatever origin imported by the subjects of either State, under whatever flag, shall not be liable to any other or any higher duties than those imported by the subjects of the other State or of any third Power.

It is clear that the position is a serious one, it being alleged that three distinct breaches of the treaty have been committed—(1) Absolute exclusion of the "Isabel" from the Caroline Islands; (2) refusal to allow the company to acquire land in the Marshall Islands; (3) permission withheld from the British trader to secure land while the Jaluit Company has received permission. If these allegations be true, it is evident that the trouble is not simply a dispute which has arisen between two rival companies, and which may be settled by them, but is a matter of international concern, holding the germs of much trouble and requiring diplomatic negotia-

tions. It would probably be very quickly and quietly settled if it were taken up by the highest authorities.

The Russo-Japanese War.

The grim silence which had settled on the opposing armies on the Sha-ho, was broken on January 27, when the Russians, crossing the Hun River, attacked the Japanese left, under General Oku, making demonstrations on the right and centre at the same time. The Russian troops, under General Gripenberg, drove back the Japanese at first, but were repulsed later, and closely followed by the Mikado's troops. The losses on both sides were very heavy. As a consequence of the repulse, the Russians were obliged to fall back and alter their entire strategic disposition. It seems probable that the attack was made upon instructions from St. Petersburg. There are reports of serious differences between Kuropatkin and Gripenberg, to which little credence need be attached, as if a commander-in-chief quarrels with a subordinate, he simply dismisses him, and ends the matter. Although all news received from the seat of war is very inadequate, and often misleading, the report that a strong body of Russian cavalry rode round the Japanese army and endeavoured to cut its communications, is probably correct. The Russians are splendid cavalymen, but the Japanese, like the Chinese, never appear to advantage on horseback; in fact, there is no sympathy whatever between a Jap and his mount. Russia largely relies upon her cavalry to turn the tide of defeat in Manchuria, and similar raids to that reported will doubtless be of frequent occurrence. On sea, matters have been quiet. The Baltic Fleet is still reported to be in Madagascan waters, and a third squadron has been despatched from Russia to reinforce it.

LONDON, January 2, 1905.

The Net Gain of the Old Year.

The Old Year—a bloody old year—has departed, giving place to a New Year that promises to be bloodier still. The carnage in the Far East shows no sign of abatement. The enforced truce on the Sha-ho cannot last much longer, and the New Year will not have long to wait for its baptism of blood. In face of the human shambles in Manchuria, it may seem somewhat absurd to ask what 1904 has done for human progress. But possibly the answer may be found in these very shambles. For, after all, the killing of the bodies of men is only the outward and visible sign of the inward bitterness, hatred and contempt which

poisoned their minds and hearts long before the signal was given for the slaughter. The great horror of war, from the moralist's point of view, is not the premature death by torture, more or less rapid, of thousands of men, but the abiding hatred which it sets up between the contending nations. It was a comparatively small thing, that half a million French and German died in battle in 1870-71, compared with the fact that eighty or ninety millions of French and Germans ever since then have glared at each other across the new frontier in hatred. Now, the gain of this war is that out of all the killing the two combatants have learned mutual respect. The war has generated more admiration than hatred and contempt.

A Humbling Experience.

It is with no intention of minimising the indescribable abominations of a war which might easily have been averted by an appeal to arbitration, that I dwell for a moment upon one advantage it has brought in its train. Both combatants have proved to the most vulgar-minded, self-conceited Briton that as fighters the Russian and the Jap are man for man at least as good as any British troops. This may be humbling to our national self-conceit, but even our braggarts of the Yellow Press are constrained to admit that the British Army never displayed in the whole of the Boer War anything approaching to the death-defying valour of the Japanese, or the superb, unyielding, dogged heroism of the Russian defenders of Port Arthur. John Bright said that there was no commodity so cheap as fighting courage, which could be had anywhere in any quantity at a shilling a day; but John Bright was not a Jingo oracle. The swaggering patriot of the kerbstone and the music-hall has made "fighting form" the supreme test of human value. He now sees the application of this test to the Russians whom he hates, and to the Japanese whom until the other day he despised as Asiatics, and he is compelled most unwillingly to admit that they both come out better than we do. It is a humbling exercise for the Jingo to contrast the innumerable white flag incidents of the South African War with the indomitable valour of the Russian and the Jap., who die but who never surrender. It is not very pleasant even for those of us who despise the barbarism that makes the sword the supreme arbiter, but what must it be to those despisers of the foreigner who find that even the Russian and the Jap. can beat them hollow in the competition which they regard as supreme?

**Eloquent
of Human
Progress.**

From a broad human point of view the war has done much to give mankind a better conceit of itself as a race. This may appear paradoxical, but it is true. Before the war the Russian phrase about the Japanese that they were "yellow monkeys" expressed with only too brutal a fidelity the average European's estimate of all Asiatics. It is the note of the Anglo-Indian when he speaks his mind about the teeming myriads whom he taxes. However disagreeable it may be for us or for the Russians to discover that millions of our fellow-creatures, whom we have hitherto contemptuously relegated to a simian category, are capable of displaying the best qualities of the most highly evolved species of humanity, it cannot be disputed that the race as a whole gains. Imagine what it would mean if one fine day we woke up and found that all the sheep in our fields had acquired military discipline, or that all the cabhorses in London were endowed with speech. It might be inconvenient for the butchers, the farmers, and the cabdrivers, but what an enormous leap forward in the evolution of animate creation it would signify! It is much the same with us to-day. Last New Year's Day the Japanese were "yellow monkeys." To-day even the Russians pay homage to their heroism, their chivalry and their genius. It is as if a nation had been born in a day. What it proves is that myriads of people have made much greater progress than we had ventured to believe. And although the method of demonstration is damnable and depressing, the fact is most encouraging. Note also that a "stop the war" meeting has been held in St. Petersburg without molestation. Contrast London, 1900!

**Hopeful Signs
in
Russia.**

Nor is it only with regard to the Japanese that the Old Year brought a welcome, though perturbing, revelation that "men my brothers" were further advanced from the ape than we had ventured to hope they were. The Russians also have been giving most reassuring signs of growth. The recent conference of the representatives of the Zemstvoes, the slackening of the curb upon the liberties of the Press, the unanimous resolutions of the municipality of Moscow, the declarations of the Minister of the Interior, the discussions in the Imperial Council, all show that the 140,000,000 of those brothers of ours who are Russian are falling into line with the rest of the human family. Here again the results may be the reverse of comfortable for us. A Russian Empire governed by Parlia-

ment and Press would be far more likely to come into collision with us than a Russian Empire controlled by an autocrat. But peoples, like individuals, come of age, and although it may be easier to do business with a guardian than with the heir who has just attained his majority, that in no way diminishes the significance of the fact that the most numerous of all the European nations is emerging from tutelage. The New Year will be a crucial time for both the Tsar and his people. May God grant them wisdom to adjust their ancient institutions to the needs of the new time! They have everything to gain by keeping step together. Russia, of all countries, would have most to lose by a violent break with her past. The Moscow or even the Zemstvo programme is out of the question, but it is lawful to learn from the enemy, and if the Japanese Constitution were adopted *en bloc*, it would leave the autocracy with powers practically intact.

**The Russian
People.**

So much nonsense is written about the Russians that it is well now and then to be reminded by sane and sober travellers what kind of men they are, these brothers of ours, whom so many of our newspapers so malignantly libel. Mr. Moncure D. Conway, an extreme Radical American, was so much under the influence of the Russophobic atmosphere in London that, he tells us in his fascinating autobiography, "There grew in me enough of this superstition to make me feel that there must be something preternatural in Slavic Satan. Simply as a demonologist I must go to Russia." He went in 1869. The moment he reached St. Petersburg he was undeceived. He was charmed with the gentle, happy faces of the people: their amusements were all artistic, merry, innocent—in every respect superior to those of Germany and England. When he went to Moscow, he says:—

Instead of finding an oppressed people, I found a people enjoying a personal liberty unknown either in England or America—no Sabbatarian laws, no restrictions on freedom of speech, no limitations on any conduct not criminal, and no fictitious crimes made by arbitrary statutes.

When he went into the country he found no squalor, no violence, no painful scenes:—

The Russian peasantry impressed me as the happiest I had seen in any country. And there is nothing better than happiness. They have each their parcel of land untaxed, and perfect freedom. They have their Sunday festivals and dances, no anxieties about their souls, and no politics to divide and excite them. They have their pretty sweethearts and wives. They have no strikes,

no ambitions. Ignorant they may be in a bookish sense, but how many bookish people are ignorant of things known to these humble folk, who live amid their fruits and harvests, bees and birds?

The Outlook.

This, it will be noted, refers to the year 1869, before Nihilism had infected the people. The land is no longer untaxed. Nor are the Russians free from strikes. Mr. Conway—who believes so much in the Devil that he cannot believe in God—may think it beneficial not to be anxious about one's soul, but those who hold a more cheerful creed can hardly be expected to agree with him. The hopeful thing about Russia to-day is that the nation is beginning to be anxious about its soul. It is the usual result of discovering the reality of the

and his subjects that there must be a change. The Russians have already a Constitution in embryo. If the Senate were rejuvenated, the Council of the Empire invigorated by the infusion of a representative element, and the Council of Ministers treated more as a Cabinet, the Tsar and his people would be able to readjust the autocracy to the necessities of modern democracy, with a minimum of smashing of ancient crockery. If more were needed, there is always the Zemski Sobor in reserve.

The Tsar's Inadequate Concessions.

It is to be hoped that this reserve may be called up without loss of time. The situation in Russia is distinctly dangerous, and one which is aggravated rather than alleviated by the half



Grand Duke A.
(High Admiral of the Russian Navy.)



Grand Duke Serge.
(Ex-Military Governor of Moscow.)



Grand Duke Vladimir.
(Permanent Commander-in-Chief of the Army.)

THE TSAR'S UNCLES.

soul. To recognise you have a soul, a real live soul for which you are responsible, is the first step. The second is to discover that it is in a very bad way, and stands in very great need of being saved. The Russian people are becoming conscious of their soul, and are naturally dissatisfied with its present condition. There are signs on every hand that the nation is stirring. It is a patient people, the Russian, but it is possible for its Ministers to be so preternaturally stupid as to exhaust even Muscovite patience. The absolutely inconceivable folly of the Bobrikoff policy in Finland, and the total miscalculation of the forces governing the situation in the Far East, appear to have convinced both the Tsar

measures which are foreshadowed in the Tsar's manifesto of December 26th. There is little to take exception to in the manifesto itself, excepting that it is inadequate to meet the exigencies of the situation. The Tsar and his present Minister of the Interior have apparently realised that it is impossible to revert to the policy of brutal repression which was terminated by the assassination of M. de Plehve. If, therefore, repression of the old style be out of the question, there must be concessions, and concessions to be successful must be adequate. When the representatives of the Zemstvos and the mass of the educated people in Russia, including what we should regard as the country squires, are clamour-

ing to be allowed to assist the autocracy through the agency of representative institutions, the offer of a series of commissions affecting a multitude of questions of subordinate importance is not calculated to improve matters. If the Tsar were to summon a Zemski Sobor, which is a consultative assembly of notables collected from all parts of his dominions, he would do much more to allay the threatening agitation than by the appointment of all the Commissions foreshadowed in his manifesto.

**The
International
Commission of
Inquiry.**

The Commission that is to inquire into the responsibility of all concerned in the Dogger Bank incident has practically had its work done before it came together. For its appointment secured time, and time allowed the Russians to discover that when they were firing at what they thought were torpedo boats, they actually hit one of their own ships, the "Aurora," which was struck six times. The chaplain was killed and others on board were wounded. The Russians, therefore, did themselves as much damage as they inflicted on the Hull fisher boats. The official admission of this fact goes far to render the meeting of the Commission unnecessary, especially as it is now in evidence that our own fishermen honestly made the same mistake as the Russians, and thought the mission ship was a torpedo-boat. The Commission, however, having been appointed, met on December 20th in Paris. It consisted of four Admirals. Britain and Russia were represented by Sir Lewis Beaumont and Admiral Kasnakoff—who has been replaced by Vice-Admiral Doubassoff—the United States and France by Admiral Davis and Admiral Fournier. These four then agreed to select Admiral von Spaun, of Austria, as the fifth delegate. Sir Edward Fry will be our Admiral's legal assistant, and Baron Taube, with two others, will advise Admiral Doubassoff. The chief interest centres in the evidence of the Russian, Captain Klado, whom the Commission will make or mar. He has already, on other grounds, become a political personage. If he should acquit himself brilliantly before the Commission, he may develop into a popular hero.

**The Boer
Remonstrants.**

The most important political event within the British Empire in the month of December was the meeting of the representatives of the Orange Free State at Brandfort, at the beginning of the month. The meeting was attended by General De Wet and Judge Hertzog and about one hundred representatives of the inhabitants of the



Captain Klado.

Republic which we annexed two years ago under the solemn assurance that we would concede them complete colonial self-government, as in the Cape Colony, in two years' time. Nothing whatever has been done to carry out our obligations. We have lied to this people about self-government, and we have deceived them wholesale and retail about compensation. Now, for the first time since the war, they have met in conference and formulated their grievances against us in a long string of firm but moderately-worded resolutions. It is a very formidable indictment of the good faith and honesty of the British authorities in South Africa. In brief, it amounts to a statement, which unfortunately can be proved to the hilt, that, while the Boers have scrupulously abided by the terms of the treaty of peace, that instrument has been violated both in spirit and in letter in almost all its articles by the British Administration. If this statement is denied, let those who deny it explain why our Government has obstinately refused to allow the question to be decided in its own law courts. The treaty has no existence so far as the law courts are concerned, whereas if there had been a law simply stating that the terms of the treaty constituted the charter of the citizen of the new colonies, and could be in-



Judge Hertzog.

voked by them in courts of justice, no question would have arisen which would not have been settled in tribunals of our own creating.

**Our
"Imperial"
Dishonesty.**

One of the most notable features of the Brandfort Conference was the presence of certain English members who had been elected by their Boer comrades, men who in the war had fought against the Boers, but who now, having settled in the country, are even more impatient with the tergiversation and bad faith of the Milnerite régime than the Dutch themselves. It was touching to notice the confidence these British delegates expressed in the public at home, if only it knew the facts. But the public at home do not know the facts, for the simple reason that the facts are too disgraceful for any patriotic journal to admit. It is a story, not so much of despotism, as of chicanery. Take the question of compensation. The burghers who surrendered under Lord Roberts' proclamation, the burghers who surrendered under the terms secured by General Prinsloo from General Hunter, the Boers who received receipts from British officers for payment of their goods taken for the use of the army, are all still clamouring for payment which they were guaranteed on the good faith of our own generals. Over and above these three categories of first rank claimants come the general mass of claimants for compensation for private property destroyed in war-time. But they all fare alike. Our solemn pledges are ignored; our debts are left

unpaid, and the Boers of the Free State for the first time at Brandfort ventured to tell the world that a régime of swindling and lying will never command their co-operation or secure their loyalty. If the new Liberal Government, which, it is to be hoped, will come into power this year, does not promptly establish responsible self-government in both colonies, especially in the Orange Free State—which both Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener declared would receive responsible Government before the Transvaal—there is nothing to look forward to but the loss of South Africa. Lord Milner has stranded the Imperial ship upon the shoals of deceit and the reefs of bad faith. If his successor is to get the good ship off into deep waters of confidence, he will have radically to reverse this impolicy of cheating our debtors and of evading the execution of our political obligations.

**India's Appeal
to
England.**

Another important political congress held in December was the Indian National Congress, over which Sir Henry Cotton presided. It is the fashion with Lord Curzon and superior persons among the Anglo-Indians to sneer at the Indian National Congress. Sir Henry Cotton held up before the Congress a thoroughly Liberal idea of a federated United States of British India, the mere name of which is enough to send a shudder through the ranks of our bureaucracy. What is even more important was the fact that the Congress decided to send a deputation to England for the purpose of laying before the public, on the eve of the general election, what may be described as the Indian side of the great Imperial questions upon which the electors are supposed to pass judgment. There is something that ought to appeal to the imagination of our democracy in this pilgrimage of the princes and peoples of India to lay their suit not before King Edward so much as before the much more formidable majesty King Demos. If the Irish National Party could be induced to take the Indian National Party under its protection, there would be no fear but that the grievances of India would receive a full and frequent hearing in Westminster.

**Revolutionising
The Navy.**

Admiral Fisher has not been in office two months, but he has already revolutionised the whole distribution of the British Navy. Henceforth the battleships are to be concentrated in three great divisions or fleets, which are to be



[By Permission of the Proprietors of Punch.
Division of Labour.

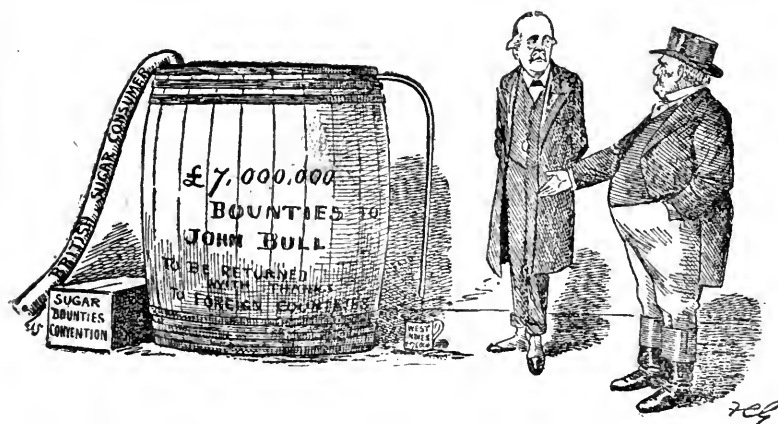
(British Naval Estimates for the year 1904-5, £36,889,500. Appropriations in aid: Australia, £200,000: Canada, nil.)

known as the Channel, the Atlantic and the Mediterranean Fleets. The Atlantic fleet will have Gibraltar as its base. None but first-class battleships, with their attendant cruisers of the most modern type, will be commissioned for these fleets, and they will be supported by hardly less powerful vessels in reserve. All obsolete ships are being called in, to be sold or broken up. Add to this the fact that the formation of the Atlantic fleet practically means the withdrawal of the fleet from the American station. It is a formal recognition on the part of our governing authorities that we are not likely to have any trouble with the United States of America

in the first place, and, secondly, that if we had, the conflict would not be decided by an American squadron, but by the much more simple and effective process of stoppage by the Americans of the food on which our people subsist. An even not less welcome item of intelligence is that the new naval arsenal at Port Rosyth, in Scotland, over which the present Government has squandered a quarter of a million of money, as a hardly disguised precaution against the new German fleet, is to be abandoned. John Bull is drawing in his horns, both in the North Sea and the Atlantic station, and as the process secures both an increase of strength and a diminution of expenditure, we have every reason to rejoice at the first fruits of Admiral Fisher's régime.

"For Revenue Only."

In home politics the chief item of interest is that Mr. Balfour has not been able to take part in public speeches owing to his indisposition, and his silence has given rise to almost as much misunderstanding as his speeches would certainly have done if he had been well enough to continue his oratorical egg-dance on the subject of Protection. The story goes that Ministers, having doubled the cost of the Army without increasing its efficiency, and having involved themselves in an all-round increase of expenditure which cannot be met out of the ordinary resources of the country, are going to propose a 5 or 10 per cent. tariff for revenue only upon manufactured or partially manufactured goods.



[Westminster Gazette.]

How it Works.

MR. BALFOUR: "Clever, isn't it?"

MR. BULL: "Clever! No, sir, it isn't! It's the most idiotic thing I've ever seen in mechanics. I told your brother Gerald what I thought of it two years ago when he showed it to me."

MR. BALFOUR: "Oh! but it works beautifully."

MR. BULL: "It has worked seven millions out of my pocket, just to fill up that little cup!"



[Westminster Gazette.]

A VOICE FROM OUTSIDE: "Come out!"

THE BULL-DOG: "Come in and fetch me!"

[Sir John Gorst has been asked by some of the Cambridge University Tories to resign his seat, but he has refused.]

Another story, which is perhaps even more incredible, is that Ministers are going to introduce a Redistribution Bill for the purpose of prolonging their miserable existence for another two years. If they adopt either of those expedients, it is much more probable that the dose intended to prolong their life will hurry them into the grave which has yawned for them already too long.

The Corpse of Protection.

There is a horrible story told on the authority of Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton in *Blackwood's Magazine* this month of a man who had discovered a fluid which, when rubbed upon a corpse, brought it back to life. He left it to his children, with instructions that after his death he should be duly anointed with this elixir of life; but he carefully abstained from telling them what the result would be, fearing lest they should preserve the precious fluid for their own use. After he died they proceeded, obedient to his instructions, to anoint the corpse, and discovered to their horror that each limb that they anointed began to move. They persisted, however, until one-half the man's

body was alive and the other half was dead. Filled with horror, they flung away the elixir of life, and hurried their father half dead and half alive to a premature burial. This is just what is going to happen in England at the General Election. Mr. Chamberlain, amid the loud applause of his gramophones, has attempted to revivify the corpse of Protection. It has already begun to revive under his treatment, and as a first result the price of sugar has gone up, and in the confectionery trade alone 50,000 men are put on short time, and 10,000 thrown out of work altogether. A tax, which is probably under-estimated at £8,000,000, has been placed upon the British consumer in order that the West Indian planter may be a few hundred thousand pounds better off. After this demonstration of the result of applying Mr. Chamberlain's *elixir vite* to the corpse of Protection, there is little fear but that both he and it will be hurried, despite their unavailing shrieks, into the tomb. And it is a significant fact that when Mr. Chamberlain went to the East End of London to deliver a speech in defence of his policy, he did not venture to say one word of explanation or excuse for the falsification of all his promises on the question of the sugar bounty.



[By Permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."
A New Customer.

PROFESSOR CHAMBERLAIN: "What you want, sir, is some of our Protection Stimulant!"

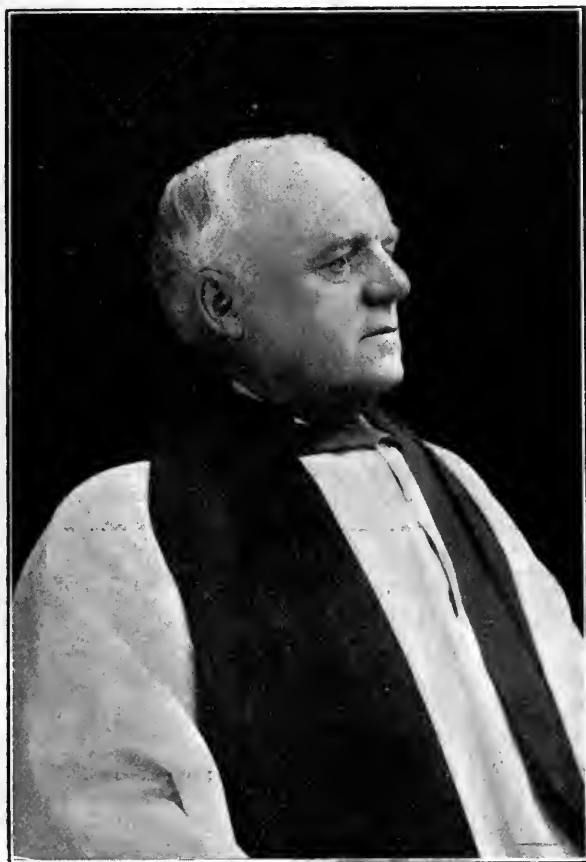
OLD 1904: "Same old story! That's what he's been rubbing into my head—and look at me!"

Premiers on the Tight-rope.

Parliament will meet in a month's time, and there is every reason to hope that it will be dissolved a month later. Ministers do not like to face the enormous deficit that has resulted from their reckless fiscal policy, and, as all Mr. Chamberlain's calculations are based upon the success of his propaganda after a second General Election, he naturally wishes to get the first over as speedily as possible. Note as an omen of the coming fall of Mr. Balfour, the disappearance of the Austrian Prime Minister, Dr. von Koerber, who, after having walked the tight-rope with extraordinary agility, balancing himself for five years between the opposing forces of the Czechs and the Germans, has at last disappeared. There always comes a time when no balance-pole will save the dancer on the tight-rope, and Mr. Balfour will infallibly share the fate of Dr. von Koerber. Baron Gautsch von Frankenthurn has succeeded Dr. Koerber. But who knows who will succeed Mr. Balfour?

Bishops as Land Reformers

A correspondent calls my attention to the notable fact that the Bishops of Manchester and Liverpool have joined the forces of land reformers. Bishop Knox's declaration was made at a meeting



[Photo. by Whitlock & Sons, Birmingham.]

The Venerable J. W. Diggle, Archdeacon of Birmingham.

(Has been made Bishop of Carlisle in succession to the late Dr. Bardsley.)

in Manchester the other day, when he said that if we are to put an end to the recurring evil of unemployment there must be "a sweeping reform of our land laws." He followed this up by saying that "for a Bishop he had uttered more than enough heresy and treason." Bishop Chevasse's speech was made at Liverpool, Friday before Christmas, when he said they must not think he was a revolutionist, but he believed they must obtain by constitutional means a reform of our land laws. My correspon-

dent continues, "What is required more than anything else just now is a strong agitation for the taxation of the rich to such a point that they will feel it just as much as the man of limited income and the working-man. Depend upon it that if the rich felt the burden of Imperial and local charges there would not be the reckless expenditure we have to bear to-day. The taxation of land values, the graduation and large increase over a certain amount of the income tax, and the increase of death duties are all much needed."

The Nobel Prizes for 1904.

The Nobel prizes of £8000 each were distributed as usual on December 12th. Britain is this time well to the front, as in physics and in chemistry Lord Rayleigh and Sir W. Ramsay are the prize-men. The literary prize is divided between the Spanish dramatist Echegaray and the Provençal French poet Mistral. The prize in medicine goes to Professor Pavloff, a Russian, and the Peace prize is given to the Institute of International Law. It was at one time reported that the prize was to go to Baroness von Suttner, not so much because she was the author of the peace novel, "Lay Down Your Arms," but because it was through her influence that Nobel was led to create a prize for peace. Mr. Bjornssen, who is one of the judges, is said to have protested against the ignoring of the Baroness's claims. Various rumours were current as to the possible destination of the prize. Count Tolstoy, M. Delcassé, M. D'Estournelles, and M. de Martens were all supposed to be in the running, but as a final compromise it was decided to endow the Institute for the Study and Advancement of International Law, which met last year in Edinburgh. It was not a bad way out. But the claims of M. de Martens are so absolutely beyond all question that it would be little short of a public scandal if anti-Russian prejudices on the part of the judges should deprive him of the recognition due to services in the cause of peace and arbitration that are quite *hors concours*.

YEAR	PEACE.	LITERATURE.	MEDICINE.	PHYSICS.	CHEMISTRY.
1901	{ Fred. Passy (French) } { H. Dunant (Swiss) }	Sully Prudhomme (French)	Prof Behring (Germ.)	Prof. Rontgen (Germ.)	Prof. van 't Hoff (Germ.)
1902	{ Elie Ducommun (Swiss) } { M. Gobat (Swiss) }	Prof. Mommsen (Germ.)	Major R. Ross (Engl.)	{ Prof. Lorentz (French) } { Prof. Zeemann (Dutch) }	Prof. E. Fischer (Germ.)
1903	W. R. Cremer (Engl.)	B. Bjornessen (Norway)	Prof. Finsen (Dane)	{ M. Becquerel (Dutch) } { M. & Mme. Curie (French) }	Prof. Arrhenius (Swede)
1904	Inst. of Inter. Law	{ Echegaray (Spanish) } { Mistral (French) }	Prof. Pavloff (Russ.)	Lord Rayleigh (Engl.)	Sir W. Ramsay (Engl.)

The Recipients of the Nobel Prizes



REV. F. C. HAYS,
Roman Catholic Apostle of Temperance.

Photo. by Swiss Studios.]

Interviews on Topics of the Month.

XXIII.—THE REVIVAL IN WALES: MR. EVAN ROBERTS.

MR. EVAN ROBERTS is the central figure, so far as there is any central figure, of the religious awakening in Wales. The Revival is not like the Moody and Sankey awakening, or the Torrey and Alexander Mission, or the organised Revivalism of the Salvation Army, of any one man or one organisation. Never in the history of Revivals has there been any Revival more spontaneous than this. It has burst out here, there, and everywhere, without leaders, or organisation, or direction. Hence, if Mr. Evan Roberts is spoken of as the centre, it is only because he happens to be one of the few conspicuous figures in a movement which he neither organised nor controls.

I attended three meetings at Mardy in the Rhondda Valley on Sunday, December 9th, sat beside him on the platform, and had tea with him at a friend's house. After tea Mr. Roberts consented to an interview. He was simple and unaffected; absolutely free from any vanity or spiritual pride. He spoke in English with considerable ease, but his hearers say that it is only when he uses his Welsh tongue that they hear the melody of his voice.

"The movement is not of me," said Mr. Roberts—"it is of God. I would not dare to try to direct it. Obey the Spirit, that is our word in everything. It is the Spirit alone which is leading us in our meetings and in all that is done."

"You do not preach, or teach, or control the meetings?"

"Why should I teach when the Spirit is teaching? What need have these people to be told that they are sinners? What they need is salvation. Do they not know it? It is not knowledge that they lack, but decision—action. And why should I control the meetings? The meetings control themselves, or rather the Spirit that is in them controls them."

"You find the ministry of the Singing Sisters useful?"

"Most useful. They go with me wherever I go. I never part from them without feeling that something is absent if they are not there. The singing is very important, but not everything. No. The public confession is also important—more so than the speaking. True, I talk to them a little. But the meetings go of themselves."

"Do you propose to go to England?"

"No. To North Wales next. They say North Wales is stony cold, but I believe the Holy Spirit will work there also. Oh, yes, God will move North Wales also."

"Can you tell me how you began to take to this work?"

"Oh, yes, that I will," said Mr. Roberts, "if you

wish to hear of it. For a long, long time I was much troubled in my soul and my heart by thinking over the failure of Christianity. Oh! it seemed such a failure—such a failure—and I prayed and prayed, but nothing seemed to give me any relief. But one night, after I had been in great distress praying about this, I went to sleep, and at one o'clock in the morning suddenly I was waked up out of my sleep, and I found myself with unspeakable joy and awe in the very presence of the Almighty God. And for the space of four hours I was privileged to speak face to face with Him as a man speaks face to face with a friend. At five o'clock it seemed to me as if I again returned to earth."

"Were you not dreaming?" I asked.

"No, I was wide awake. And it was not only that morning, but every morning for three or four months. Always I enjoyed four hours of that wonderful communion with God. I cannot describe it. I felt it, and it seemed to change all my nature, and I saw things in a different light, and I knew that God was going to work in the land, and not this land only, but in all the world."

"Excuse me," I said, "but, as an old interviewer, may I ask if, when the mystic ecstasy passed, you put on paper all that you remembered of these times of communion?"

"No, I write nothing at all," said Mr. Roberts. "It went on all the time until I had to go to Newcastle Emlyn to the College to prepare for the ministry. I dreaded to go for fear I should lose these four hours with God every morning. But I had to go, and it happened as I feared. For a whole month He came no more, and I was in darkness. And my heart became as a stone. Even the sight of the Cross brought no tears to my eyes. So it continued until, to my great joy, He returned to me, and I had again the glorious communion. And He said I must go and speak to my people in my own village. But I did not go. I did not feel as if I could go to speak to my own people."

"May I ask," I said, "if He of whom you speak appeared to you as Jesus Christ?"

"No," said Mr. Roberts, "not so; it was the personal God, not as Jesus."

"As God the Father Almighty?" I said.

"Yes," said Mr. Roberts, "and the Holy Spirit."

"Pardon me," I said, "but I interrupted you. Pray go on."

"I did not go to my people, but I was troubled and ill-at-ease. And one Sunday, as I sat in the chapel, I could not fix my mind upon the service, for always before my eyes I saw, as in a vision, the schoolroom in Loughor, where I live. And there, sitting in rows

before me, I saw my old companions and all the young people, and I saw myself addressing them. I shook my head impatiently, and strove to drive away this vision, but it always came back. And I heard a voice in my inward ear as plain as anything saying, 'Go and speak to these people.' And for a long time I would not. But the pressure became greater and greater, and I could hear nothing of the sermon. Then at last I could resist no longer, and I said, 'Well, Lord, if it is Thy will, I will go.' Then instantly the vision vanished, and the whole chapel became filled with light so dazzling that I could faintly see the minister in the pulpit, and between him and me the glory as the light of the sun in Heaven."

"And then you went home?"

"No; I went to my tutor and told him all things, and asked him if he believed that it was of God or of the devil? And he said the devil does not put good thoughts into the mind. I must go and obey the heavenly vision. So I went back to Loughor, and I saw my own minister, and him also I told. And he said that I might try and see what I could do, but that the ground was stony and the task would be hard."

"Did you find it so?"

"I asked the young people to come together, for I wanted to talk to them. They came and I stood up to talk to them, and, behold, it was even as I had seen it in the church at Newcastle Emlyn. The young

people sat as I had seen them sitting, altogether in rows before me, and I was speaking to them even as it had been shown to me. At first they did not seem inclined to listen: but I went on, and at last the power of the Spirit came down and six came out for Jesus. But I was not satisfied. 'Oh, Lord,' I said, 'give me six more—I must have six more!' And we prayed together. At last the seventh came, and then the eighth and the ninth together, and after a time the tenth, and then the eleventh, and last of all came the twelfth also. But no more. And they saw that the Lord had given me the second six, and they began to believe in the power of prayer."

"Then after that you went on?"

"First I tried to speak to some other young people in another church, and asked them to come. But the news had gone out, and the old people said, 'May we not come too?' And I could not refuse them. So they came, and they kept on coming. Now here, now there all the time, and I have never had time to go back to college."

Not much chance, indeed, at present. Three meetings every day, lasting, with breaks for meals, from ten A.M. till twelve P.M., and sometimes later, leave scant leisure for studying elsewhere than in the hearts and souls of men. If only his body will hold out and his nervous system not give way, he will have time to study hereafter. At present he has other work in hand.

XXIV.—A YEAR ON THE CONGO: MRS. FRENCH-SHELDON.

MRS. FRENCH-SHELDON has returned to London after breaking her own record—and very nearly breaking her back—as *the* lady traveller of Central Africa. Her first journey started from the East Coast, her latest from the West, but in both she displayed the same signal qualities of intrepidity, endurance, energy, and resolution which distinguish her. Her mission on this last journey was to see the state of things in the Congo Free State with her own eyes, and to ascertain so far as she could what was the actual position of affairs in that vast empire at the present moment. She left England in the autumn of 1903, and she has spent twelve months in travelling to and fro across the whole length and breadth of that vast region. Never since the State was founded has any independent traveller been accorded such facilities for going everywhere and seeing everything. And Mrs. Sheldon appears to have availed herself of her opportunities to the full. Whether on the river, where all steamers were at her disposal, or in the interior, where she organised the caravans and travelled hundreds of miles with no escort but her trusty native boys, she was treated as if she had been a semi-divine plenipotentiary—a cross between a queen and a fetic.

"Now, Mrs. Sheldon," I said, after the first wel-

come and congratulation was over, "out with it in one electric phrase—what is the sum of your impressions?"

"The Congo Free State needs reconstruction. The enterprise in hand is too vast to be adequately discharged by any power that has not unlimited resources at its disposal. The attempt to reform, to regenerate, I may say, half a continent on rubber profits—after dividends have been paid—is magnificent, but it is not practical."

"Then you are against the Concession system?"

"Yes. I do not think it commends itself to the best men of the Administration. It introduces an element of conflict. The native cannot understand a Government that speaks with two voices, and that offers the spectacle of two different if not actually opposing principles of administration. The Abir Concession, I think, will have to go. The system of free trade that prevails in the Kasai—the southern—province should be introduced in other regions."

"And what is your net conclusion?"

"I am for Reform. I am against Destruction. Pull down the Congo Free State, what will you put in its place? Give it to France? I do not think that the natives would second that proposition. You

cannot adopt a policy of scuttle. But if you did, you would have anarchy instead of order, war instead of peace, slave raids and all the horrors from which the Administration protects its subjects."

"And you think the Congo State, minus the Concessions, can be reformed?"

"Yes. If you have money and men you can do anything. And it is amazing what has been done in the way of material progress. The Matadi railway is the most magnificent piece of railway construction I have ever seen anywhere, and I have seen most of the great railways of the world. It is a marvel, and its administration is perfect. The Administration is making roads, building hospitals, and introducing the male native to habits of industry."

"Hum!" said I, "the phrase is familiar. It is a euphuism for slavery."

"Well," said Mrs. Sheldon, "the African women are slaves, bought and sold by the men, and made to do all the work. If the Administration treats the African man as the African man treats the woman, as a woman I don't complain. What is so good for the goose cannot be so bad for the gander. But, joking apart, your decision on that question must be governed by the conclusion you come to as to the advantage, or otherwise, of forcing your white civilisation upon a native population which does not want it, but which must be made to pay for it in one way or the other. If you say it is all a mistake from the beginning, that the black man is best left alone, I am not inclined to quarrel with you. I like the black man, and his pantheism appeals to me. But the Arab slave-traders were eating him up at the rate of 100,000 a year, and white civilisation has at least stopped that. Rightly or wrongly, civilisation has decided that the black man shall no longer be left to do as he pleases in the heart of Africa, and it has also decided that he must contribute something to the cost of being civilised against his will. Government by consent it is not, and never will be. Government by compulsion, supported by contributions exacted by force, is the logical result. And there is no way of escaping from it. You achieve the same end in your English African colonies by your hut-tax. But that is only a round-about way of achieving the same end."

"Which is another way of saying that you are for forced labour, the Chicotte, cannibal levies, and all the rest of the apparatus of enforced civilisation?"

"I did not say that," said Mrs. Sheldon. "I only wished to indicate the bottom fact of the position—viz., that if you persist first in whitewashing your Ethiopian—a process which he detests—and secondly in demanding that he must pay the bill for the white-wash, you must go on to the third proposition and

apply compulsion to a man who hates you, and who hates your civilisation, and who hates labour, to make him labour to pay for your civilisation and save your pocket."

"But surely the process of compulsion need not be brutal and murderous?"

"I entirely agree, and I have spent many weary months hunting down cases of alleged cruelty. Yes, and I think," said Mrs. Sheldon, "that in not a few cases I have been successful in preventing cruel wrongs, in securing the punishment of bad officials, and of introducing valuable improvements. And I think there can be no doubt that in the past there have been many grievous errors committed. Yes, and in some cases crimes and atrocities. But the pressure of the enlightened opinion of the civilised world is felt to the remote recesses of the Dark Continent. I can certainly affirm that never did I bring wrong or abuse before the heads of the Administration without securing their immediate attention and the prompt punishment of the offender."

"Then our agitation has done some good after all?"

"Yes, but it has also done harm. It has tended to disgust the many brave heroic souls who are wearing their hearts out in distant stations far from all the comforts and solaces of civilisation in order that they may carry out the humanitarian conception of the Founders of the State. There are such men among the officials—not all Belgians, by any means—Norwegians, Swiss, Italians, pure enthusiasts and administrators of the best type, who deserve better of mankind than to be confounded with the failures, the black sheep of the old unreformed system. If you sicken these men, and drive them out of the country, then the last state of the Congo will be worse than the first."

"I am afraid," I said, "that in this world no good can ever be done without evil dogging it, as the shadow dogs the light."

"No doubt; but don't forget the shadow. And until you are ready to provide something better, don't break the hearts of good men who are spending their lives in doing their level best to make the Administration correspond to the lofty aspirations of its founder. Punish the evildoers, reform the system, see that the State has funds adequate for its duties; but don't confound everybody, good and bad, under one sweeping condemnation."

"I think the best thing the King and the Congo Reform Association could do," I said, laughing, "would be to join forces and send you out to be a permanent Inspector-General of the Administration. You would at least be a holy terror to the evildoers."

XXV.—REV. FATHER HAYS: ON THE QUESTION OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

A fragile, worn looking figure, with the face of an ascetic, a man of severe intensity of purpose, whose sole ideal dominates his body and drains his physical vigour, a man with a mission—such is Father Hays.

He is a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. The Church where he labours is "The Holyrood," at Market-place, in Lincolnshire, England. The strain of excessive overwork in England and Ireland broke down his health, and he was forced to leave the Motherland for a dry and bracing climate. As he was passing through Melbourne advantage was taken of his brief stay to welcome him, and induce him to address a few meetings on the question of the liquor traffic. His success has been overwhelming. St. Patrick's Cathedral on Sunday night, the 15th January, was packed with over 5500 people, 2000 at least of whom took the total abstinence pledge. On the following night the Melbourne Town Hall was crowded with a wildly-cheering, excitedly-interested audience, hundreds being unable to obtain admittance long before the hour for commencing. Protestant, as well as Catholic, gathered to welcome him, and the magnificent spectacle was witnessed of one of the finest examples of religious tolerance and of united Christian effort against a common foe that Melbourne has ever witnessed. It revealed in a thrilling manner the possibilities that lie before a people which puts loving service before creed.

"I am supposed," said Father Hays, as we chatted on the balcony of St. Brigid's presbytery, the home of his host, the Rev. Dr. Kelly, "to be travelling for my health, but when I see before me men and women, from the very highest to the lowest, stricken down by the demon of intemperance, and ruined in body, mind and soul, I simply cannot refrain from taking every opportunity of working against the great enemy of God and man. The great audiences that have gathered prove that it is God's work, that He is with us, and how necessary it is to give one's best energies to it."

"How does the outlook here strike you?"

"It seems remarkably healthy. I am greatly struck with the enthusiasm of the people. I am not a party-politician—far from it—but I do recognise that Parliament is the appointed medium under our constitution of providing means to enable people to help themselves. The Liquor Party has now the assistance of the Legislature to protect itself. The people must get similar assistance, and I am delighted to find such a consensus of opinion that legislative assistance is necessary to really cope with the drink evil."

"Then your mission is not simply what some may term 'moral suasion'?"

"Religious means are very powerful to combat the evil, but the Legislature must also do its duty. I want the people to be able to guard themselves against the fearful temptations of the traffic. I want them helped before they fall, so that generations to come may not be able to stumble. I am for lessening the number of temptations always."

"I suppose then that the tendency of Australian sentiment to let the people in small areas, such as Parliamentary electorates, decide for themselves at regular intervals whether they want licenses to continue, to be reduced, or to be abolished altogether, falls in with your views?"

"Absolutely! The lines you are going on are right. They are thoroughly humane and democratic. A district ought to have the right to decide the question of the issue of licenses for itself. You are wise to work the reform out on these lines, while your country's history is yet young, and before the traffic has entrenched itself as it has done in the old land. Self-defence is God's law. The people ought to have the right to defend themselves against anything that threatens soul and body."

"I believe the position at home is very serious?"

"It is. The drink question in the British Isles is one of paramount importance. Indeed it is a great national question upon the solution of which depends the social and moral welfare of millions of our people. The sum of £179,000,000 which is spent every year in intoxicating drink is a waste of national resources—a waste because it is spent on that which is a poison and a drug, which gives neither health nor strength, and which at its highest value is merely a gratification to the sense of palate. Our people complain of the burden of rates and taxes, but these amount to only £150,000,000. They forget that the self-imposed burden of their own drinking habits exceeds this sum by another £29,000,000. The working classes spend about £115,000,000, or nearly £20 per family per year. The working people cannot afford to spend one-seventh of their income on drink if they are to do justice to their homes, and bring up their families in comfort, in honour and in happiness. Then again, this excessive indulgence in drink causes poverty, vice, crime, lunacy, disease and death. It undermines the strength and moral fibre of the people, and it is the chief foe to efficiency. The liquor palaces at the corner of every street are a snare and a death-trap to our poor people. If

The sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill-deeds done,

then removing temptations and snares will make it easy for people to do what is right."

"What are the chief effects of recent legislation there?"

"From a legislative aspect the outlook is decidedly gloomy. The Licensing Act passed by the Government last year was a great blow to all temperance and indeed all philanthropic workers. The Government passed the Licensing Bill because the political and money power of the brewers and liquor sellers was so enormous that they were able to dictate to the Government, and to threaten to withdraw their support unless the Government gave them legislation favourable to the liquor trade. The chief result of the Act is to make every annual license a permanent freehold. It is practically handing over £300,000,000 of the nation's money to the trade—that is the estimated difference between an annual permission and a permanent vested interest. It compensates the rich brewers, but not the poor tied-house keepers and their servants, who may be at once dismissed without any compensation."

"Does it affect a reduction in the number of licenses?"

"It limits and seriously retards the reduction of licenses because (1) It makes it optional for Quarter Sessions whether they should sanction any reduction at all. (2) There is no provision that licenses be reduced to any given proportion. (3) Even if the maximum reduction, recommended by the Royal Commission, were obtained, the compensation fund would, at most, allow of buying up one license each year out of every hundred in London and the rest of the country. Then it gives freehold security to those left. (4) It cripples the power of the magistrates. (5) Look at Exeter. It got rid of 13 licenses last year without the Act. Its compensation fund is limited to £2342. Even if that would buy out two licenses at £1000 each, that is far less than Exeter

did without the Act, and it would take at that rate 53 years to reach the standard of one license to every 750 inhabitants."

"Is there no hope for repeal?"

"There is little hope for repeal. The most we can hope for is amendment and possibly the imposing of high license dues which might be added to the compensation fund. The moral and religious forces should work all the more zealously."

"Australian methods, then, are good?"

"Decidedly they are. Work for the rights of the people to deal with the traffic. Do not be led away on side issues. Your country is young, and it behoves all lovers of their country to be on their guard against the nation's greatest foe."

"It would be a blessing if you could induce a priest to continue your good work, Father Hays."

"I want a priest in every parish. I am in hopes that will be one result of my visit. If a priest would give his life to the work here the result would be beneficial to the people. In ten days in Melbourne 10,000 persons have taken the pledge. In addition to these, a constant stream of people comes daily to the presbytery from morning till night for the same purpose. Men come from all classes of society. One only realises the extent of the curse when he tries to remove it."

Truly Father Hays is a second Father Mathew. It is his intention to visit New Zealand, where, if his health permits, he will address, in the principal towns, "citizens' meetings," which will be organised by local committees of all creeds. New Zealand reformers are looking forward with great hope to his visit. He expects to arrive there about the middle of April.

XXVI.—CAPT. SCOTT-HARDEN ON THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

No topic is more in men's minds than the mighty struggle now raging in the Far East. I was glad, therefore, of the opportunity of a talk with Captain Scott-Harden, who is now in Australia, having just arrived from Manchuria, where he acted as war correspondent for the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Graphic*.

"What do you think the result of the war will be?" I asked him.

"I think the Japanese will win. I hope so, at any rate. Their organisation throughout is simply wonderful. The army, the navy, the transport, and, above all, the Red Cross, are all brought to the very highest pitch of excellence. The Japanese, from the Mikado to the lowliest rickshaw coolie in the land, are deeply imbued with the spirit of patriotism, and the soldiers fully understand what they are fighting for. The Russian army, on the other hand, is rotten with corruption: the soldiers don't know why they are fighting, and therefore lack the dash and intelligent fighting power of their adversaries."

"A Japanese victory, however, may be serious for the European powers in China?"

"Undoubtedly. There is talk of a Russo-Japanese alliance after the war is over, but it is much more probable that the Japanese will try and get control of China. There is a strong sentiment in the Celestial kingdom that the European must be driven out, and this feeling is traceable to the Japanese, who have flooded the land with literature encouraging the idea. Yes, I should say that before long the Japs will try and keep Eastern Asia exclusively for its own peoples."

"And what will happen to Australia?"

"Well, that depends. The Japanese, of course, cast longing eyes towards this continent, and, ere long, are bound to try and force an entrance here. They must find an outlet for their natural increase, which is some half-million yearly. They have their agents in all the large towns. Clerks, it may be, shoemakers, waiters, cooks even. I found them in

Brisbane, in Sydney, and I notice them here. They are all Intelligence Agents."

"When Japan makes a formal demand that the Immigration Restriction Act be modified considerably in her favour, as she is bound to do soon, and the request is refused, what then?"

"It is difficult to say. Manila will come before Australia; it will, I think, end in Anglo-Saxon against Asiatic."

"You think, then, that before very long there will be war between England and Japan?"

"Within ten years I fear that it is inevitable. At present there is a very firm alliance between the two countries, but ultimately their interests are bound to conflict, and then there will be war. America will be in it, too."

"Do you think that Australia may look for a Japanese invasion soon?"

"Not immediately, but she would do well to keep a very watchful eye on events and walk most carefully. Although I am a pro-Japanese, I don't trust them at all. I would far sooner trust a Chinaman. You may talk long with a Japanese officer and get to know him well, but you will never know what he is really aiming at or be able to fathom his inscrutable mind. The Russian, on the other hand, is very open; you can read him at once."

"I suppose you, in common with other correspondents, found it difficult to get about or to see anything?"

"Yes. The only way to get news was to do as I did. Hire a tug or launch and hang around on the fringe of operations. Many of the reports published—especially in America—emanated from correspondents who got their news from Chinamen of the Treaty ports and Chifu, and you know what that is worth."

"The next great war will hardly be reported by war correspondents?"

"No; the only correspondents will be officers especially detailed for the purpose."

"I suppose that you saw a good deal of the Japanese generals. How did they impress you?"

"They are rather too much tied down to their plan of campaign. They fear to do bold strokes on their own initiative without permission, or else lack the ability to grasp and turn the incidents of battle to their own advantage. They never, for instance, pursued the retreating Russians. Partly because the battles were long and the men were worn out; the cavalry was not equal to the occasion."

"And Kuropatkin?"

"A splendid tactician. The way in which he extricated his army from Liao-yang was one of the greatest feats of the present war. He did it, of course, by bluff, pure and simple, but that is what is required in a rear-guard action."

"Do you think that the Russians ever contemplated a desperate stand in any of the battles save, of course, that of Sha-ho?"

"No, they never attempted anything more than a stubborn rear-guard action. During the early stages the Russian General's command was largely composed of Siberian troops, the worst to be found in the armies of the Tsar. They were badly equipped, badly fed and badly clothed. He could do nothing but fall back, reorganising his army as he did so. He would never have attacked at the Shao-ho except that he received a peremptory order to retake Liao-yang. He knew perfectly well that Port Arthur could easily hold out until he had reorganised his army and was ready to move. Throughout the Russian Commander-in-Chief has been much hampered with instructions from headquarters."

"Were you actually in Port Arthur?"

"I was there before it was invested, and visited it later in a junk. There was no difficulty about that; anyone could get into the town whenever they wanted to. Junks visited the place daily, bringing provisions. I was, however, fortunate in meeting the editor of the *Novi Krai*, who escaped from Port Arthur in the last torpedo boat to leave the stronghold before it fell. He lent me his diary of the siege, which, as you may imagine, made wonderfully interesting reading. The *Novi Krai* was published daily during the investment, until a Japanese shell demolished the printing plant."

"Did the people in Port Arthur suffer severely from hunger?"

"Not a bit. There was always plenty and to spare. Ammunition, it is true, ran short, but supplies, which the Chinese had buried, where found. Black powder, of course, but still useful. The Russians had many more guns than people imagined, those from the ships being mounted on the forts. It was the heavy naval guns which compelled the Japanese to abandon the direct assaults and approach labourously by sapping. Food was plentiful enough, but medical necessities were lamentably short. For instance, all the blinds in the town had to be cut up and used as bandages. This was chiefly due to the neglect of General Stoessel, who, instead of removing the medical stores from Dalny, although he had ample time to do so, allowed them all to fall into the hands of the Japanese."

"Was General Stoessel in truth the commander of Port Arthur?"

"No. Although he was nominally at the head of affairs, the real chief was General Smirnof. Stoessel was a good engineer, but no organiser, and was quite unable to lead men. A secret meeting of officers in Port Arthur sent a message to the Tsar requesting that Smirnof be given command in place of Stoessel, and eventually this was done."

"Why did Port Arthur surrender when it did?"

"I don't think that there was any actual necessity for capitulating just then, but it was useless holding on for ever, and I believe that the garrison was informed that the Baltic Fleet would never reach Port Arthur, and therefore decided to surrender."

"You said just now that you would not trust the Japanese. Would you place reliance upon their official lists of killed and wounded?"

"Certainly not, nor on those returned by the Russians. In any case it is almost impossible to arrive at definite figures."

"How many men do you think that the Japanese lost in taking Port Arthur?"

"At least 50,000. The attacks were most murderous. One of the worst evils the garrison had to face was the awful stench from the decaying bodies. It was so bad that sentries on outpost duty had to hold bags of camphor to their noses to enable them to keep their posts. A plague of flies descended upon the fortress, amongst others a villainous red-headed one, which fed on the dead, and then attacked the living, especially women and children. Blood poisoning often followed. Another gruesome result of the thousands of corpses lying round everywhere was that the wolves were attracted in large numbers. They became so fierce that the Japanese red cross parties had to be accompanied by soldiers with fixed bayonets to drive back the beasts."

"The Japanese shooting was magnificent, I believe?"

"Admiral Virin, who succeeded Admiral Makaroff in command of the Port Arthur fleet, says that they are the finest marksmen with big guns that he has ever seen. Virin, by the way, is a great authority on gunnery. He is a splendid officer, though, unfortunately, the same cannot be said of his subordinates, who were practically useless during the

siege. Well, Virin determined to make an experiment. He anchored two buoys in the harbour, and during the day moored one of his big ships between them, taking her away as soon as it was dark. During the night no fewer than 36 Japanese shells burst between the two buoys."

"I presume that Admiral Togo did not seriously blockade the harbour?"

"After the sortie and destruction of the Russian fleet he sent his battleships away and continued the blockade with dummies. He was kept fully informed by spies within the town as to the movements of the Russian warships."

"Do you think that the Japanese have lost more ships than they yet admit?"

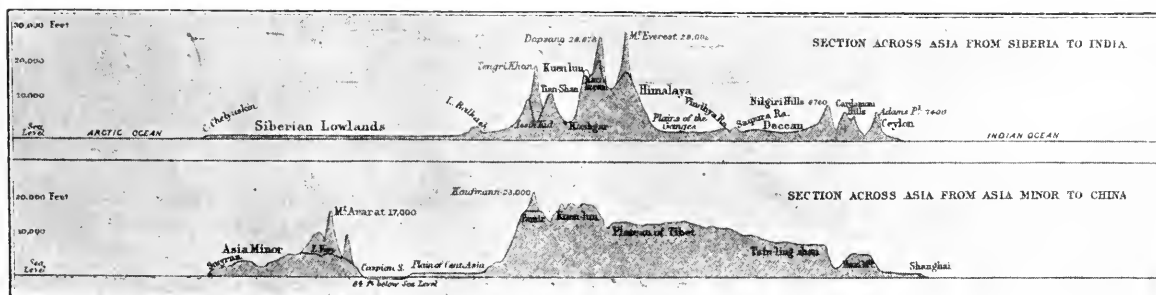
"Certainly; there is not much doubt about that."

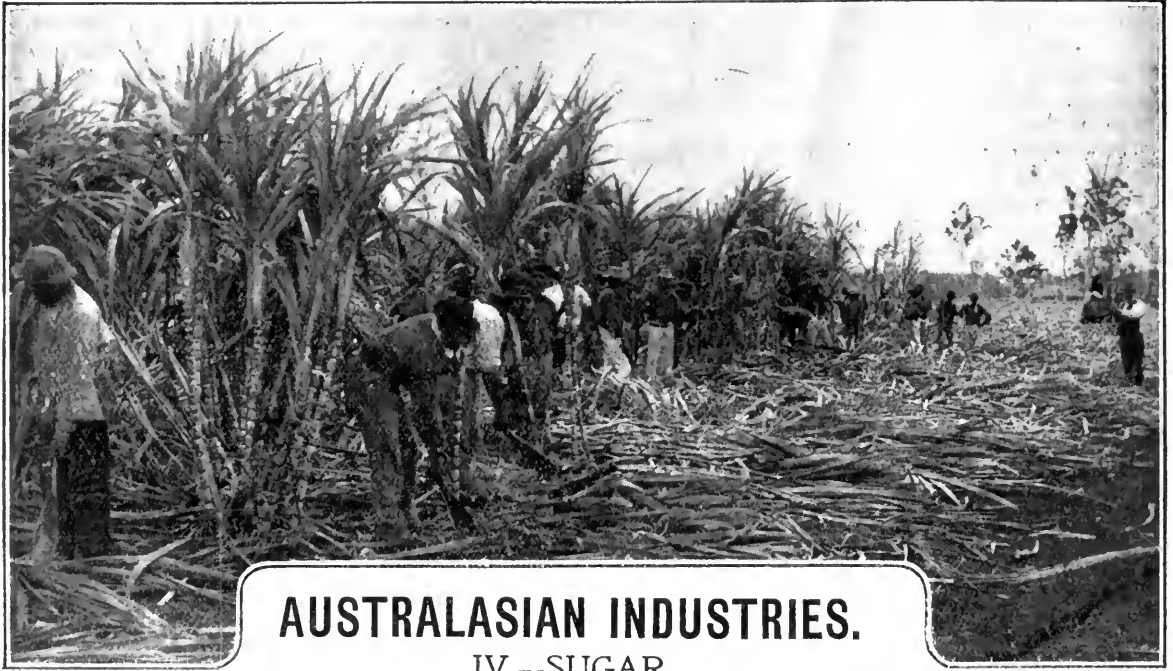
"Has this war upset many preconceived military notions?"

"Not on the whole. Of course, frontal attacks, which were considered things of the past, have been made, and successfully, but no European commander would dream of hurling his men against entrenched positions in the way the Japanese have done. The loss of life is too terrible. On sea the war has demonstrated beyond question the value of the large battleship."

"A final question; what do you think will happen on the Sha-ho? Will anything be done before spring?"

"I expect that Kuropatkin will attack, not willingly, but constrained by orders from St. Petersburg."





AUSTRALASIAN INDUSTRIES.

IV.—SUGAR.

By MAJOR A. J. BOYD, F.R.G.S.

The sugar cane requires a deep, rich, well-drained, but not too porous soil. Rich, sandy loams, alluvial scrub and volcanic soils are generally preferred to any other.

When scrub land has been cleared for cane-planting, all the work has to be done by hand, as innumerable stumps prohibit the employment of horses and implements. In this case, the cane sets are planted in holes from 12 to 15 inches deep, and 18 inches long by 12 inches wide. When the sets are being planted, the holes are half filled with the loose soil, and the set is covered with two inches of soil. Care must be observed in laying the set (which is about 12 inches long, with three or four joints) in the ground. The eyes, which spring from each joint, and which form the future cane plant, are on opposite sides of the set, and the latter is so planted that their eyes lie on either side of it, and not underneath it. If this be not attended to, the shoots take a long time to appear above ground, owing to their being compelled to curl round from under the set before growing upwards. The best sets are those cut from near the top of the cane, but usually the whole cane is cut into sets of three, four or five joints each. The cane being planted in straight rows about five feet apart, with a distance of three feet between the holes in the row, nothing more can be done, except to keep down the weeds. On newly burnt-off scrub land these, are not troublesome for the first few months. By that

time the cane leaves will have so shaded the ground as to materially prevent their growth. It is all-important to keep the crop clean in its early stages.

With seasonable showers, the young cane will make rapid growth, and will attain a height according to the variety of cane planted of from four to six feet in six or eight months after planting. This crop is called a "plant" crop. Every succeeding crop goes by the name of "ratoons," which are further distinguished as first, second, third, etc., ratoons, according to the number of times the cane has been cut.

As soon as the cane is about four feet high, exclusive of the waving top canopy of leaves, the older leaves on the body of the cane wither, and, in some varieties, fall off of their own accord. In most cases, however, these dead leaves must be removed by hand. This operation is called

TRASHING.

Trashing is one of the most unpleasant operations; indeed, it is the only unpleasant one connected with cane cultivation. Its object is to let the light and air into the cane field, to hasten the growth and maturity of the canes. Every "stool" of cane will have from six to ten canes springing from it, and these are choked by the dead leaves obstructing the sunlight and air. Men are therefore sent into the field to remove them and draw them into the space between the rows. The work,

which is only done in the cooler months of the year, is yet very laborious in the tropics.

Imagine a 50 or 100-acre field of well-grown cane. It stands from 8 to 10 feet high in serried rows. Much has blown down, and lies in a tangled mass underfoot. Every single cane is clothed with a casing of dead leaves from the ground to the green crown.

Enter this field, and a few yards from its outside edge you will find it difficult to force your way further into it. Overhead is the pitiless, blazing sun of the tropics. Should there be any breeze at all, not a breath of it can find its way further than a few yards into the thickly-growing cane. The thermometer stands at from 130 to 150 degrees F. in the sun, and, added to this, there is a deadly,

loading guano, coffee or hides, and trashing cane, he would choose the former.

The trash is easily detached from the stalk—a child can pull a dead leaf off with his finger and thumb. All that the labourer has to do is to throw himself on a stool of cane, plunge both arms into the accumulated trash, drag it clear of the cane, and deposit it between the rows. The canes are thus left bare from root to crown. Easy enough, one would say. The trash is neither heavy nor prickly. No, but as the work is usually done in dry weather, clouds of fine dust arise from the crackling leaves. The labourer is smothered in this dust. It gets into his eyes and nostrils, it covers his whole body with streaming dirt, and chokes up his



Planting Cane in Newly-Felled Scrub.

(Note the cane sets lying on the ground.)

muggy dampness everywhere, which renders the heat more oppressive.

The mere physical exertion required to get through the field, without attempting any work, is a laborious and exhausting business, and the curious visitor will emerge from his voyage across it covered with dust, streaming with perspiration, and experiencing the delights of the abomination called "cane-itch."

What, then, must it be to work through the live-long scorching or steaming day under such conditions? The writer has done this work over and over again, not for love of it, but from scarcity of labour. He can only say if he had any choice between working in the lower hold of a steamer un-

derneath the gun, or working in a close room.

In addition to this annoyance, there is an even greater one arising from the hairs fringing each joint of the cane stalk. These become detached in the process of trashing and stick into the skin like the fine hairs on certain caterpillars, or those on the fruit of the prickly pear. They cause intense irritation; the skin burns and itches, and there is no possible escape from it or relief until knock-off time. Small wonder that the white man fights shy of trashing.

The trashing completed, nothing remains to be done (unless irrigation is practised) until the harvesting season.

By the middle of August all the sugar mills have been overhauled and put in order to take off the crop. In the southern districts some of the cane on low-lying fields is liable to be injured by frosts. Successful attempts have at times been made to keep off the frost by igniting large heaps of wood, cane-trash and rubbish sprinkled with tar. These heaps are lighted at night, and volumes of heavy, dense smoke hang like a pall over the cane fields, effectually shielding them from the frosts.

The frosted cane is always cut and sent to the mill first, as it becomes valueless if allowed to stand long, owing to fermentation setting in in the juice. Once any cane is cut, the sooner it is sent to the mill the better, as fermentation begins almost at once at the cut ends.

CUTTING THE CANE.

About the end of August an official of a mill, called the cane inspector, goes round the farms where cane is grown for his particular mill, and decides what cane shall be cut first. Naturally all the farmers whose cane is ripe wish to be amongst the first, because the sooner the young shoots for next year's crop are allowed to grow the heavier will be the succeeding yield, as they get the benefit of the spring growth and of early rains. The matter lies, however, entirely at the discretion of the cane inspector. As soon as he has come to a decision, if the field happens to be at some distance from the permanent tram line, a portable line is at once laid down from the main line to the field. The farmer then engages men to cut his cane. They are paid by the ton of cane—generally 3s. to 4s. per ton for cutting, loading into the trucks, and moving the portable line as required during the progress of the work.

The cutting is performed with a cane knife, something like a bill hook without the curved point. Good cutters cut the canes about an inch below the surface off the soil. Thus no jagged ends are left to be trimmed off afterwards as used to be done in the old days of sugar growing. If the cane is cut above ground, considerable loss ensues. When it is considered that there are about 4000 stools in an acre of cane, and each stool carries from 6 to 12 canes, it will be seen that if only one inch is left behind by the cutter, the loss would amount to from 2000 to 4000 feet of the best portion of the cane.

The cutter first cuts off the cane from the stool, and at once tops it, two or three joints below the leaves. This upper portion of the cane, for a length of from six to eight inches, contains scarcely any sugar, but makes the best sets for plants. Sometimes one man cuts and another does the topping. Each man cuts and loads from two to three tons daily, although to reach the higher figures the contracting gang will often work from peep of day until dark. There are now numbers of young



Stripped Stool of Rappoe Cane.



Indian Coolies Cutting Cane.

(Indians and Chinese are replacing the Kanakas in the fields.)

men, farmers' sons, shearers and other white men who regularly take contracts for cane cutting. Unfortunately they are not yet in sufficient numbers, hence gangs of Hindoos, Malays and Chinese have to be employed. The quantity of cane to be cut varies greatly. Well-cultivated and irrigated cane will yield as much as 40 and even up to 60 tons of cane per acre. Taking an average of 20 tons per acre, there will be 1000 tons to cut and load from a 50-acre field. A gang of ten men will do the work in from six weeks to two months, allowing for stoppages and for intermittent work caused by the mill being occupied with some other farmer's cane. Only lately a farmer in the North with 300 acres of cane began cutting on July 27th, and cut 240 acres by December 19th.

CANE CULTIVATION ON CLEARED GROUND.

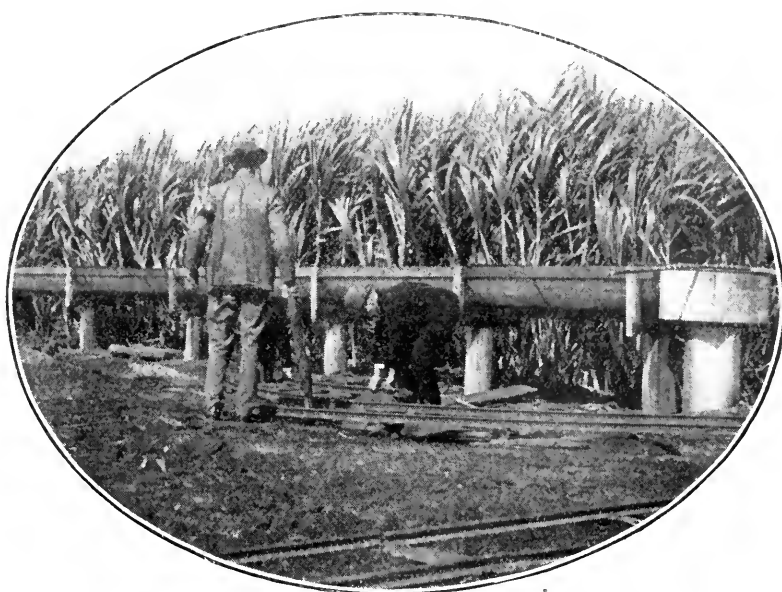
In the case of cleared land on which the plough and other implements can be used, cane can be brought into a higher state of cultivation than on land encumbered with stumps.

In the first place, the land is deeply ploughed, the best results being obtained from land ploughed to a depth of nine inches and subsoiled six or seven inches

deeper, the land being thoroughly prepared by ploughing, subsoiling, cross-ploughing and harrowing to reduce it to a fine tilth. Deep furrows are drawn with the plough at the distances above named, and the cane sets are deposited in the bottom of the furrow. They are then covered with an inch or two of soil, and as soon as the sprouts are well above ground the cultivators are set to work, the ground is thoroughly cleaned, and the furrows are gradually filled up. As long as horses can move through the cane the weeds are thus kept down. Then, as in the previous case, the dense canopy of leaves covers the ground, and no more cultivation is needed.

IRRIGATION.

Wherever water is available, and the lay of the land will admit of the profitable application of water, cane fields are irrigated. From whatever source water is obtained, it is carried to the fields by zinc flumes raised on piles, or by main ditches from four to six feet wide and from three to six feet deep. The main ditches run along the head and down one or both sides of the field. From these the water is led down every row of cane, and men, more or less, according to the size of the field, are employed



Portable Tramway. Irrigation Flume and Growing Cane in Background.

daily in regulating the supply of water. Each man has a long-handled shovel with which he blocks an opening or gives the water free egress to the cane rows. This work is kept going throughout the growing season, except, of course, during very heavy rains. The cane grower who is in a position to irrigate is independent of cloud water, and can always rely on a heavy crop. Towards the crushing season, say, about two months before the cane is ready for the mill, irrigation is suspended in order to allow of the concentration of the saccharine matter in the juice. If irrigation were continued right up to crushing time, the juice would be watery, and in the case where cane is paid for ac-

Range in the Maroochy District, and in the precipitous hill country near Habana, at Mackay, the cane is sent down the hills to the trucks below on a tightly-stretched wire. Each bundle weighs about a hundredweight.

MANURING.

On the older cane lands artificial manures are much used with good results. Old fields where the cane has been ploughed out are also green-manured with cow peas, beans or vetches. No manure is used for many years on rich, new scrub lands. When crops on such lands show signs of weakening, a good deep ploughing, or ploughing followed



Irrigated Cane.

ording to sugar content of the juice, the farmer would be a loser. We have already explained the method of harvesting. It may be observed, however, that where cleared land is very hilly, the cane is loaded on to carts to be taken to the nearest tram line. To facilitate unloading, slings are laid across the bottom of the cart and brought up over the cane when the cart is loaded. On reaching the tram line the entire load is lifted bodily from the cart into the tram truck. From ten to twenty trucks form a cane train. The trains are drawn on a line of two-feet gauge by small, but powerful, locomotives.

In very hilly country, such as in the Blackall

by subsoiling, usually results in considerably raising the weight of the crop.

RATOONS.

When a field of plant-cane has been cut and removed to the mill the field is covered with a heavy coating of trash and waste cane tops. The farmer sets fire to this, and in a short time the field, so lately verdant with its waving crop, presents an aspect of blackened sadness. In a few weeks however, the young cane sprouts from the old stool, and rapidly another crop is decking the field with green. This crop is called a "first ratoon" crop, and often gives a better return than the plant crop

resulting from the first planting of the field with the cane sets. Now the stool is formed wherever successive ratoon crops spring. The word "ratoon" is derived from the Spanish "retono," "retonar," meaning to sprout or shoot again, applied to a plant which has been cut, and thus especially to sugar cane.

The sugar cane in Queensland is usually ratooned for five years, when the stool is ploughed out and the land is either at once re-planted with cane or laid down in cow peas for green manuring. Cases.



Cane Planting Machine.

Two "sets" can be seen which have been planted by the machine in the trench made by the plough.

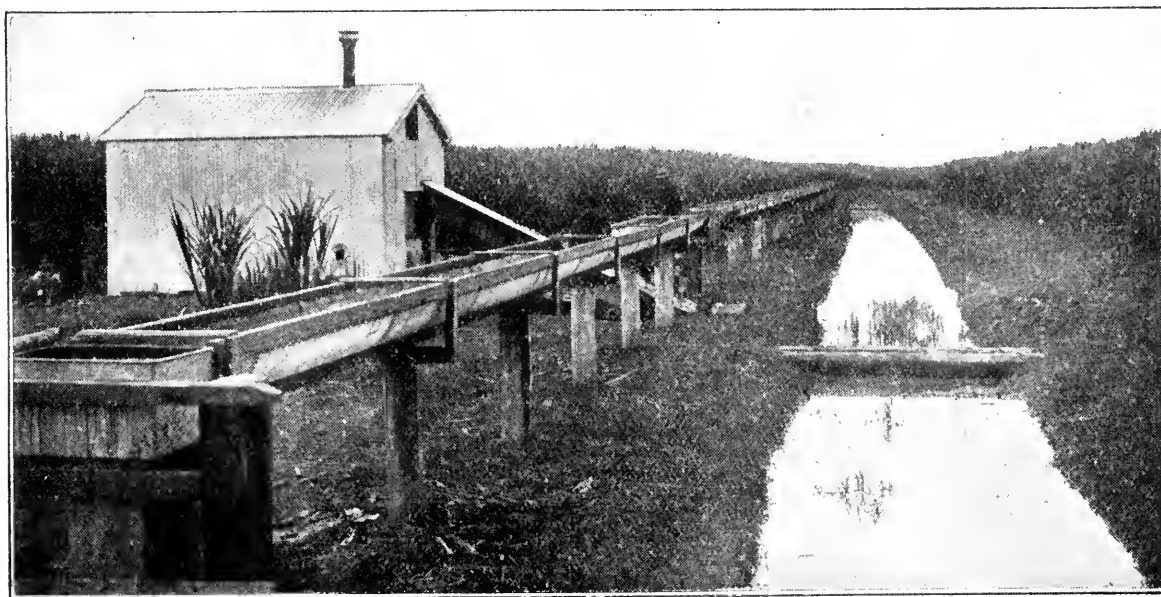
however, there are, in many parts of the State, where fifteenth ratoons have given good crops.

With the trucking of the cane to the mill, the farmer's interest in that crop, beyond receiving a cheque for its value, ceases. He is now at liberty to look after the future crop.

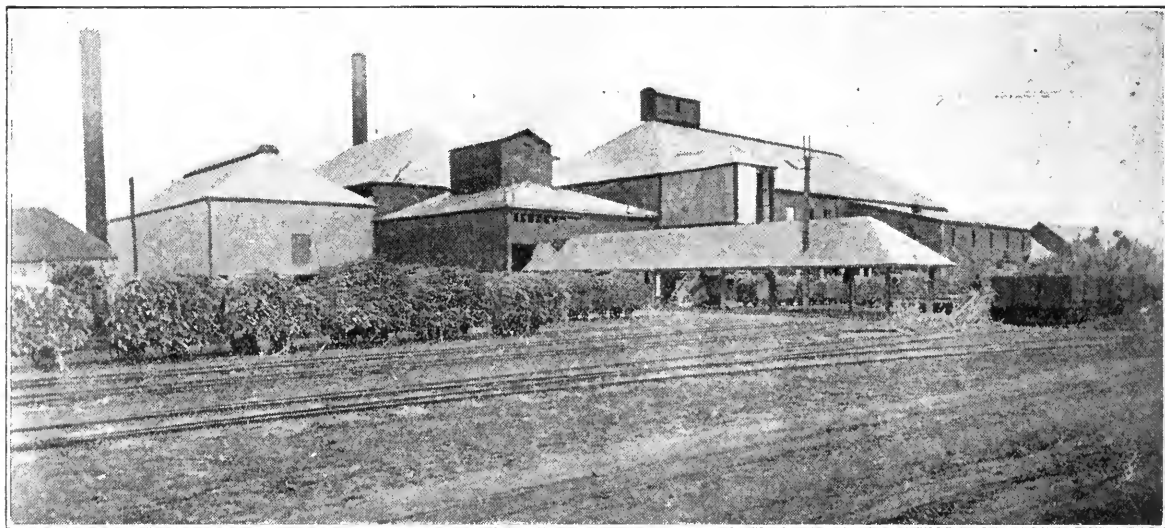
We will therefore leave him to enjoy the fruits of his year's labour and follow the cane to

THE SUGAR CANE MILL.

Taken as a whole, the up-to-date sugar mills are very similar,



Irrigation Flumes and Trenches in Cane Field.



A Typical Sugar Mill: That at Bingara, Messrs. Gibsons' Estate

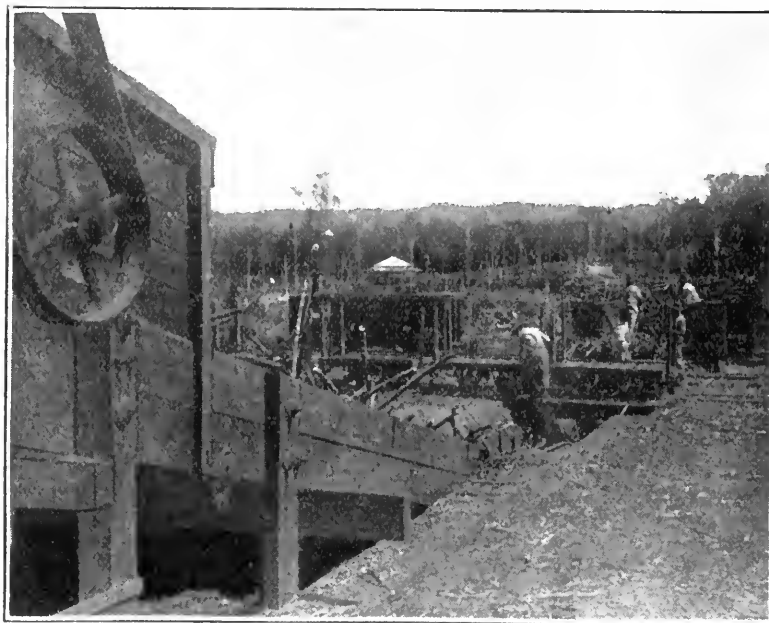
and the processes through which the cane and juice pass before emerging in the shape of brown or white sugar are almost identical in all. Some mills are furnished with only three crushing rollers, others with six or nine, and to-day there are what are known as twelve-roller mills, although no such mills as the latter have yet been erected in Queensland.

In dealing with sugar cane, the main objects of the sugar mill owner are to extract as much juice as possible from the cane, to render the expressed juice to the highest point of purity, to produce as small an amount of molasses as possible, and to do all this at a minimum of expenditure. To effect these objects, the most skilful machinists, the best sugar boilers, and the most scientific chemists are required, as also

the services of a general manager, who combines a knowledge of these three qualifications, together with that of every portion of the work carried on in a large sugar mill where perhaps 200 or 300 persons are employed in the multifarious duties required during a crushing season.

As the trucks arrive at the mill, they are un-

loaded on to a cane carrier. This is a long sloping platform about six feet wide, moving on endless chains from a pit near the tram truck to the first set of rollers. This carrier is kept full of cane regularly fed to it by men at the pit. As it passes along towards the rollers, men stand on either side of the moving platform and keep the cane level by chopping any which stick up, and which thus would be thrown back from the rollers.



Unloading Trucks of Cane at Carrier.

(The cane is seen ascending the carrier, at top of which is the crushing machinery. The most up-to-date mills now use a contrivance which drags off the cane from the trucks so that no manual labour is required for the work. In a large mill this saves the labour of some six men.)

But before reaching the rollers, the cane is seized by a machine called a cane-shredder, which tears the cane in strips. Before the cane-shredder was introduced, it was difficult, if not impossible, to extract the whole of the juice, even by the most powerful rollers. Now, however, the cane is so mangled, torn and subsequently crushed by passing through three sets of powerful rollers that the extraction amounts to 95 per cent. of the contained juice. On leaving the shredder it passes through these three sets of rollers, which successively extract more of the juice, till extraction is complete after leaving the last set.

firewood, and time and labour lost by the length of time required to get rid of the surplus fluid.

When the crushed cane has passed through the last set of rollers, it receives the name of "bagasse," generally called in Queensland "megasse." It has now the appearance of a crumpled, dried-up white mass of pith, holding apparently not a particle of moisture. From these rollers it ascends automatically to a room above the furnaces, whence it is shovelled through openings in the floor into the furnaces, which are especially constructed for the purpose of burning megasse fuel.

Besides megasse, the furnaces consume an enor-



A Spill in the Cutting.

Shows the type of truck used. The horses are drawing the cane to the main sugar train.

In some mills the cane, in passing from the first set of rollers to the second, undergoes a process called "maceration," that is, it is saturated with steam or hot water to assist in the extraction of the juice. To effect this, the crushed mass passes along a covered-in platform, and jets of steam or water are driven through it. This condensed steam and water are extracted by the second set of rollers. The objection to this operation is that all this water has to be evaporated again in the boiling, and this means more expense in the shape of

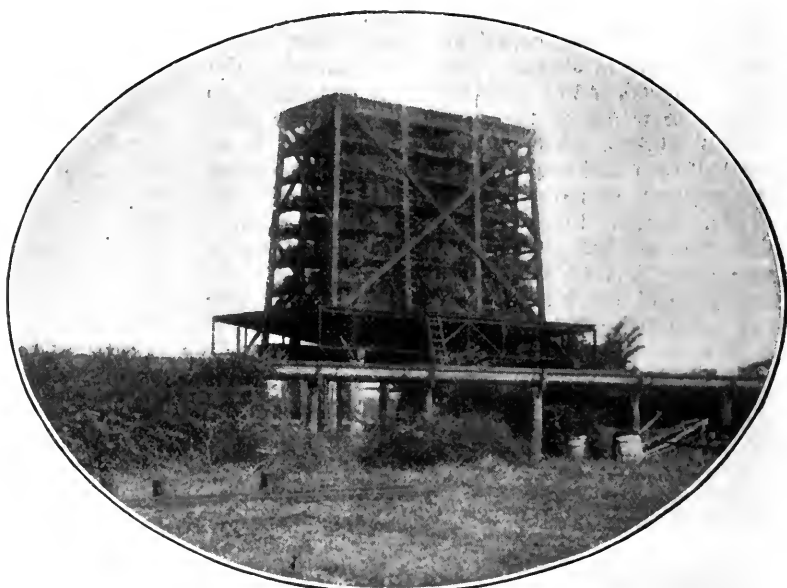
mus quantity of firewood, and as the mills work night and day throughout the season, stopping only on Sundays up to midnight, when they again start for the week's work, the consumption of fuel is a very serious item in the cost of sugar making.

As the expressed juice leaves the roller, it is pumped up into the clarifiers, where a very important operation is performed, and one on which to a large extent depends the success of the succeeding operations. This part of the work consists in treating the juice with limewater, or rather cream

of lime freshly slaked. This concentrates the feculencies in the juice, which is, immediately after liming, passed into large subsiders, where the dirt and extraneous matter in the juice settle to the bottom. At one time the liquor used to be skimmed as it boiled, but this is no longer practised, and skimming is only done at the clarifiers.

When the juice, which before liming appears like a dirty, grey opaque fluid, leaves the subsiders, all scum and sediment are left behind, and the liquid has the appearance of clear, pale sherry.

The juice having been thoroughly clarified, and all impurities removed, it is passed on to the "triple effect." This consists of three vertical boilers or pans provided with numerous tubes for increasing the heating surface. Here it is raised to a heat of 180 degrees F. and boiled under diminished pressure or *in vacuo*, and being reduced in bulk, is of increased density (30 degrees Beaumé) in consequence of the evaporation of water. From the triple effect it goes to the vacuum pans, which are large boilers of from two to sixteen tons capacity. Inside these are coils of tubing through which superheated steam passes. The pans having been charged, they are hermetically closed, and



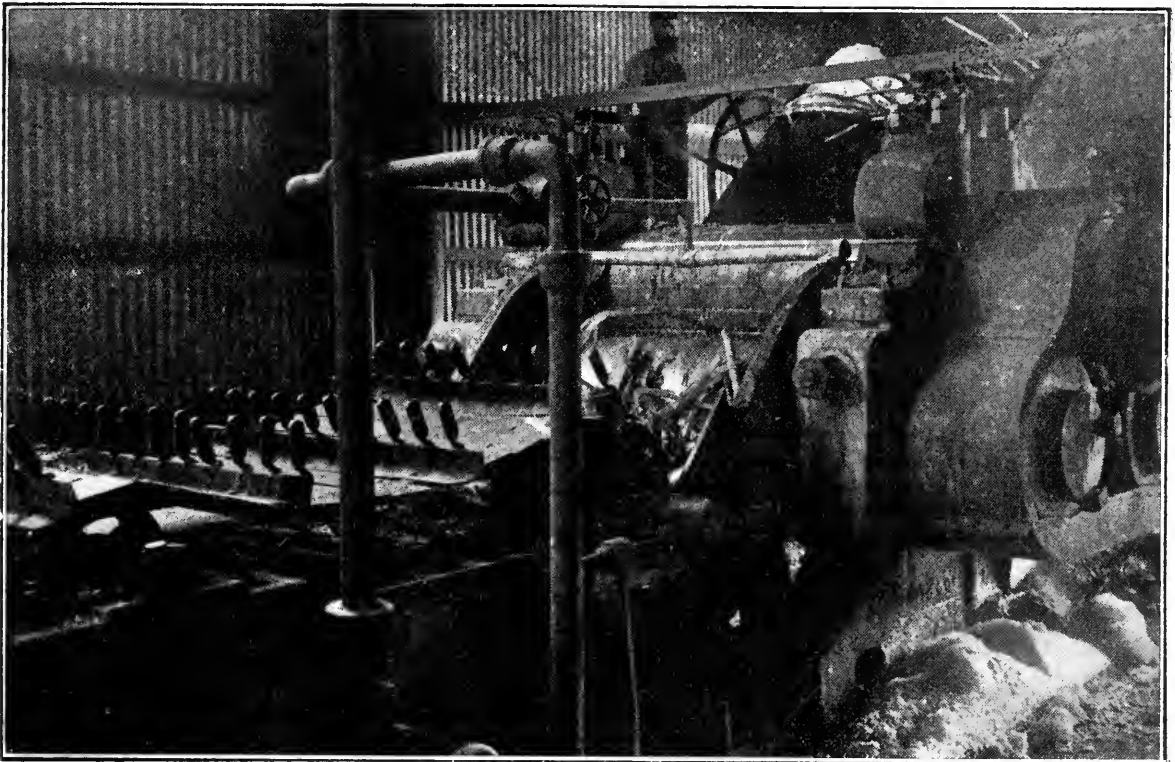
The Water Cooler, which Looms Large near every Sugar Mill.

The hot water is conveyed to the top, and falling through bundles of twigs cold from the bottom back to the mill.

the vacuum pump is set to work to withdraw the air from the inside. Thus the "masse cuite," as the juice is now called, is boiled *in vacuo*. As the work proceeds, the sugar boiler carefully watches it, from time to time inserting a testing rod through an opening in the side of the pans, which, whilst affording a passage to the instrument, yet allows no air to pass in. A portion of the boiling mass is withdrawn by this tube, and it is here that the operator's skill and judgment are brought into play. If the mass is overboiled, there is a probability of the sugar setting hard in the pans, when it causes infinite trouble to remove it. If under-boiled, the granulation, even when it leaves the pan, will be defective. The sugar boiler must therefore be constantly on the alert and "strike" the charge at the exact moment when the best results can be obtained. When he is satisfied that the process has reached that particular point, a valve in the bottom of the pan is opened, and the now dense, black-looking mass is run into large coolers, where the granulation already begun in the vacuum pan, proceeds rapidly, and, if the work has been well done, it sets hard in the coolers. The concentration in the vacuum



Kanakas' Huts.



The Cane is seen at right hand side of Photograph Arriving at Top of the Carrier. It goes through the Shredder and Rollers, and emerges as shown in centre of photo.

pans takes from three to six hours. The mass now consists of sugar and molasses. The latter is the result of the presence of uncrystallisable fruit-sugar, and the great object of the sugar boiler is to produce as much crystallised sugar and as little molasses as possible.

Sometimes in open pans, boiling in small mills, the granulation does not readily begin, and a starter has to be used to give the contained sugar a nucleus in which to form. A little sugar scattered into the cooler will often cause the refractory mass to begin to granulate. As soon as granulation is complete, the molasses must be separated from the sugar. This is very simply effected by means of centrifugal machines. In a large mill there are usually a dozen or more centrifugals. The sugar and molasses flow by gravity to their machines, where the man in charge cuts off the supply as soon as the centrifugal is charged. The rapid revolution of the basket (from 1800 to 2000 revolutions per minute), drives the mixture against the sides, which are closed by perforated copper strongly bound on the outside to prevent the basket bursting. The molasses is driven through the perforation, and flows away to the molasses' tanks. If light-coloured sugar is wanted, a little water is poured on to the sugar as the basket revolves. This passing through

washes the remaining molasses from the grains. The dry sugar is now dug from the side of the basket and dropped through an opening in the bottom into a trough, in which scoops are working on an endless band, which carry the sugar to the curing room.

Here white sugars are put through a large revolving cylinder, where any superfluous moisture is removed by heated air.

We have now traced the sugar from the field to the curing room, and nothing remains but to bag it and despatch it to market. Raw sugars are packed in four-bushel sacks. Finer qualities or refined sugar are done up in 70-lb. bags, as they are at once ready for the consumer. The darker, raw sugars are usually sent straight to a refinery, either in Queensland or New South Wales.

THE MOLASSES.

We have, however, not yet obtained all the sugar from the cane. A good deal more is furnished by this dark-looking treacly mass called molasses.

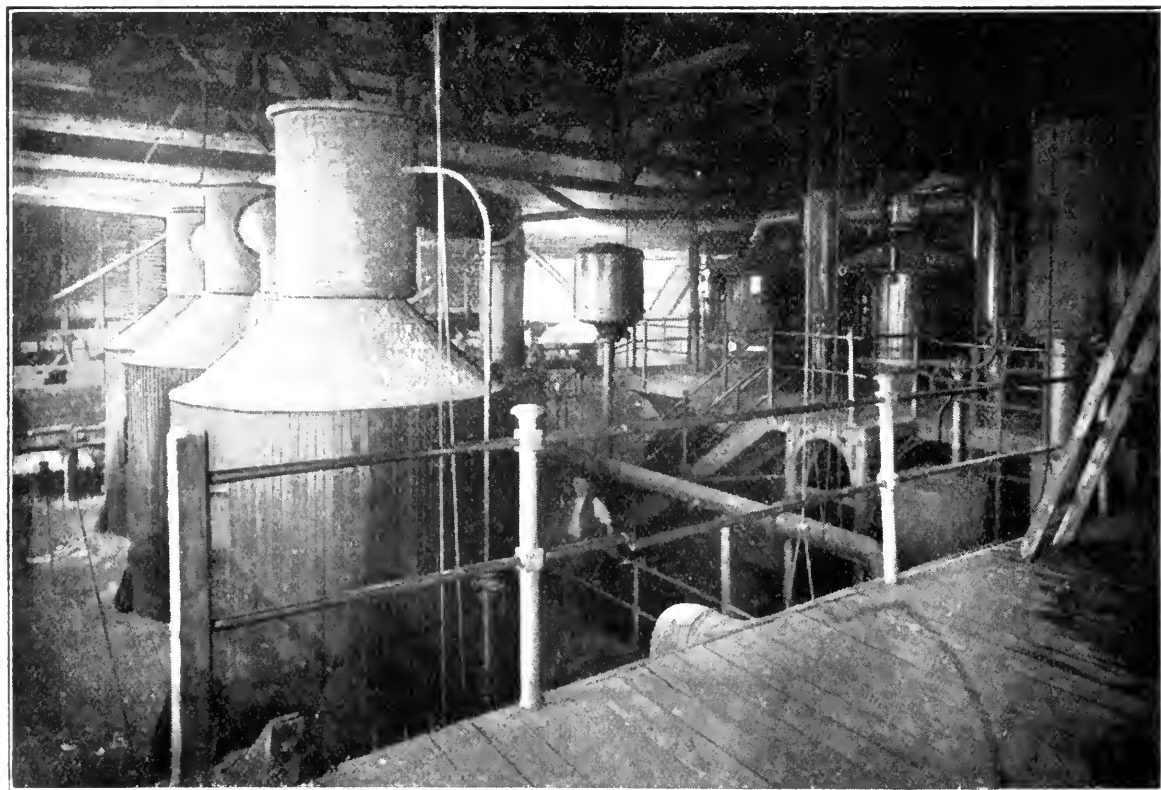
When the crushing season is over, then the molasses is taken in hand and re-boiled. The process is similar to that of extracting sugar from the original juice, so it does not need any further description.

The average production of molasses is about 26 gallons per ton of sugar. About one-fourth of this is put to profit in making rum, and the balance is either sold by the producer or fed to stock in conjunction with "chop-chop" (chopped cane-tops).

The cost of producing an acre of cane varies in different districts owing to climatic influences, labour conditions and nature of the soil. On rich virgin soils there is no need for irrigation, manuring, liming or subsoiling, the cost of which on poor lands amounts to about £7 per acre, whilst harvesting, cultivating, etc., add another £7 per acre to the cost. Thus, on the rich lands, the total cost of producing sugar cane is about £7 per acre, and on the poor soils requiring special treatment the cost is as high as £14 and even £20 per acre. The yield of cane also varies. Under exceptionally favourable circumstances, the yield may amount to 60 tons of cane, or even more, but from 15 to 20 tons may be considered a fair crop. It is exceedingly probable that owing to improvements in cane cul-

ture introduced by Dr. W. Maxwell, Director of Sugar Experiment Stations and Comptroller of Central Sugar Mills, the yield of cane will eventually be doubled, as has been the case elsewhere. In that case, the profit of from £6 to £10 per acre now made by the cane farmer will be considerably increased. The usual quantity of cane required to make one ton of sugar is about eight tons, but so carefully is the state of the juice at harvesting time watched by the chemists attached to the mills, and so minutely are all the details of manufacture attended to, that the quantity of cane required is being gradually reduced until a ton of sugar has been made from seven tons of cane and even less.

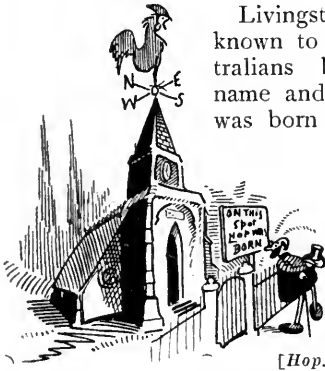
The practice of employing chemists at the mills of late years has been attended with excellent results, numerous leakages, formerly unheeded, were stopped, and the improved methods of manufacture, and the lessening of expense, have contributed in a large degree to the mill returns.



Triple Effects and Vacuum Pans

LIVINGSTON HOPKINS, Comic Artist.

By A. G. STEPHENS.



"Hop's" BIRTHPLACE.

Livingston Hopkins, better known to a generation of Australians by his caricaturist's name and signature of "Hop," was born some fifty odd years ago in Logan county, Ohio, U.S.A. He was nurtured in the fear and admonition of the Lord by relatives proud of their Puritan stock. His father sprang from an English family that had

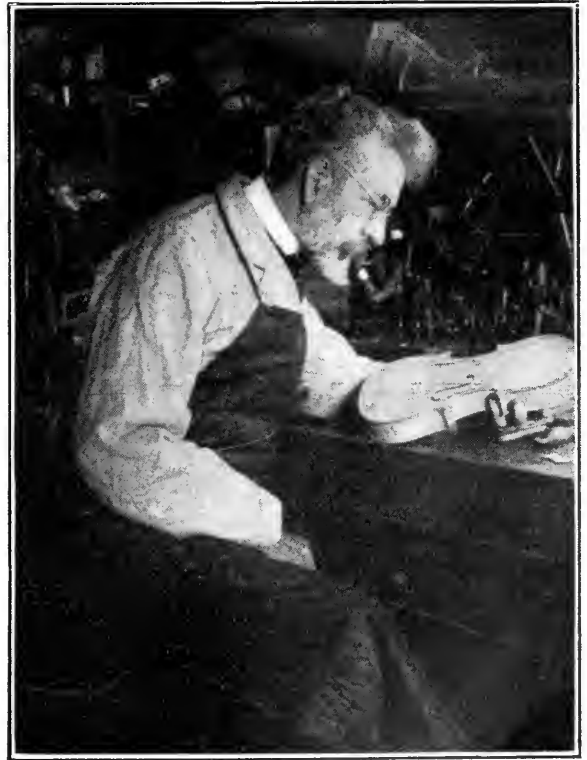
vided. He was "the whole team and the dog under the waggon," since fun was demanded in his "line" as well as in his letterpress. And if there was anything in him, it came out.

"Hop's" work began to be known in Illinois. Dr. Hoiland, preparing for the foundation of *Scribner's Magazine*, saw it, and was attracted. He wrote an offer of a small place on the unborn

sought America for conscience' sake; his mother had grown up in the West in the days when a pioneer walked to and from his labour gun in hand, and every night sheltered his family behind a stockade built against marauding Indians.

"Hop's" instinct for drawing was shown early; it was found surprising—for his relatives had not manifested artistic capacity—yet none the less welcome. While at school in Toledo, Ohio, some of his caricatures attracted the attention of Dr. H. P. Miller, one of the proprietors of *The Toledo Blade*, who praised the work and encouraged the youthful caricaturist to continue. Miller's partner was "Petroleum V. Nasby," an accredited American humourist, whose work was then being illustrated by Thomas Nast; and, supplementary to Nast's drawings, those of young "Hop" were occasionally used. "Hop's" real life of labour, however, commenced not as artist, but as office boy; and when aged between seventeen and eighteen—a few months before the close of the Civil War—he enlisted. Shortly after, "by what may have been a mere coincidence," peace was proclaimed. "And," says "Hop," jocularly, "I claim to be the only survivor of that great conflict who is still merely a private. I am not even a colonel."

Later "Hop" was engaged on *The Champaign Union*, a little paper in the little town of Champaign, Illinois. Here he was "generally useful," and here his professional career in "comic art" may be said to have begun. The "comic artist" of those days was a recognised landmark in American life. It was his business to provide public fun in numerous drawings "all out of his own head." He had little in common with to-day's important illustrators, busy on subjects editorially pro-



"Hop" as 'Cello Manufacturer.

"All honor to the genius who first conceived the idea of producing music by scraping the inside of a cat with tail of a horse." — Tom Hood

Endorsed by L. Hopkins

"Hop's" Sentiments.



"Hop" and the Interviewer.



[Hop.
UNEMPLOYED: "No chance,
Bill; even the bloomin' moon's
full."

magazine, and "Hop" came to New York. There the magazine's art editor, W. H. Drake, surveyed his work with a cold, approving eye. "There's talent," was the verdict; "but you want two or three years' study." "Hop" attended an art school, made his drawings for *Scribner's*, and again was "generally useful." It was hard work and poor pay; so one day he took an armful of drawings and sallied upon the town. He left some with *Harper's*, some with *Leslie's*, went the whole round of the magazines. Next week he had orders enough to keep him going, so he said good-bye to *Scribner's* and took an "office" of his own where he did free-lance work for a dozen years and more—reaching the respectable yearly income, for those days, of 5000 dollars or so.

In his "office" at Nassau-street, New York, W. H. Traill, then editor and manager of *The Bulletin*, found "Hop" in 1882. "Hop" retains a vivid impression of the meeting. "A large, rough hairy man entered brusquely, and, reassured on the point of identity, said, 'Mr. Hopkins, I've come to take you to Australia.' As I saw he was a bigger and stronger man than I was," says the caricaturist quaintly, "I thought it prudent to agree with him; and before I knew where I was I had hung up my hat in *The Bulletin* office."

"Hop" reached Sydney at the end of 1882, two years after the foundation of *The Bulletin*. The rest of his story has been told week by week to a quarter-century of Australian smiles and plaudits.

THE ART OF CARICATURE.

"Caricature" is a word of many vague uses; but one can conveniently define it as pictorial travesty—witty, humorous, or satirical. In a sense it is pictorial exaggeration; but mere exaggeration

is not caricature. The caricaturist relies greatly upon emphasis of external characteristics; yet to become a caricaturist it is not sufficient to distort a figure or lengthen a feature. The object of caricature is essentially the display of character, and exaggeration is caricature only when it holds and enforces a meaning, only when its accentuation of leading traits is a revelation or interpretation of the subject. To give a politician Punch's nose is possibly to make a farcical figure, yet not necessarily to caricature him, even if his nose is longer than usual. But to take a king, as Gillray did, and by satirical exaggeration of his appearance to form a pictorial symbol of his character, this is true caricature.

The virtue and efficacy of the caricaturist's method are demonstrated by the difficulty of the portrait-painter's art, and by the way in which many portrait-painters desperately or deliberately lose the likeness in order to gain the character. It is a commonplace that many men and women do not look in the least like themselves; their faces misrepresent them, or represent them only at rare moments, by fleeting glimpses. To paint a likeness may be to contradict the hidden fact, yet not to preserve a likeness is not to preserve a recognisable identity. Hence the painter is often set an impossible task: his subject has two aspects—the apparent and the real; and he can present only one. Thus it is that



The Statesman's Reward.

so easily a good portrait may be a bad likeness, or a good likeness a bad portrait.

The caricaturist is not troubled by this dilemma. He has overstepped the convention requiring truth of externals and can devote all his efforts to portraying the truth of realities. Hence it is that the caricaturist offers often a better portrait than the professed artist can supply. Hence, also, the curious phenomenon seen when a caricaturist's subjects unconsciously model

themselves upon their caricatures, and the living celebrity gradually takes on the air and appearance of the picture that originally misrepresented his own air and appearance. Instead of Art portraying Nature, we may sometimes see Nature humbly parodying Art.

THE ART OF THE CARTOONIST.

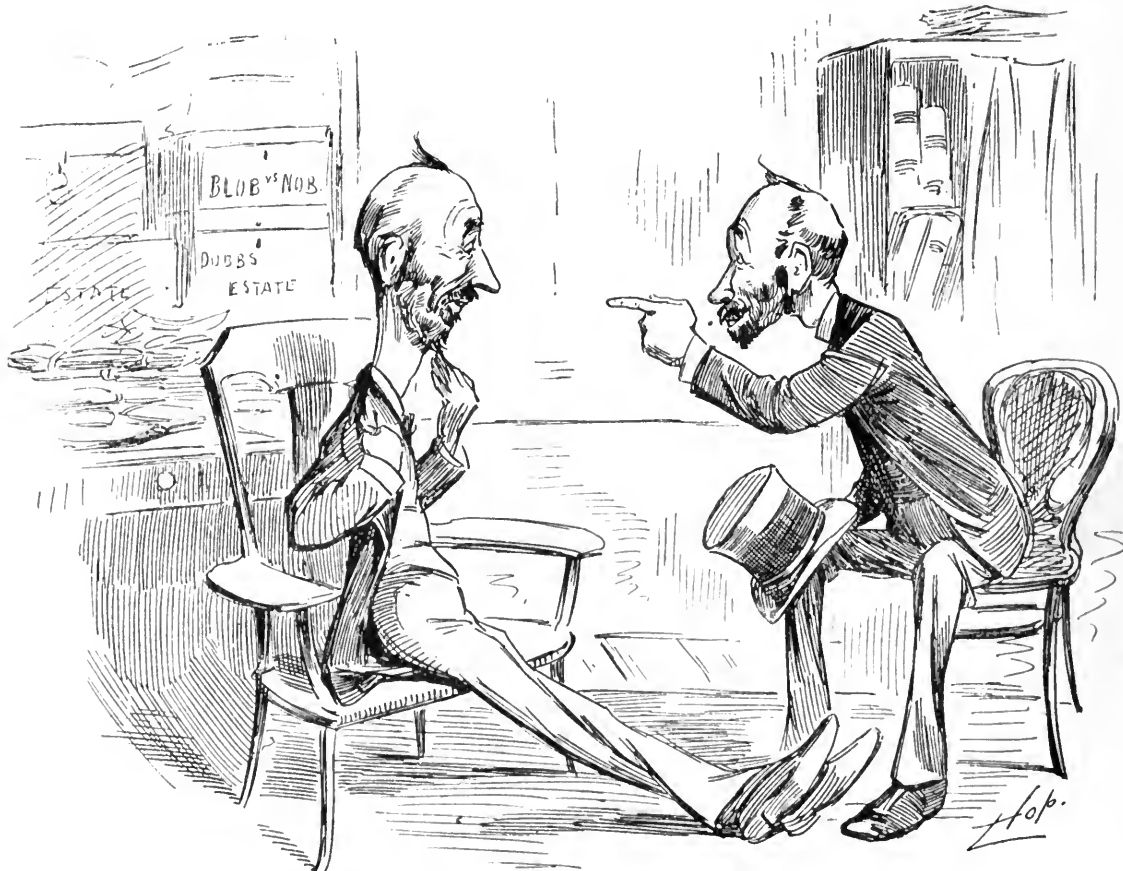
Between the caricature and the newspaper cartoon there is an accepted difference, though it be a

difference that is not always observed by commentators. Inevitably the classes merge, and it is easy to cite illustrations, such as many of Daumier's, that share the qualities of both. Yet when one looks to well-marked examples, the caricatures of Pellegrini, for instance, are plainly distinguished from the cartoons of Tenniel, or the cartoons of Nast from the caricatures of Camara or Gulbransson. The essential distinction is this: that the caricaturist deals especially with persons, the cartoonist with ideas. And still separate and distinct are the inventor of fanciful caprices or grotesques and the inventor of humorous pictures.

Behind every great cartoon, from Hogarth's downwards, is an intellectual argument or moral appeal. The caricaturist may be savage or jocular, but the effective cartoonist is always serious. Nothing can help a cartoon so much as strong sincerity. It was personal indignation that inspired Daumier's memorable attack on Louis Philippe, bitter earnestness that gave effect to Nast's onslaught on the Tammany ring. And the consensus of opinion de-

clares that a good cartoon, besides being strong and sincere, should usually be simple. Crowded drawings have given place to drawings of one or two figures, with a message that he who runs may read. And, though American cartoons seem often an exception to this generalisation, in America also, where the issue is great enough and clear enough, Homer Davenport will be found following the well-based rule.

In the selection of "Hop's" illustrations just published by the Bulletin Newspaper Company under the title "On the Hop," there may be four examples of his skill as caricaturist and cartoonist done in the ordinary course of his weekly work. The picture of "The Statesman's Reward," here reproduced, pointing Mr. G. H. Reid's declaration that he had left office as New South Wales Premier a poorer man, and backing the declaration with the poverty-stricken ghosts of previous Premiers, was and remains a cartoon effective and admirable. The well-remembered picture of a New South Wales judge, notorious for his overbearing pe-



WHAT IT HAS COME TO

SYDNEY SOLICITOR (*to brother professional*): I got an overdraft to-day from the United Bank.
BROTHER PROFESSIONAL (*admiringly*): By Jove, eh! Whose deeds did you lodge?



ELECTION DAY.

JONES, ruminating: "Best (hie) 'lection (hie) ever I she."

sonality, where the jury, the counsel, and all in court were grim embodiments of the judge himself, is an example of "Hop's" skill as caricaturist. But as the twig is bent the tree is inclined, and "Hop" remains true to the tradition of his youth. Humorous pictures are his forte; and though he has often varied his method to suit the times, and provides almost every week a commentary on passing events, he still remains essentially the "comic artist" of his American beginnings.

"HOP" AS HUMOURIST.

The quality in which "Hop" excels most illustrators is the quality of humour. To others we may give a passing smile; but when "Hop" is at his best, laughter is irresistible. Like every other genuine humourist, "Hop" bubbles naturally and spontaneously. He is sly rather than farcical, and reminds one of the subtle, sudden flashes of Thomas Hardy's peasants. Nor is he content merely to state a humorous idea; he elaborates it carefully in detail, and ripples down to the very boots of his subjects.

"Hop's" humour is always good-natured—

His wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

For this reason he is almost invariably appreciated by his "victims," who are usually proud and happy to join in the laugh against themselves. There is a story that the late G. R. Dibbs met "Hop" casually one day, and remarked:

"I say, what have you been doing to that

Bulletin of yours? It's been awfully dull lately."

"Well, I don't know," answered the "comic artist"; "what's wrong with it?"

"Oh," replied Dibbs, "it used to be funny: you could get a laugh out of it sometimes; but I don't see anything in it now."

"Hop" went away pondering these things in his heart, and the idea struck him that, owing to Dibbs's loss of political office, the complainant had not been "caricatured" for some time. So the next week he introduced a picture of Dibbs in a ridiculous attitude, with the familiar rakish hat, big cigar, and all the rest—and lay in wait. In a few days Dibbs approached him beaming:

"Well, I see you've taken my advice? Brightening up your old rag a bit, eh?"

And the incident closed in convivial whisky-and-soda.

In many so-called humorous drawings of the familiar two-figure type, the humour is all in the descriptive lines. "Hop" puts humour into the drawing: it is comical without a "gag" or "legend." Sometimes he is content with the simplest statement—a mere graphic "shorthand"; or, again, as in the little drawing of "Election Day," here shown, he will give figure and background elaborately drawn. "I never use models," he says in the preface to his book; and, indeed, his work has been executed in such quantity, with such variety of subjects, and often necessarily in such haste, that the use of models and reliance on formal drawing are out of the question. Nor is he a student other than a student of life; his favourite book is Boswell's "Johnson"; he reads few others. But the strength and fidelity of his own observation are



THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS IN EARLY NEW SOUTH WALES.



CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT IN VE OLDEN DAYS.

worth any number of second-hand impressions. And he prides himself justly on his originality; he prefers to create his own "jokes"; and even when his topic is editorially supplied his individuality of treatment amounts to a fresh vision of the subject.

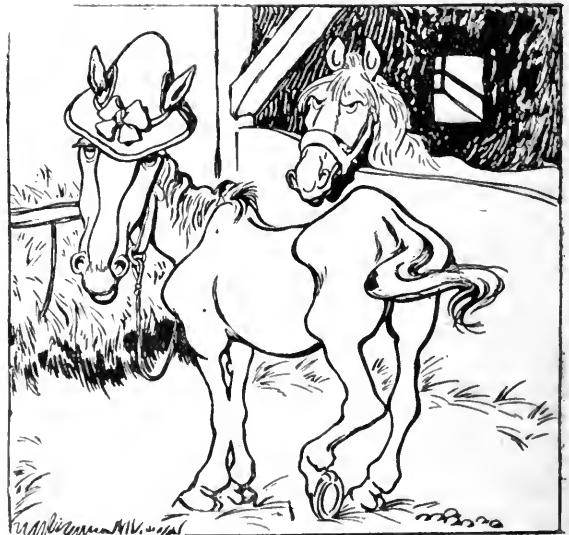
"HOP" AND PHIL MAY.

Many ridiculous things have been printed in comparison of "Hop" and Phil May, and "Hop" has even been gratified with the title of "the Phil May of Australia." It is common also to hear that W. H. Traill "discovered" "Hop," and if a middle-aged illustrator of a dozen years' repute in the leading American magazines remains to be "discovered," the statement may be true. But it will always be a marvel of luck, as well as of judgment, that Traill, then editor and manager of *The Bulletin*, should in 1882 go to America and choose Hopkins out of the whole tribe of illustrators, and should, a couple of years later, go to England and similarly choose Phil May. To those two men, each

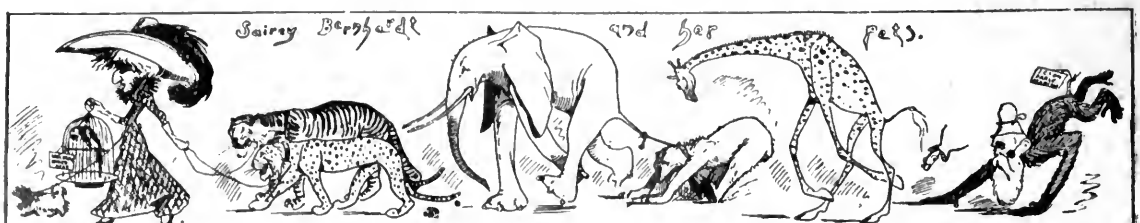
eminent in his own particular way, *The Bulletin* and Australia are indebted for many good things. But "Hop's" way is not May's, nor was May's way ever "Hop's."

A drawing by Phil May, one of the best and most characteristic small drawings he ever made, is taken from *The Bulletin's History of Botany Bay* to illustrate the point. Compare the "quality" of that drawing with the "quality" of any of "Hop's," and compare impressions. Phil May gives one a physical, "Hop" a mental impression. May's style is quick, vivid; "Hop's" is slow, thoughtful. Note the manual dexterity, the vital energy of May's drawing, the skill in form, the perfect expression of attitude; and note, also, that the picture expresses less the thing in itself than May's handling of the thing. To May's unique cleverness in the statement of externals "Hop" can lay no claim. But he is more pictorial. In the rough drawing of "Constitutional Government," for example, his figures are placed in an atmosphere; they look like realities, however represented; the whole is a caricature with a meaning, contrasted with a *tour de force* of brilliant draughtsmanship.

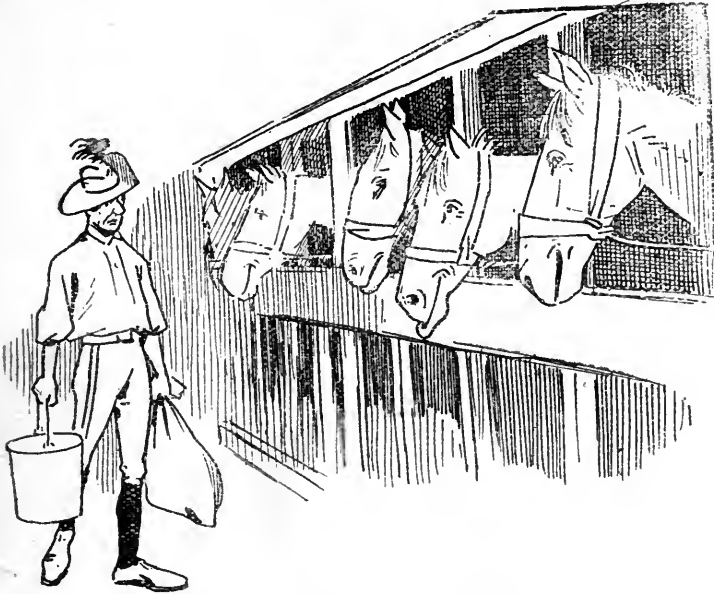
And observe that the designer is subordinated; one thinks about the subject. In May's work, nine times in ten, the subject does not matter; it is his



"My Paris hat makes them all jealous!"—BY CARAN D'ACHE

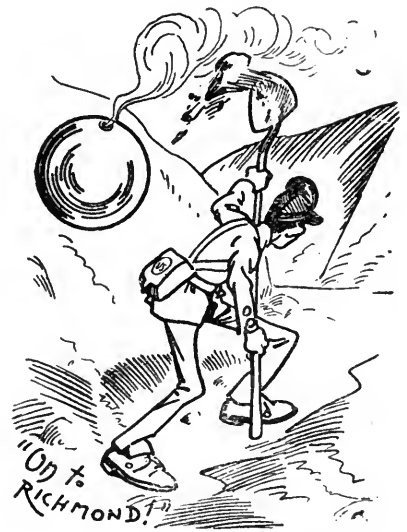


[Hop.]



A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.

Chorus of Imperial Troopship Mokes to Private Jones, or
Woolloomooloo: "Steward!"



[Hop.]

"Hop" AS A SOLDIER.



"NOTHING THE MATTER WITH US, EH?"

(From a drawing by Benjamin Rabier.)

astonishing skill that gives the drawing virtue. One single line of May's can easily be an artistic joy, so firm is it, so apt, so intrinsically rhythmical and beautiful. But in "Hop's" case it is not the line, but the mental message of the line, that gives us pleasure; we value it for what it means, not, as in May's case, for what it is. And, if these distinctions are not enough, remember that "Hop" is a humourist in the broadest sense of the term, and May never was. May had a light, sparkling wit and some capacity for bright satire; but humour comes from deep wells of the mind, and in any strict usage of words May never employed it. It is sufficient that he is most admirable in his own way, as "Hop" is in his.

"HOP'S" DELINEATION OF ANIMALS.

In one point, to my mind, "Hop" surpasses himself, and is matched by only two or three of the world's illustrators; that is, in the humorous delineation of animals. The men who can draw animals that are really comic are very few. Grisct succeeded tolerably; but among illustrators of the present day I can cite only Caran d'Ache and Benjamin Rabier as exhibiting talent of the same kind as "Hop's." J. A. Shepherd's English vogue is based on fanciful extravaganza; his drawings are uncommonly clever and occasionally witty, but not inspired by comic humour.

Caran d'Ache and Rabier draw quite in "Hop's" vein, and one may compare the former's horse and the latter's cow with "Hop's" horses in the an-



HOW TO CATCH A BURGLAR? SOMEBODY SUGGESTS BLOODHOUNDS.

[Hop.]

nexed pictures. Certainly "Hop" does not suffer by the comparison, though Caran d'Ache's drawing is famous. The "troopship mokes" are almost diabolically expressive.

In a well-known drawing of May's, the lion-tamer upbraided by his wife, note for the interest of contrast that the humour is in the situation, not especially in the lions. Similarly with Shepherd's work, it is rather in the way of caricature than of comic drawing. With "Hop" the humour is *in grain*; it comes in the way in which he puts down the glint of the eye, the curl of the nose, the twitch of the lip, and depends only secondarily upon the picture's story.

IN CONCLUSION.

Personally "Hop" is tall, solid and muscular, with a melancholy air that reminds one inevitably of ideal figures of Don Quixote. Like all humourists, he is essentially simple-minded; it is the child's perception of quaint analogies that flashes in his work. Like a child, he is shy, and in shyness seems stern; but his good nature in friendly company is unalloyed. He always seems to me a Puritan born out of date, who has broadened in sympathy with his modern environment, yet has never quite succeeded in throwing out of his blood the ice of repressed forefathers.

"Hop" has tried his hand at etching, with creditable results; but his hobby is the violoncello. With infinite pains, considering local difficulties, he has himself made the instrument he plays, disengaging his final music from the rawest of raw material. His conversation is rather serious: though of the race of Artemus Ward, and gifted with Ward's air of utter unlikeness to himself in his public manifestation, he does not often utter the humour he sees. But when he takes his pencil he finds it hard to be serious. "I do not care overmuch," he says, "to draw solemn political cartoons; I want to draw comic pictures and spread laughter all the time."

Now that a whole generation of Australians has grown up, as it were, under "Hop's" hand, one may freely acknowledge, on their behalf, the grateful debt of pleasure that we owe him—a debt that *The Bulletin's* collection of his work will perpetuate. The examples here reproduced from the columns of *The Bulletin* can only faintly suggest the variety and value of the two thousand originals—many of them composed of pages of several subjects—that are stored in *The Bulletin's* "archives." Whenever, in the natural course of events, this collection is dispersed, one may easily believe that its components will be cherished long in memory of one of the most humorous and original of the world's illustrators.



[Hop.]

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE THEATRE.

BY WILLIAM T. STEAD.

II.—“HIS MAJESTY’S SERVANT,” AT THE IMPERIAL.

I was fortunate in my first play. I was as unfortunate in my first night. My readers will, of course, and rightly, make all due discount from what I am about to say about “His Majesty’s Servant” as I saw it at the Imperial Theatre, on the ground that the play dealt with the period in English history when the antagonism between Puritanism and the Stage was most acute. I frankly admit that it is as impossible for me to write with judicial impartiality about such a travesty of history as it would be to pen a critical appreciation of the artistic merits of Leo Taxil’s Comic Bible. This I say in justice to the authors and actors of “His Majesty’s Servant.”

HISTORICAL HARLEQUINADE.

There was nothing about the play or the way in which it was put upon the stage to which any objection can be taken on the score of decency. So far as that went the play was moral enough; also the dresses were mighty fine and the scenery very prettily arranged, and the singing that was heard from time to time behind the stage sounded very well. But for all else the play from first to last was as false and meretricious as the sourest Puritan in his worst moments could have imagined a stage play would be. Call this history! It is a mere historical harlequinade, the conventional falsehood tricked out and bedizened with new dresses, but the embodied lie behind it is old, very old, so old that its resurrection to-day is an affront to the intelligence of children in an elementary school. This, it will be said, is Puritan prejudice. No doubt. I plead guilty to a wholesome prejudice against lying, whether on the stage or off it, and this play is one long tricked up, gaily caparisoned lie. It is false in its facts, false in its setting, false in its acting, and, above all, false in its representation of life. As a screaming farce or a spectacular melodrama it might pass. But when the farce and melodrama are tacked on to the names of men famous in the annals of our country, it is necessary to protest against such a travesty of history, such a burlesque and caricature of the actual reality.

A LAMPOON ON THE IRONSIDES—

But discount all this. Let us accept the standpoint of Hudibras and Clarendon, and assume that all Puritans were canting hypocrites and snuffing debauchees. Even then the lampooners might at least credit the men who swept the Cavaliers like chaff from every battlefield, from Marston fight to the crowning mercy of Worcester, with being made of somewhat more capable stuff than those silly fellows

who masqueraded at the Imperial as the representatives of Cromwell’s Ironsides. It was no disgrace to be beaten by the real Ironsides—there was not a Royalist in the King’s Army who could hold a candle to Oliver, or even to his major-generals—but to be beaten by these undisciplined varlets, these wooden-headed stocks, commanded by such a mouthing fool as the Imperial’s Lambert, implies an imbecility on the part of the vanquished never imputed to them by their worst enemies. Nor was it only by implication and suggestion that the play reflected dishonour upon the King and the King’s party

—AND AN INSULT TO KING CHARLES.

The second Charles is no hero of mine. But the Merry Monarch was surely somewhat better than this poor creature who, in the first act, resembles a hungry schoolboy afraid of being caught stealing apples, and in the last endangers his life by shouting out jests while Lambert and Monk are in a hot debate on the issue of which his life depends. When Charles faced death he was not without dignity, and I should be loath to believe that the sore discipline of Worcester fight failed so completely to evoke from the young man a somewhat deeper note than was ever sounded by the Imperial’s Charles, who was throughout never an inch a King, although mayhap he may have been a tolerable hero of comic opera. He was a bad lot, no doubt, in reality when gambling and drinking at Whitehall in the sun of his prosperity, but it is a species of *lèse majesté* to represent him as incapable of ever rising, even in the tragic crises of his fate, to a nobler note. If it offends me, a Puritan, it ought to outrage the sensibilities of a Royalist. England must indeed have sunk to the nethermost depths before she could have tolerated such a creature on her throne.

If the devil, as the old saw says, is God’s ape, then “His Majesty’s Servant” at the Imperial is to history as the devil is to Deity.

A MONSTROUS VIOLATION OF THE POSSIBLE.

Let us agree to put aside historical accuracy and make no demur to the distortion of historical characters and the invention of episodes which have no basis even in the most improbable tradition. We still have a right to ask that the characters on the stage should act like human beings, that the incidents should not be so unnatural as to offend our common sense, and, in short, that the stage should hold the mirror up to nature as it is, instead of presenting us with a distorted caricature as unreal and

monstrous and impossible as those reflections which we saw in the distorting mirrors at the Paris Exhibition. But one monstrous violation of the possible follows another all through the play. At the very outset an officer of the Ironsides—whose discipline was as iron as their armour—orders a prisoner suspected of sympathy with the King to be removed in custody. She struggles, and instead of ordering up another soldier to remove her quietly, this imbecile of an officer stands meekly by while Geoffrey Mohun, a Royalist actor disguised as an Ironside, knocks down the soldier, who is obeying his Captain's order, and rescues the girl. And the soldier, Salvation Stubbs, who has been knocked down in obeying orders, lies cheerfully prone, listening to the altercation between his assailant and his commanding officer. Now, Puritans were not built that way. There is not a Tommy in any barracks in the land who would not scoff at such an absurdity.

IN THE LAND OF UPSIDE DOWN.

In real life, even now, Geoffrey Mohun would have been immediately put under arrest. Yet we are asked to believe that in the stern days of the Civil wars discipline was so slack that one man in the ranks might knock down his comrade under the eye of his officer for obeying that officer's commands, without any punishment. Not only is no punishment inflicted, but the offender is rewarded by the custody of a pretty girl, whom, with transparent mendacity, he claims as his cousin. Such things may take place in the Land of Upside Down, but they did not, and could not, occur in armies in war time; for the simple reason that if they did, discipline would cease to exist, and the army would become a mere mob. It may be admitted, however, that it is a very stagey army that is to be seen at the Imperial—exceedingly stagey. Lambert's men who had been riding in hot haste around the countryside in pursuit of the Royalists, could not have appeared at Boscobel as spick and span, and burnished, and clean as if they had just stepped out of a bandbox.

AN ARRANT ABSURDITY.

So it goes on. General Lambert sits down alone, without even a corporal's guard within call, to spend the night under the oak at Boscobel. Hardly has he finished his mouthing declamation—all to his own dear self—and taken his seat, than Charles Stuart and Geoffrey Mohun descend from the oak, throw a cloak over his head, and without more ado than if the doughty general had been a sucking pig—nay, far less, for a week-old porker would have made far more serious resistance—they seize him by the throat, bind his arms behind his back, extract from him the password on threat of death, and then depart, leaving Lambert like a trussed fowl, gagged and apparently chloroformed into the semblance of death. How the audience kept its gravity I do not know. Every common soldier in the army knew the

password as well as the General, so there was no need for risking the King's life in an attempt to extort it from Lambert. Nor is it to be believed that Lambert, who recognised the King, would have assented to purchase his life by giving him the password. The whole scene is farcical to the verge of absurdity.

A PETTICOATED PUPPET.

The character of Damaris Holden is impossible. It is difficult to see what conceivable object the authors could have in view in putting such a crude conglomeration of crimes and vices inside a woman's petticoat. If we could have imagined her a woman, and not a mere abstract horror in silk and satin, we should have resented it as an affront to the sex. In the first act, there seemed to be in her the incipient germ of ordinary harlotry, but afterwards even that trace of human nature disappeared, and a piece of mechanism, labelled incontinence, jealousy, and treachery, alone remained.

I am at some loss to decide which was the most absurd scene in this conglomerate of absurdities, but, on the whole, I think the most absolutely false to the possibilities of life is that in which Damaris, who had been sulking in the chimney corner for a long time, suddenly burst out roaring like a bull calf, *à propos* of nothing. Lady Holland and her fine friends, startled by this sudden, violent ebullition, ask her what ails her. Whereupon this petticoated puppet flops down on her knees, and explains that her sudden and overwhelming outburst of emotion was due to the fact that she had been betrayed under false promise of marriage—nine years ago!

ABSURDITY UPON ABSURDITY.

I have often heard similar confessions; but in real life women don't act like that, especially after nine years. This is, however, nothing to the amazing way in which Lady Holland receives this belated monsoon of injured and remorseful innocence. She, a grand lady of the Restoration, affects as much indignation as if she had been a member of my staff in the days when we were pillorying Langworthy, and because Mohun, standing like one hypnotised, says he "may not" deny her accusation, he is treated forthwith to the major excommunication. Alas! the virtue of an actor's wench was not held in such high account in Charles's time. The final scene, however, runs this hard for grotesque absurdity. Having, in defiance of history, brought Charles to Holland House at a time when he was in Holland, the authors treat us to a stormy meeting between General Lambert and General Monk. Charles's life depends upon the issue, but he sits jesting with Mohun's sweetheart. The Puritan soldiers stand impassive as statues until, the angry wrangle over, General Lambert is marched off in custody. Charles then adjures Monk to betray the Commonwealth, which that worthy promptly agrees to do. Whereupon the Ironsides obediently cheer enthusiastically for King

Charles, and the curtain falls amid the long-continued applause of the audience. "Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

WHY?

Apart from the wonder at the kind of absurdity in the shape of burlesqued history and caricatured human nature, which the audience seemed so mightily to enjoy, I found myself vastly puzzled to solve two questions, of infinite insignificance, no doubt, but all the same, in keeping on that account with the merits of the play. Why do actors make up their faces so as to remind one vividly of a North Country pitman, who, having only half washed his

face, has left a circle of coal dust round his eyes? And why, oh why, do Charles and Mohun turn up the whites of their eyes until in place of the seeing pupil we see nothing but a ghastly film, like the white of a boiled egg, in each eye socket? And yet again, a third question: Why do Kings, when in imminent peril of capture, waste invaluable minutes in making stilted speeches to all and sundry?

After seeing my second play, I say that if all plays were as this play, the theatre would be merely a somewhat extravagant contrivance for wasting time by impressing upon the mind false history and absurd conceptions of human nature.

III.—"A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE," BY MR. PINERO.

Facilis descensus averni. Easy and rapid! My first play found me in Prospero's Enchanted Isle. My second took me by the way of a caricature of history to the eve of the Restoration. My third has landed me in the Abyss of Lost Souls. And what I feel most acutely and resent most bitterly is that I have been made to laugh at Hell. Yes, I laughed—laughed heartily, as I suppose men laughed at the plays of Wycherley and Congreve and other comedies of the Restoration, and it was none the less a moral degradation to have been made to laugh at the effacement of the Divine Image of God in man and still worse in woman. There is a comic side to everything, no doubt. Unclean humourists have before now made side-splitting jokes about the mystery of the Annunciation, and men and women once roared with laughter at the antics of fellow-creatures who were bereft of reason. But to be made to laugh at such a spectacle as that which Mr. Pinero presents at Wyndham's Theatre is humiliating to one's self-respect. You feel you have been made an accomplice to an insufferable affront to your higher nature.

AN INHUMAN PERFORMANCE.

Such a play explains and goes far to justify the attitude of the Puritan to stage plays. If all plays were like Mr. Pinero's play, then the Puritans were right. It is as inhuman a performance as was the old practice of turning out some poor natural to display his witless inanity and naked obscenity for the amusement of carousers after dinner. At first I was inclined to regard it as a mere Punch and Judy show of extravagant and farcical nonsense. It is called a comedy in disguise. It would be better described as a tragedy disguised as a roaring farce. For the characters in the piece, with the exception of John Pullinger, the biscuit manufacturer, and the servants who wait at table, are, one and all, creatures who have not even so much semblance of decent humanity or morality of soul left in them as remained in poor Caliban. They are well dressed, vulgar, banal unrealities; puppets in the outward semblance and apparel of human beings, but who are, one and all,

miserable frivols, the smartness of whose conversation only emphasises the absence of anything that can by courtesy be described as a heart, a mind, or a soul. The glitter of the dialogue is but like the phosphorescent shimmer over the putrefying body of the dead.

COMEDY VERY MUCH "DISGUISED" INDEED.

Yet I laughed at it instead of weeping! And I feel now as if I had been cheering and laughing with the Romans at the Colosseum over the diverting spectacle of the Christians thrown to the lions. For what is the story of this stage-play, by the most popular of our modern playwrights? A poor zany of a man, an ex-Government clerk of forty-four, who begins by playing the buffoon and keeps it up till within three minutes of the close of the play, has married, before the Registrar, a doll-like imbecility in female apparel, who is supposed to be "a wife without a smile." Before the ceremony this poor creature—wealthy in this world's goods—with a luxurious house-boat on the Thames, had been married to another wife, whom he had divorced after she had supplied him with four co-respondents for the Court, the number of adulterers being regarded as vastly amusing by the audience. Being devoid of all sense, save a taste for clowning, which he calls a sense of humour, he neglects to have the decree made absolute.

A COMPANY OF LOST SOULS.

As his wife—it is almost a profanation to use such a term for such a thing—refuses to smile at his silly antics, and behaves like a listless automaton whose machinery has got clogged, he, taking counsel with John Pullinger and a hoyden of forty, decides to shock her into a sense of humour by announcing the fact that owing to his neglect to have the decree made absolute, she is really not married to him at all. Instead of being shocked, she bursts into peals of laughter. From being a wife without a smile she becomes all wreathed in smiles as soon as she knows she is no wife. The reason is obvious. A young artist, more or less of

a conventional idiot, whom she knew in her boarding-house days, and with whom she has been flirting in her husband's boat, proposes at breakfast next day, and is accepted. A couple of honeymooners—he is a creature of conventional cant and of current jargon even down to split infinitives, she only one degree more natural—who are staying in the house, give the sudden engagement their blessing. Thereupon the zany aforesaid, whose wife has so suddenly deserted him, proposes to the hoyden of forty, by way of revenge, who promptly accepts his offer. But no sooner does his wife realise that she will lose her establishment, her carriage, and her luxuries, and that her husband is about to bestow them upon another woman, than she appears in fury, storms like a fish-fag, and finally regains possession of her husband, dismisses her artist, and the curtain falls upon this piece of painted, affected, self-indulgence complacently rejoicing over the fact that she will not lose her luxuries.

IS THIS MODERN SOCIETY?

That is the story of this "comedy in disguise." I could not help, even when I laughed, asking myself what my old friends, Cardinal Manning and Canon Liddon, who were almost fathers if not father confessors to me, would have said of this piece? That they would both have been inexpressibly shocked was certain, if only because the whole play treats the sacrament of marriage with airy contempt, and postulates the Divorce Court as one of the fundamental institutions of Society. Fools make a mock of sin; and the laughter which is as the crackling of thorns under a pot proves the ability of the dramatist to make fools of his audience. I presume this play is supposed to hold the mirror up to life, to represent the manners and morals of modern Society. The smart set may be rotten; but surely it cannot be quite so inane, quite so imbecile as these mimes and buffoons who change wives as they change gloves, and have as much sense of morals as the small, gilded flies which hover over a stagnant pool. And if so be that true manhood and pure womanhood have so utterly gone by the board as these creatures appear to testify, then surely it is a tragedy too deep for tears, not a farce for mortal men to laugh and snigger over. That were worthier fiends.

"THE EROTOMETER."

Apart from the detestable vulgarity and atmosphere of immorality which are the distinguishing characteristics of this play, what are we to think of its one supreme joke which, often repeated, convulsed the house with laughter? The honeymooners are in the habit of retiring to an upper room, where the husband is supposed to be busy writing reviews. It is more spooning that they do than reviewing, and in order to demonstrate this weakness, a string is surreptitiously attached to the couch in the room above, at the outer end of which is suspended, in

full view of the audience, a grotesque little figure dressed as an old woman. It is explained that the couch is so arranged that if the couple kiss the puppet will move. Accordingly the reviewers no sooner disappear upstairs than the puppet begins to dance. At first it is jerked up and down slowly but after a while the movements become more and more violent, the figure turns somersaults in the air in the midst of shrieks of laughter. This is kept up for several minutes, the agitation of the puppet going on in crescendo fashion, until at last there is a climax and a stop.

A CASE FOR THE POLICE.

What may be Mr. Pinero's idea of the nature of the physical demonstration of the amorous instincts of a newly-married couple I do not know. But the leaps and bounds of the puppet, driven by the movements of the couch above, suggest an excess of demonstrative affection which was not edifying, to say the least. It may be said that it is permissible to indicate by this mechanical means the conjugal transports of young married people. But that excuse is not available for a later scene, where as soon as the wife goes upstairs with her artist lover the puppet begins its leaps and bounds in mid-air.

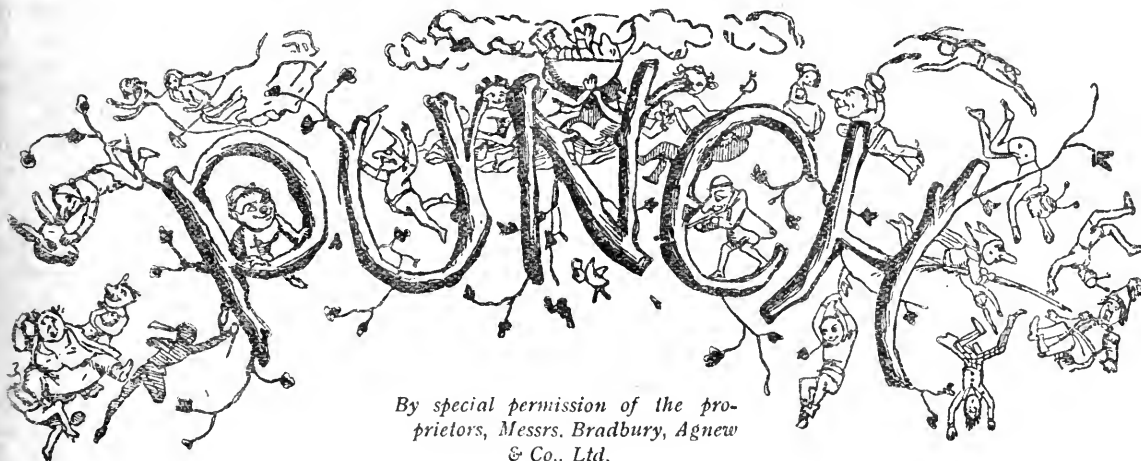
At the time it seemed to me sheer downright screaming farce, and I laughed with the rest. But afterwards, thinking over the connection between cause and effect, it was evident that the sniggerers were right. If so, the "Erotometer" ought to have been suppressed by the police as an outrage on public decency. It is not even the plain, straightforward passion of healthy brutes, but partakes rather of the unclean antics of the monkeys at the Zoo.

HUMILIATION.

Yet the absurd unreality and the impossibility of any creatures, masked in human guise, acting as did the characters in this play, concealed for the moment the infamy of it all, and I laughed as many a time I have laughed at the amusing crimes and misdemeanours of Punch and Judy. But after it was all over and I had slept for two troubled hours, the full sense of the shamelessness of it all overwhelmed me. And in the bitterness of self-reproach at having been made to laugh at this mockery of the most sacred thing in life, I got up at four and wrote this "impressions of the play." It is not good to be made to laugh at the spectacle of the damned.

P.S.—I had avoided looking at the notices of the play that had appeared before my visit. Looking over them before sending my "copy" to the press, I find that this play is described by the *Daily Mail* as "the most valuable tonic that the enervated British playgoer could possibly assimilate." If this be the best kind of tonic that enervated playgoers can assimilate, I should fear to attend another play. Mr. Pinero may be a very clever man, but his new play would only get its deserts if it were burned by the common hangman.

REPRODUCTIONS FROM THE LONDON



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WE have made arrangements with the Proprietors of the *London Punch* which enable us each month to give our readers the most interesting cartoons and articles from what is universally admitted to be the foremost humorous journal of the world.



In a London Fog.

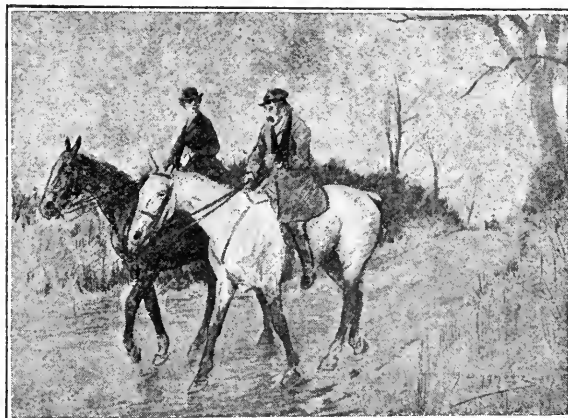
CABMAN (who thinks he has been passing a line of linkmen): "Is this right for Paddington?"

LINKMAN: "'Course it is! First to the right and straight on. 'Aven't I told ye that three times already? Why, you've been drivin' round this Square for the last 'arf-hour!"

A Bit Rocky.—"We can almost feel the pavements of London rocking with the movement of the surrounding sea." So says the writer of an article ("Master Worker" series) in the *Daily Mail*. Yet this is not an admission of intemperance on the part of the author; he merely wants to indicate, in his powerfully graphic manner, the effect of Trafalgar Day on the inhabitants of an island like London.

An election leaflet issued by the Free Fooders makes the following gruesome statement:—"The value of boots consumed in the United Kingdom last year amounted to £41,000,000." This accounts for many an exceptionally tough steak.

The banquet held in the Pavilion at Lords, by the M.C.C., to commemorate the retention of the ashes, was a complete success. The tables were shaped like bats. Instead of chairs, the guests sat on the splice. All the waiters, made up as umpires, were requested to have a well-marked crease in their trousers. Much interest was aroused by the novel manner of "helping" inaugurated on this occasion. Directly the brief grace "Play!" had been pronounced by the Rev. F. H. Gillingham, plates full of deliciously appetising comestibles began to fly across the room, urged by the trained hands of first-class fast bowlers. The fielding, on the whole, was excellent, except that there were no slips between the cup and the lip, and Mr. Bosanquet should have got both hands to the savoury.



"As Good Luck Would Have It."

WIFE (to Sportsman, who has just taken a bad toss): "I always distrusted your going in for that horrid Accident Insurance. You know how lucky you are. Everything you touch turns to money."



In a Tramcar.

LADY (with smelly basket of fish): "Dessay you'd rather 'ave a gentleman settin' a-side of you?"

GILDED YOUTH (who has been edging away): "Yes, I would."

LADY: "Same 'ere!"



Our Orchestral Society.

THE RECTOR: "Oh, piano, Mr. Brown! Pian-o!"

MR. BROWN: "Piano be blowed! I've come here to enjoy myself!"

HOW TO PROGRESS.

According to the *Daily Mirror*, a new walk (for ladies) is coming into vogue. It requires these essentials—wide shoulders, a little waist, high-heeled shoes with wide soles, and a military bearing. To get ready to walk, says our contemporary stand erect and throw back the shoulders. Now expand the chest. Next square the elbows, holding them down to the sides, not out, draw in the waist-line, life the feet high, and walk.

As we do not see why male folk should be left behind in these fashionable perambulations, a number of recently-patented modes of progression may be submitted to their choice. Among these we can highly recommend

THE MARLBOROUGH STREET MARCH.

The chief requisites are a full-sized pair of boots (nothing under twelves), a robust *physique*, a waist-belt of forty-five inches or more, and some little training under the tutorship of a policeman. The evolutions are best performed in single file close to the kerbstone. First the right foot is raised and planted firmly and squarely in front of the other, and then a similar operation is performed with the



The Great Question.

FOND YOUNG MOTHER (with first-born): "Now, which of us do you think he is like?"

FRIEND (judicially): "Well, of course, intelligence has not really dawned in his countenance yet, but he's wonderfully like both of you!"



"A Little Learning."

'ABBY (who has had a toss): "I say, Mister, just tell me what to do next, will yer? I've sat on 'is 'ead for about a quarter of an hour."

left foot. In this way no little dignity is imparted to the movement, and astonishing progress is gradually made in a forward direction. It will be found to clear all before it. A variety of this is

THE SUBURBAN BEAT.

The same-sized boots are retained, but the leather soles are exchanged for india-rubber. A more cat-like tread is thereby attained. The other qualifications remain the same. The performance, however, is generally solo and not in Indian file. It has a marvellous effect on area sneaks and sleepers on doorsteps, while few cooks can resist its attractiveness.

Then we have, for more lively temperaments,

THE HAMPSTEAD PUSH.

This method is best carried out in concert. Four or five exponents should link arms and proceed at



The Water Test.

WHIP (bringing on tail hounds, in the rear of the field): "Hullo! Who've you got there?"

RUNNER (who has just assisted sportsman out of muddy ditch): "Dunno. Can't tell till we've washed 'im down a bit!"



A Telephonic Danger.

PATERFAMILIAS (who has just rung up the call office, and has his attention diverted by his little daughter): "Hullo, dear, coming to kiss me good-night?"

VOICE OF FEMALE TELEPHONE CLERK (severely): "I beg your pardon!"



Deshabille.

TOMMY: "Oh, mamma, do come! Here's a efelant wir only his inside on!"



Her First Visit to a Police Court.

OLD LADY: "What a villainous-looking man the prisoner is!"
FRIEND: "Hush! That's not the prisoner; that's the magistrate."

a rollicking pace with a free swinging motion. It is especially adapted to Bank Holidays. Frock-coats and top-hats are out of place, but any challenging or *insouciant* costume may be worn. Football or other stout boots are advisable. As a contrast, we beg to suggest

THE GROSVENOR STROLL.

Here the executant should invariably appear in patent leathers and eschew muddy pavements. A silk hat, morning coat, waistcoat, trousers, shirt with collar and cuffs, socks, undergarments, tie and walking-stick (all the latest fashion) are absolutely indispensable. A young lady escort, who should keep step, will add completeness.

For back-garden use there is

THE NEBUCHADNEZZAR CRAWL.

a favourite manœuvre on lawns in dry weather when there are small children about. The position is on all-fours, so that any kind of footwear is permissible. Persons of apopleptic tendency should be cautious



Solving a Geography Problem.

UNCLE: "Now, Tommy, suppose you were living in South Africa, and you wanted to get to England, what would you do first?"
TOMMY: "Pack up!"



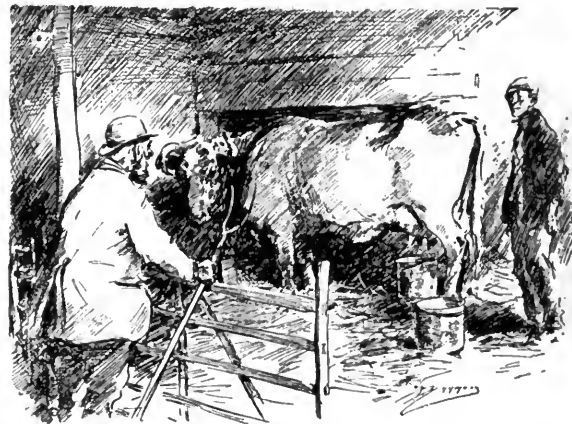
The Taking Ways of Genius.

"I shall be delighted to play one of my latest Nocturnes, dear Miss Ethelberta. But may I beg an especial favour—that you will reserve your judgment? I'm so sensitive, and am always overwhelmed by great praise."

in employing this means of covering the ground. It is also rarely exhibited in the street, unless quite late at night, on coming home after a festive supper. Even then it is liable to be misconstrued.

Space forbids a detailed description of the Heather Step, the Corn Dissembler, the Agag Gait, the Double Shuffle, and many other forthcoming variations of legwork.

At the complimentary dinner given by the Home Office to Mr. Adolf Beck, only waiters whose names were John Smith were engaged, and Mr. W. Clarkson made them all exactly like each other and Mr. Beck—with the exception of a few unimportant details, such as the shape of the nose, the colour of the eyes and hair, the size of the head, and the position of the gooseberry marks.



"Back to the Land."

OLD FARMER WORSELL (who is experimenting with unemployed from London): "Now, then, young feller, 'ow long are you goin' to be with that 'ere milk?"
YOUNG FELLER: "I caunt 'elp it, Guv'nor. I bin watchin' 'er 'arf-an-hour, and she ain't laid any yit!"

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

AN IMPEACHMENT OF THE CHURCHES.

BY MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

THE *Positivist Review* for January 1st announces that Mr. Frederic Harrison has resigned the office of President of the English Positivist Committee, and is succeeded by Mr. S. H. Swinny. He remains a member of the Positivist Society, and the first number of the *Positivist Review* for 1905 contains a long, eloquent, but vehement article from his pen, entitled "The Churches on Public Affairs." It is a reasoned indictment of the failure of the Churches of Christendom to act as true servants of humanity. Mr. Harrison, of course, attributes this failure to what he considers the defects of the origin of all Churches. His Christ is a half-delirious enthusiast whose crudities, expanded and rationalised by Paul, became the foundation of a vast Church, which in nearly two thousand years spread over about a quarter of the human race. The inherent vices of its origin grew and developed. The virtues of meekness and passive submission were utterly impracticable and impossible. The promises of celestial glory and the favour of an Almighty Father were, according to Mr. Harrison, only visionary bribes which speedily developed into a gross system of spiritual selfishness and self-righteousness. The beautiful moral teaching was entirely founded on wild, arbitrary visions, claiming to be absolute truth, and on supernatural sanctions. These were given once for all in cast-iron formulæ.

THEIR FAILURE CARICATURED.

Mr. Harrison will not be surprised if a good many very earnest Christians utterly fail to see in this representation of the spirit of Christianity anything but a gross if not a malignant caricature. Whatever may have been the cause of the lamentable failure of many Churches in Christendom to realise the ideals of their Founder, there is, unfortunately, no doubt that Mr. Harrison is on surer ground when he arraigns all the Established Churches, whether Roman, Russian, or Anglican, for seeking political power, not in order to further the interests of mankind, but to protect themselves and minister to their own aggrandisement. If Mr. Harrison had confined his indictment to Churches which had sold their birthright in return for the mess of pottage of State Support, he would have been on still surer ground than when he takes up his parable against all Churches, established and non-established alike.

THEIR WORSHIP OF WAR.

He may reply—and with only too much justification—that since the horrible apostasy of so many Nonconformist Churches during the Boer War, he is justified in regarding all Churches, both State and Free, as tarred with the same brush. But in view of the action of the Rev. Mr. Stewart, of Lovedale, who

drew after him the majority of the Presbyterians of Scotland; of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, who carried with him most of the Wesleyans of England; and many others who may be named, it is impossible to deny that Mr. Harrison is justified in his passionate impeachment of the way in which Catholics, Methodists, Anglicans, and even the Quakers or Friends fanned the fighting temper, instead of endeavouring to stem the torrent of vainglorious passion which flooded the country. "Has any Christian Church," he asks, "invoked the gospel of peace, or in any single case sought to utter words of pity, reason, justice? Not one. Those Churches have been foremost—more eager than soldiers or princes—to bound on the war spirit, to gloat over the defeat of the opponents, and to justify every case of injustice or aggression."

There is exaggeration here, no doubt, for there has always been a saving remnant even among the Churches. But, on reading Mr. Harrison's words, perhaps some among the Free Churchmen who became victims of the diabolical passion which seized the nation five years ago may realise in sack-cloth and ashes how horribly they betrayed their Master.

ANOTHER OVERSTATEMENT.

Mr. Harrison, however, is not content with arraigning the Church for their advocacy of war. He maintains that there is some apostasy all round. He illustrates it by referring to the action of the clergy of the Church of England on the temperance and education questions. He maintains that even there—although no one can accuse the Free Churches of not having been vehement, even to slaying, in their opposition to the endowment of the publicans and of the Church schools—the non-Established Church was quite as bad as the Established Anglican; that the Presbyterians were, in the main, divided or neutral, and that he sees no sign that the whole force of the Christian Churches outside the Episcopal denominations was exerted to checkmate the Government in their Education, their Drink, and their Imperialist policy. If it had been exerted, those Measures and Acts would never have passed.

Here, again, there is an overstatement of the facts, and an overlooking of a deduction. The unfortunate apostasy of many of the Nonconformists on the War sold them into the hands of the Government, which cynically rewarded them by passing the Licensing and Education Acts in face of their unanimous but impotent opposition.

THE SUM OF IT ALL.

But there is always a tendency with Mr. Harrison to overstate his case; as, for instance, in another matter, when he declares that the sole aim of a

Government is to make children learn the catechism, and to enable the people themselves to find beer-shops at every street corner. The history of the Roman and Russian Church, written in the spirit which dictated the above sentence, can be imagined. The sum of it all, however, is that although the English Christians do not descend to the depths of folly and inhumanity in which the Russian and Roman Churches wallow :—

The spirit is really, at bottom, much the same. The endowed, established and incorporated Christian bodies are found, whether in history—for many centuries past—whether in our own land or in other European countries, whether Catholic, Episcopalian, or Lutheran, or Calvinist, to make—not for Righteousness in nations—but for the ascendancy of classes, the rivalry of nations and the maintenance of abuses.

THE SECRET OF THE PARADOX.

He then proceeds to explain what he admits is the somewhat startling paradox that a highly spiritual creed based upon sublime superhuman and transcendental truths, should in practice be the most egoistic, the most arrogant, and the most inhuman instrument of social evil. His theory is that the connection between the transcendental moralities and spiritualities of the impassioned idealist of Nazareth, and war, conquest, bloodshed, oppression, abuses and obscurantism everywhere, is because it is a supernatural creed based upon obsolete doctrine, which does not rest on human knowledge or known facts. Its foundations lying outside the range of human faculties, it cannot defend itself by reason because it professes to be far above reason and proof. Therefore it defends itself by resorting to force, and inevitably allies itself with the political masters of force, nor has it ever hesitated to become the spiritual police of the worst Governments in the world.

SOME GRACIOUS CONCESSIONS.

Mr. Harrison is graciously pleased to admit that the Churches do a good deal, even do much, to maintain personal and domestic morality, give a moral and tender tone to much of individual life, and do often console the sorrowing and help the miserable and oppressed. But so far as they are an organised association with great public opportunities of influencing politics, which really exist for nothing else but for dealing with public questions, they are a force making for evil and not for good. However much the Christian Churches may disclaim political action, they are for ever acting directly and indirectly in the most vehement manner on public affairs.

Mr. Harrison concludes his paper by a prophecy "that this religion of inhumanity will pass away, and give place to the religion of humanity," which he regards as the natural heir and successor of those true teachers who taught the slave that he was the equal of his master, and might be his superior in goodness, who saw in the ruin of imperial arrogance and domination a new Heaven and a new earth.

So may we not say that, to sum up the whole matter, we have in this article an assertion of the true

apostolical succession, not from the Apostles to the Pope of Rome and the Archbishop of Canterbury, but from the Nazarene and St. Paul to Auguste Comte and Frederic Harrison?

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LABOUR LEADER.

SAMUEL GOMPERS, representative of American Labour, is sketched in the *American Review of Reviews* by Dr. Walter E. Weyl. The occasion is Mr. Gompers' recent re-election by a practically unanimous vote to the Presidency of the Federation of Labour, which is described as the premier position in the Labour world. His career illustrates what concentration on a single object can effect. "For forty years Mr. Gompers has been absolutely devoted to one cause—the building-up of the Trade Union." Mr. Gompers is not a native of America. He was born in London on January 27th, 1850. At the age of ten he was apprenticed to the shoemaking trade, but soon passed to the making of cigars. When thirteen years old, he emigrated to America. Next year he joined the first Cigarmaking Union of the City of New York. At twenty-four he was elected secretary to his local Union, and, later, was for six successive terms president. In 1887 his Union sent seven delegates to take part in the formation of a national organisation. Amongst the seven was Mr. Gompers. The Cigar Makers' International Union, which was the result, was put on a democratic basis, and, on Mr. Gompers' advice, adopted the British system of benefit features on an extensive scale. The American Federation of Labour is his chief work. It originated in 1881 as a protest against the Knights of Labour. In its second year Mr. Gompers was elected president, and from 1885 onwards he has been annually re-elected, with the exception of a single year. From 1886 the president was accorded an annual salary of one thousand dollars.

THE GREATEST LABOUR UNION IN THE WORLD.

Of this body Dr. Weyl says :—

The American Federation of Labour, as it exists to-day, is in some ways one of the most impressive organisations in the world. With two millions of unionists in the bodies under its jurisdiction, with the partial allegiance of other millions of working men, still unorganised but imbued with the union spirit, the Federation rests upon a base broader in point of numbers than any labour union or federation in the world, and comparable only with certain vast political and religious bodies. In America federation of unions has gone further than in Great Britain, or in any of the countries of Continental Europe. In the United Kingdom there exists a Trade Union Congress which aims at the political advancement of the workers and a general federation of trade unions for the attainment of industrial ends. The American Federation of Labour has the ambition to accomplish both these purposes. Its aim is to represent its constituent unions politically, to assist them in their industrial combats, to use its good offices in the settlement of interunion disputes, to aid in the extension of the union label, to direct the application of the boycott, and to influence public opinion by the dissemination of information upon unions and unionism.

The impending attacks of organised capital upon the advancing claims of labour will, Dr. Weyl states, be met by the forces of labour "better organised, better financed, better disciplined, and stronger than ever."

HOW NEW ZEALAND SOLVES ITS PROBLEMS.

Under the title of "How New Zealand is Solving the Problem of Popular Government," Mr. Edward Tregear, who is described by the Editor as Secretary of Labour for the "Commonwealth" of New Zealand, contributes an interesting and informing article to the *Arena* for December. He gives practically a resume of the New Zealand Acts of Parliament, which illustrate best the course of the present progressive legislation. In his opinion, "the spot where Democracy looks fairest" is New Zealand. "Here Nature itself has a democratic tendency. . . . If New Zealanders are democrats, to the influence of locality and environment they may owe more than they have yet acknowledged." Progressive legislation has had "two sources: one in rural districts, one in the towns. That which most affected the farmers was practical defect in tenure, joined to an unjust system of taxation." In the early days, large areas of freehold land had been secured, land that received its value largely from Government railways being built. These areas became occupied by smaller freeholders, until nearly the whole of the available land was thus occupied.

Theoretically, the possession of the country by such a class, that of hardy yeomen tilling their own fields, approaches the ideal. But war, bad times, and seasons of depression threw hundreds and hundreds of such farms into the grip of the banks, and of the private money-lenders, and the proud freeholder became a phantom.

THE RALLY.

Bad times followed. Outside credit was bad, the people were emigrating, "financial institutions tottering, and its Government had to descend to that last resource of incompetent politicians, a levy upon its own civil servants."

Fortunately at the psychological moment a disaster affecting the workers in towns gave the spark which kindled the cleansing fires. A widely-extended strike, involving thousands of persons in its disastrous failure, broke the power of the trade unions, and ruined their finances; so it was decided, almost as if by inspiration, that some new method, some vital reorganisation of political and social affairs was necessary, and was to be attempted. A new Ministry came into power.

Relief came immediately.

The Property Tax was abolished, and in its stead a Land and Income Tax established. Land was taxed minus improvements, and with exemption of all below £500 in value. Added to this was a graduated tax (rising from one-eighth of a penny in the pound to twopence), and commencing at farms valued at £5000.

The State also relieved the heavily mortgaged farmer by loaning to him money at the same rate of interest at which it procured it, plus a small sum

to cover cost of administration, and to supply a sinking fund. "A novel era of prosperity dawned in the rural districts." Settlers were also encouraged to lease instead of to purchase Crown lands. Very low rents were charged, thus leaving a settler free to use his capital to stock his land.

RESUMING ESTATES.

But this, even, was regarded as insufficient, and the Government decided on the "resumption of some of the fertile estates (held almost as principalities)."

Any landed proprietor who objects to the Government valuer's estimate is asked to state his own valuation, and the Government can then take possession at that price, with ten per cent. added. This has enabled the Government to break up large estates, and divide them among so many willing hands. Other large properties are also bought by the State for subdivision, but these are purchased in the open market by treaty with those wishing to sell. Such subdivided lands are never parted with as freehold.

COMPULSORY ARBITRATION.

With regard to the legislation affecting towns, "the most original, as well as the most trenchant, was compulsory arbitration." It has been urged by some that this Act did the very reverse of what was intended, but "this assertion was based on an utter fallacy."

The New Zealand disputes are fast disappearing. The Arbitration Court last year had only twenty-five industrial disputes brought before it. . . . The cost of the administration of this Act last year was £14,000, and, in comparison with the heavy loss which was entailed by the old system of publicly fighting out trade questions, the money spent in working the Arbitration Act is the most successful legislative investment a nation ever made for itself.

PROGRESSIVE MEASURES.

Woman suffrage is another achievement that New Zealand rejoices in. The colony also led the way with regard to Old Age Pensions, the net charge of which last year was £203,164, a decrease on the previous year of £16,200.

The colony has a Government Life Insurance Department which keeps down premium rates, a Public Health Department, a Public Trust Office to manage deceased estates, State graders for flax, butter and cheese, subsidised lines of steamers, a Labour Department which has found employment for 34,000 unemployed within the last twelve years.

Factories, shops, shearing sheds, etc., are under close supervision as to sanitation, etc., the working hours, earnings, payment for overtime, etc., of women and young persons being sedulously guarded. . . . The prosperity of the colony is not to be attributed to the labour laws, nor to the land laws, nor to commercial enterprise, but to all three directed in unison for the public good. It is "the government by the people for the people."

NOTES ON THE WAR.

A RUSSO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE.

DR. DILLON, writing in the *Contemporary*, thinks the upshot of the war may be an alliance between the antagonists. The only obstacle is Japan's alliance with Great Britain; but Russians expect that we will abandon our ally the moment it proves convenient to ourselves:—

Whatever else the war may involve, it cannot bring utter disaster to either belligerent. Political thinkers truly say that Japan has learned to know Russia and Russia to respect Japan. Hatred these nations may perhaps entertain for each other, but not contempt. Of all the States on the globe Japan alone has had the courage to throw herself across Russia's path, and her courage was not of the foolhardy kind. On the other hand, she has found Russia to be a most formidable antagonist. Contrary to her expectations, the financial crash, the economic revolution, the social upheaval which were prophesied to the Tsardom at the outset of the campaign have not hindered the dispatch of a single battalion. The Trans-Siberian Railway is working admirably, communications are secure, the commissariat does its work passably. Having thus tested each other's strength apart, they know what the resultant would be if they combined. If, instead of unsheathing swords, they had advanced hand-in-hand, they might have solved the Far Eastern problem together. No Power, great or little, would have dared to meddle in their plans. To quarrel in lieu of combining was a grievous mistake. To make peace without uniting would be an equally great blunder.

"NAVAL LESSONS OF THE WAR."

In the *Monthly Review*, Mr. H. W. Wilson sums up the "Naval Lessons of the War." The first lesson, he maintains, is the advantage of a prompt offensive. It was neglect of this which led to the first Russian disaster. The second lesson is the value of perfect co-ordination of political and naval action. The third is the need for concentration of forces.

The inefficiency of the torpedo is the most important tactical lesson. Hits were infrequent, and never caused vital damage. Mines, on the other hand, have proved of enormous value; and the big battleship and armoured cruiser have been justified. Mr. Wilson criticises the Japanese commanders for refusing to take risks and neglecting to follow up their victories.

In "A History of South Africa" from 1652 to 1903 (348 pp. Map and Index. Sands. 6s.), Mr. H. A. Bryden has attempted the impossible, at any rate in the latter part of the book. It will not be he, nor anyone else yet, who will write a valuable and therefore impartial history of South Africa from 1890 to the present time. Nevertheless, it is not at all a violently written book; but it contains many statements which will not be allowed to pass unchallenged. Mr. Bryden's point of view may be thus summed up: the war was regrettable, but inevitable; after making due allowance for certain episodes, the Boer struggle will "go down to posterity as a truly heroic one"; "never did conquerors conduct a war with such tender regard for their enemies" as did the British from 1899-1902; and with regard to Cecil Rhodes, while paying due tribute to his remarkable character, he says that "it may be doubted whether even Paul Kruger himself has done more to set Dutch and British in South Africa by the ears than the man who has been called 'the great amalgamator.'"

THE ART OF MODERN WARFARE.

BY FIELD MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS.

THE January *Nineteenth Century* opens with a very long paper by Lord Roberts on "The Army—As It Was and As It Is." The greater part of the article is taken up by a summary of the changes which have taken place in tactics and armament during the last fifty years. But at the end Lord Roberts sums up his opinions as to the present and future.

THE FUTURE OF CAVALRY.

Lord Roberts believes in the future of cavalry, and thinks that a larger proportion will be required in the future. Now that troopers are armed with rifles it is no longer necessary that a cavalry brigade should include mounted infantry. The scouting, etc., in the immediate neighbourhood of infantry should be performed by mounted infantry, of which a force of not less than one-fourth of the infantry establishment should be kept up.

THE BAYONET OBSOLETE.

Battles, says Lord Roberts, will henceforth be decided by superiority of fire and not by the bayonet. Special attention will have to be paid to the supply and control of ammunition. Signalling is of greater importance than formerly, owing to the dispersion of troops.

UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING.

The discipline of the future will be the discipline of self-reliance, not the discipline of the barrack square. Lord Roberts prefers as fighter the voluntary soldier to the conscript, but he persists that men of all classes must be prepared to undergo such a modicum of training as would make them useful soldiers if called upon.

MRS. BLACKMAN AND HER WORK.

THE most important article in the *Girl's Realm* for January is devoted to Mrs. Blackman, whose beautiful work in the Bird Gallery in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington is so great an attraction. The birds, our readers will know, are represented with their nests and young in the midst of their natural surroundings. The material in which Mrs. Blackman works remains a secret. But her work is not confined to the birds and the grasses and other plants to make suitable backgrounds. She has made models of various insects as well. Her model of the tsetse fly took her seven months to make:—

The hairs on the enlarged body of this terrible insect for a long time proved an insuperable difficulty, but at last a material was found of the required colour, texture and thickness, in the fine spines of a certain porcupine; which were inserted in the proper order in the wax body. This insect, as well as the mosquitoes in the neighbouring case, was made limb by limb; eyes, head, thorax, and each segment of body being made separately. The fringe on the wings of the mosquitoes was cut by hand out of a piece of the same material as the wings. The eyes of the mosquitoes, too, were only modelled after much hard work and careful thought, some fifty mosquitoes being sent up fresh from day to day to the patient artist for the eyes alone.

THE JAPANESE WAR FUND.

SOME OFFICIAL STATISTICS.

WHILE the friends of peace are filled with compassion towards the two heroic nations who are fast losing the best of their forces in the Far East, they find some consolation in the hope that Japan must soon come to the end of her resources, and will, therefore, be compelled to lay down her arms. Under these circumstances the editor of *La Revue* has thought it well to offer his readers as correct an account as possible of the real condition of Japan's finances, and in the number for December 1st Professor Ozaki Goto, an authority in such matters, supplies official statistics, showing that Japan is well prepared, and that the war may be prolonged for years.

Many economists at the commencement of the war, says Professor Goto, were of opinion that Japan had neither military or financial resources to carry on a war, but they have been deceived. The Professor then endeavours to throw a little light on the economic condition of Japan.

AN EXPANDING PRODUCTIVITY.

In 1893 the population of Japan was nearly forty-one millions; in 1903 it had risen to forty-six millions. Can the country feed this continually growing population? The Japanese live on rice principally, and the increase in the produce of rice has kept pace with the increase in the population. The Japanese are essentially an agricultural people, but of late years they have also been actively engaged in commerce and in various industries. In the years 1894—1903 the foreign trade of Japan has almost tripled itself, and simultaneously there has been a steady accumulation of public and private means. Nor has the peasant remained outside this movement. More sober than the most sober of European peasants, and requiring nothing but a little rice for his sustenance, the rest of his harvest forms the principal source of his revenue; that is to say, his rice and his raw silk have become two marketable commodities, increasing in value every year.

AN ELASTIC REVENUE.

Another important element in the prosperity of the country is the improved condition of the working classes. Not only have their wages risen, but there has been a good deal of legislation in their favour, and the laws affecting them are being constantly amended to their advantage. The wages of a skilful carpenter, in 1893 for instance, have been more than doubled in 1902, and it may be added that the workman is generally fed by his employer, or patron, or client.

A rapid survey like this shows that for a population growing at the rate of ten per cent. in ten years, with a foreign trade tripled, agriculturists selling their produce at double the original price, and workmen receiving double their former wages, all in the same space of time, without speaking of the profits of the

capitalists, etc., which have also increased, Japan's budget has easily tripled itself in these ten years.

THE SUM SET APART FOR THE WAR.

How has Japan reckoned to meet the exigencies of the campaign? At the end of last year when, owing to the difficulties which had arisen between the two countries, it was found almost hopeless to preserve peace, the Cabinet at Tokio took the measures necessary to procure the funds indispensable in the event of war. Among the precautionary proceedings was the setting aside of a large sum, apart from the Budget of 1904—5, as a supplementary War Fund. This sum was raised partly by a temporary loan, partly by a temporary borrowing from the funds voted for public works, partly by an increase in the taxation of tobacco, and partly by the transference of other public funds. The total sum is given as 576,000,000 yen, which the Japanese at the outbreak of hostilities decided to spend. Other figures are given to show that during the present year exports and imports have increased at a tremendous rate; and since the superiority of the Japanese Navy has been confirmed there is more security than ever for free communication with the Japanese ports.

In conclusion, says the writer, the patriotism of the 46,000,000 souls is incited in the highest degree; and, in the face of a national danger, it goes without saying that the people are ready to sacrifice everything for their Emperor and their country. Was not a miserable sum of 167,000fr. all that the Public Treasury of a nation of 30,000,000 possessed when Napoleon engaged France in a long campaign? We cannot tell how many years will pass before Japan comes to her last penny.

THE MOST POPULAR PICTURES IN THE TATE GALLERY.

THE article on Art, in the January number of the *Strand Magazine*, seeks to decide which are the most popular pictures in the Tate Gallery.

Mr. G. F. Watts's "Hope" is one that certainly takes precedence, and the same artist's "Love and Life" runs it hard in the race for popularity. Next in order, says the writer, come "Napoleon on Board the *Bellerophon*," by Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, and "King Cophetua," by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. After these, Albert Moore's "Blossoms," Millais's "The Vale of Rest," Rossetti's "Beata Beatrix," Landseer's "Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," John Pettie's "The Vigil," Mr. W. Dendy Sadler's "Thursday," and Mr. Vicat Cole's "Pool of London," are selected. It is a curious choice.

Of "Love and Life," referred to above, Mr. Watts once wrote:—

The picture of my own which I like best is that in which I believe I have been most successful in expressing my thought. I have expressed my meaning perhaps best in this picture because this meaning is simplest, that Love—by which I mean, of course, not physical passion, but altruism, tenderness—leads man to the highest life. . . . It is this picture which probably best portrays my message to the age.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE WAR.

The Journal of the United States Artillery has collected from various sources some very interesting information about the Russo-Japanese War. From this we find that the Japanese, when marching, avoid the valleys as much as possible, and move by mountain paths, thus avoiding, to a large extent, the passage of rivers, and incurring little danger of being taken in the flank. By this means they are also able to hide their movements from the Russians. They march slowly, the chief object being to save the men. Chinese are always scouting in advance of the columns. Although pauses are frequent on the march, they are very short. The Japanese seldom occupy towns or villages for their bivouacs, which they prefer to regular camps. As soon as the bivouac is established, the soldiers immediately entrench themselves.

It appears that the new Japanese gun, which is of a very light character, is inferior to the Russian artillery which it has to oppose. The remarkable results that it has achieved have been due rather to the skill of the gunners than to the quality of the arm. The Japanese guns are, however, very much more numerous than those of the Russians, which compensates for other deficiencies, the Russians seldom having half the guns of the Japanese. The *Times* correspondent, when describing the battle of Ta Wan, in which General Keller was killed, says that this engagement, which was essentially an artillery one, clearly demonstrates the Japanese guns to have been inferior alike in respect to range, weight of projectile, velocity and rapidity of fire. Like the infantry, the Japanese artillery is more mobile than the Russian. The Japanese use a very high explosive in their shells, and often make use of an explosive shell where other artillery would employ shrapnel. The wounds made by fragments of explosive shell are not usually very serious. With all its mobility, however, the horses of the Japanese artillery are small in size, not very strong, and not well trained.

The *Journal* contains an interesting account of the value of a well-hidden battery, and the difficulty an enemy has in finding it. An example is given of a Russian battery of eight guns which remained under fire for fifteen hours without interruption, although it was opposed by six Japanese batteries of six guns. The Russian battery was very well masked, and made use of indirect fire exclusively, laying the guns by means of the level. The battery commander, who was observing from the crest of the hill, communicated his orders by means of flags. The Japanese batteries were forced to change their positions several times, and were successively silenced. It was not until a second Russian battery came up to reinforce the first that it was discovered. It was a case of "save us from our friends." Accounts are given of batteries firing continually for two days before being discovered.

THE NAVAL FIGHT OUTSIDE PORT ARTHUR.

The Journal of the United States Artillery publishes several diagrams and photographs showing the result of the Japanese fire on the battle-ships "Caesarevitch" and the protected cruiser "Askold." It brings out very forcibly the great value of heavily-armoured ships and the poor chance one that is merely protected has in a naval engagement. On August 10th, when the Russian fleet tried to escape from Port Arthur, two distinct fights occurred. The first took place in the morning, and lasted from 11.30 to 1 o'clock. With the battle-ships in front, the Russian fleet deployed at first in line ahead, bearing to the West to escape to the open sea. Fire against the Japanese ships was opened at a distance of over 8000 yards—that is to say, about four and a-half miles. A series of evolutions changed the line of battle four times, the range occasionally being as low as 5000 yards. Finally the Japanese withdrew to the south-west. The injuries to both sides were but slight.

The battle began again about 4 o'clock, and continued until night fell. The ranges decreased to some 3700 yards. About 6 o'clock the "Caesarevitch" had her rudder damaged, and suddenly turned out of line. This caused a disorderly change of front in the Russians, and was the occasion for the energetic intervention of the "Retzvan," which went full speed ahead for the Japanese, and for a quarter of an hour, at 1500 yards, drew their whole fire in order to allow the Russian line to re-form. The "Askold" attempted to ram the "Asama," but was prevented by three other cruisers, which came up and overwhelmed her with a violent shell fire. Going at twenty knots, the "Askold" managed to get away, the Japanese cruisers being unable to continue the chase. The "Asama" was burning. Four torpedo boats pursued the "Askold," but a heavy projectile stopped one, and the others drew off.

Describing the result of the artillery fire, its absolutely local effect is commented upon. After penetrating the side plating, a thin steel protection suffices generally to isolate the explosive effect. That no fire of any consequence broke out on the "Askold" is explained by the fact that the use of wood in construction was limited to the utmost extent. Even the ship's boats were of iron or steel. The deck was covered with linoleum, which fulfilled its purpose excellently well. After describing the damage done to the "Caesarevitch," the writer points out that it was only the heavily-armoured parts which resisted the large calibre projectiles, which caused great damage in the less thoroughly protected portions of the vessel. This shows how necessary it is to avoid diminishing the amount of armour, and thereby the protection it affords. The large units of the battleships are the ones which have stood the hammering, and their armour, in spite of other injuries received, has enabled them to continue fighting.

THE WAR OF THE FUTURE.

AS FORECAST BY THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST.

IN *Scribner's Magazine* for January is one of the most interesting articles that have lately appeared, on "New Features of War," by Thomas F. Millard. Mr. Millard is no believer in a time when swords shall be turned into ploughshares, and his statements only partly bear out M. de Bloch's predictions; but they do tend to show that war, be it never abolished, is continually becoming more humanised. The present war, he says, is a far better test of the effect of modern weapons than any that has yet been waged. Strategy—the art of manœuvring an army within the theatre of operations so as to increase the probability of and advantages to be anticipated from victory, while lessening the disadvantages of defeat—remains much the same as in Hannibal's days. Tactics, however—the art of handling and directing the fighting of troops on the battlefield—is practically revolutionised. "As battlefields have grown larger, the gap which severs grand from minor tactics has widened, until to-day they stand as almost distinct branches of the art. Never has this been so well demonstrated as in Manchuria. In this war we have seen battles with a fighting front extending more than forty miles."

THE COMMANDER—NEW STYLE.

Even thirty years ago a commander took his position during battle on some eminence, if possible, which was often exposed to the enemy's fire, but which afforded a comprehensive view:—

To-day circumstances place a commander completely out of sight of his army. He is usually located at least ten or fifteen miles from the firing line, and in many instances is even farther away. He sits in a room, whence radiate telephone and telegraph lines to the remotest portions of the field, placing him in instantaneous communication with his principal subordinates. . . . The artist who aspires to depict the direction of a modern battle must show a man seated at a table on which is spread a huge map dotted with little flags indicating the location of the opposing forces, with an ordinary desk telephone at his elbow. In an adjoining room is a switchboard, where sit alert operators ready to connect the commander with any of the field headquarters. . . . But for the military uniforms of the messengers and the going and coming of staff officers the man at the table might be a stock operator, directing through his brokers a deal in steel or railroad securities.

BATTLES LENGTHENED NOT SHORTENED.

One prediction that has certainly not been realised is that battles would be quickly decided. On the contrary, they are greatly prolonged. In this war battles have lasted ten days without cessation, though of course the same troops did not fight throughout. One reason for this is the immense extent of the fighting front, just referred to, which also operates against demoralisation being caused by a disaster in one part of the field:—

It is practically impossible, under modern conditions, to stampede a disciplined army by a dramatic *coup* on some part of the field, as formerly frequently happened.

The periods of rest being more frequent, and the losses in action less than formerly in proportion to the time under fire, the "consecutive fighting life of actual units" may be said to be prolonged.

Again, the war in the Far East has brought out clearly the close relation of logistics—transportation and supply—with tactics:—

It has been found necessary, in the greater actions of this war, to repeatedly supply the troops with food and ammunition without withdrawing them from the fighting line. This has been a new emergency for the supply departments to meet, on a large scale, and has virtually carried logistics on to the firing line.

Another feature of the war is the immense amount of ammunition used. The Russian soldier carries 120 rounds into battle, which he generally uses up before the day is out. "More ammunition has been used in a single day in Manchuria than was required to fight the Spanish-American war."

Infantry is still the fighting backbone of an army, still the only division that can accomplish, unaided, decisive results. Japanese, the writer thinks, make unapproachable infantry.

THE IMPORTANCE OF OFFICERS.

In more than one respect Mr. Millard clearly thinks the Russians hardly up to date:—

The Russian officers cling to the old theory of the officer's part in tactics. He must show himself, encouraging his men by his demeanour. Japanese officers are educated in the new school, and are extremely careful to take cover. The modern soldier must be directed rather than led. If he is well trained he does not need visible leadership.

The conclusion that many drew from the Boer War—that greater personal initiative would be desirable in the soldier—he thinks must be modified, since soldiers can rarely tell what is going on even quite near them. The officer is thus more important than ever. Smokeless powder makes the tactical handling of troops easier. The old dispute about the bayonet is still unsettled; but, on the whole, Mr. Millard seems to think its retention justifiable.

HOW ARTILLERY IS DIRECTED.

Little use has been made of cavalry in this war, while the importance of artillery is still more clearly demonstrated. "During a battle only the artillery chiefs comprehend what is going on":—

The effects of the fire are observed by officers appointed to that duty, stationed at various parts of the field, often miles and miles apart, and who are in constant communication with the chief of artillery by telephone. By the reports of these observers the chief directs the fire of his hundreds of guns. A mounted aide brings a battery commander an order: "Raise your range 500 yards and double the rapidity of your fire." He obeys without question. Perhaps half an hour later another order will read: "Change your objective to Lone Tree Hill—direction south-east by east—range 4,500 yards—use shrapnel." He changes accordingly.

The weapon of the near future, the writer thinks, will be a field-piece of smaller calibre and longer range. Shrapnel, it seems, is what the men dread most. On the whole, he is confirmed in a long-growing conviction that war is growing relatively less dangerous to human life, by which he means "that modern man-killing devices slay fewer men in proportion to the duration of engagements than at any previous time in the history of war." Disease is now the soldier's worst enemy, slaying thousands where bullets and shells slay only hundreds.

GERMANY THE ENEMY.

"JULIUS" resumes his anti-German propaganda in the January *Contemporary*. He declares, indeed, that he is dying to be on better terms with the Fatherland; but all the blame for our present bad relations he puts on the head of the Kaiser's government.

AN EMPIRE OF CALUMNY.

Germany, he persists, is still bent on making mischief between ourselves and other Powers. "Bismarck might have said, 'The Empire is calumny.'" The Germans, says Julius, are still carrying out a campaign of calumny against our innocent selves:—

One of the symptoms by which we must judge the German Government's sentiments towards us is the attitude it assumes on the various contentious questions involving England and some other country which arise from time to time, between England and Russia, between England and the Boers, between England and Turkey, between England and Italy, between England and France. And we know as an absolute fact that in the case of every one of these misunderstandings Germany has invariably taken the side of our adversary. German editors and newspaper men, of course, are swayed by feelings common to all humanity. Hence some of them took the side of England at the beginning of the North Sea incident, but shortly afterwards even they veered round and supported Russia. In view of those and many other irrefragable facts am I or am I not right in drawing the conclusion that the policy of the German Government, as it stands revealed at present, is directed to the advantage of the retrograde Eastern Powers, nay, to the most retrograde part of them, and to the disadvantage of the liberal Western Powers?

SUBSERVIENCY TO RUSSIA.

This is coupled with a policy of subserviency to Russia, of which "Julius" gives the following instance:—

The Kaiser's Government passed with difficulty a Bill in the Reichstag, the result of which was to raise the price of the necessities of life. It was violently opposed by the Socialists and the Liberal friends of the people, but the Chancellor was adroit, persevering, and victorious. The minimal tariff became law. The next step was to conclude treaties of commerce with foreign States, upon the basis of that minimal tariff. Much, everything in fact, depended upon the assent of Russia. But M. Witte absolutely refused it. Consequently the German Chancellor was at his wits' end. For if he failed to talk over the Tsardom, the whole fabric so carefully constructed fell to the ground, and he would fall with it; and of Russia's consent there seemed no reasonable hope. A commercial war would be less harmful than the minimal tariff, M. Witte's press organ said. Yet all at once Russia gave her consent, and M. Witte himself went humbly to Germany to announce it. Thus again the Chancellor triumphed, and the party of dear food and strong Government triumphed with him. How? This time he won through the direct intervention of a foreign sovereign acting against the advice of his principal adviser, and in defiance of the interests of his suffering people. What did that foreign sovereign receive as a *quid pro quo*? Almost at the same time a trial took place at Königsberg. I think I need not recall the circumstances of that trial. The whole civilised world remembers them. They will form a special chapter in the history of human culture.

THE AGRARIAN AGITATION IN GERMANY.

In the same Review Mr. W. H. Dawson writes a bitter character sketch of the German Agrarian League. The League has now no less than 250,000 members, and a revenue of £25,000. Its history, since 1895, has been a history of violent and unbridled agitation,

directed without the slightest regard for the proprieties of public life to purely selfish ends:—

Of the annual meeting held in February, 1896, a prominent Berlin journal said: "It was from beginning to end a series of mad orgies, and a specimen of the most unwarrantable agitation," and the whole after-course of the League's endeavours might be described in the same summary terms. In the country it has played the part of the incendiary; in Parliament the part of the obstructionist. Thus in the Prussian Diet the Agrarians have out of pure perverseness defeated two separate Canal Bills (1899 and 1901) intended to develop the waterways of the monarchy and so encourage agriculture and industry reciprocally, involving an expenditure of £19,500,000. The ringleaders of the Opposition were *Landrätke*, who, as Government officials, were by Prussian tradition expected to support Government policy, and, by way of example to the rest of the bureaucracy and of warning to the Agrarians in general, a large number of these rebels were relieved of their offices.

Next to Social Democracy, Agrarianism is the strongest, most tenacious and most implacable element in German politics.

BEETHOVEN AND GOETHE.

In the December number of the *Grande Revue* there is an interesting article, by Martial Douël, on Goethe and Beethoven, from a psychological point of view. As we have already seen, Goethe could not understand Beethoven and Beethoven was greatly disappointed in Goethe when the two met.

As Goethe became older, says the writer, his ideal grew more restrained; and the wide and magnificent vision of the world which marks the masterpieces of his maturity gradually gave place to a narrower and more artificial conception of man and of the universe.

With Beethoven, on the other hand, it was a constant expanding of his genius and his personality; and the spectacle of his obstinate struggle against misfortunes and ever-growing difficulties is both admirable and tragic. His whole life was one of "intimate" suffering; deceived successively in his hopes, in his joys, and especially in his affections, he always returned to the only consolation left to him: to give voice to the deep moans of his tortured soul, and thus express the inexpressible of the human heart. Hence the poignant moments of so many adagios in which weeps the infinite tenderness of his soul, and to understand them to the full in their truth and spontaneity, we should hear them in our darkest hours. Goethe's endeavour was to understand, whereas that of Beethoven was to express himself.

THE concession for the making of the Bagdad Railway to the German company which runs the Anatolian Railway is a suitable occasion for a descriptive article on Anatolia, which Fedor von Zobeltitz contributes to the December *Velhagen*. The Anatolian Railway, he says, will be a powerful factor in the development of this region, and when the network of railways reaches the Persian Gulf, the whole of Asia Minor should be won for Europe. He notes the interest of the Kaiser in the German railway schemes.

"MR. CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER."

THE fourth of the *Pall Mall Magazine* studies in personality is devoted to a character sketch of "Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer," by Mr. Herbert Vivian. After reading it one is with difficulty restrained from exclaiming "Prig!" It cannot be said to be a study of a very attractive personality which Mr. Vivian presents to us. The most human trait in him appears to be the nervousness which, when he rose to deliver his Budget speech, made him upset an inkpot over his trousers. Whereas Chamberlain the elder is daring, not to say pushful—is, in fact, a man with whom the words "raging, tearing" are now inevitably associated—His son dilutes his assurance with diffidence, drifts instead of pushing, walks delicately, eschews all sentiment.

When he was Postmaster-General he delighted his subordinates by the frank condescension which enabled him to share their frugal repasts and lend a genial ear to their small talk. Now that he is Chancellor of the Exchequer, burthened with the cares of intricate legislation, he proves his strength by the admirable frankness with which he adopts the advice of his underlings.

If Disraeli was born in a library, Chamberlain the Younger was conceived in a committee-room, brought forth in a polling-booth, cradled in a political atmosphere; all through his life he has sat at the feet of a Gamaliel who is the prime expert in parliamentary machinery.

His mental development, Mr. Vivian asserts, has been, on the whole, as honest as could be expected from a politician. He makes no personal enemies, but neither, it seems, does he easily make acquaintances, and consequently friends. Mr. Vivian is unkind enough to call him, in this connection, a "colourless individual"!

AS UNDERGRADUATE.

When Mr. Vivian went to Cambridge in 1883, he was mightily curious to make the acquaintance of "this young gentleman, then in his second year." But no one seemed to know the said young gentleman, who lived much alone, except that he was a shining light of the Union Society. When at last the writer's curiosity was gratified, he found the future Chancellor of the Exchequer much inclined to discuss politics, apparently a mixture of Radicalism and fustian Fabianism, "with the only impetuosity I ever detected in the temperament of this elderly young man." At that time he seemed to be drawing largely upon Canon Barnett, and all manner of "tub-thumpers." When Lord Rosebery came to lunch at Cambridge he asked, "Does anyone here know young Chamberlain?" "There he sits facing you," was Mr. Vivian's reply.

AN ELDERLY YOUNG MAN.

In time, however, the writer evidently grew better to like the elderly young man. Even at this period, what he had said he had said:—

His opinions were evidently all cut and dried, and he was absolutely inflexible in argument. Nothing that anybody said made him diverge from his opinions one hair's breadth.

It is not surprising to hear that he was not very popular:—

In many ways his character was curiously complex. He was

reserved and rather proud. He held himself aloof, and not only never sought but almost repelled acquaintances. Nothing would induce him to say anything about his prospects, intentions or ambitions. If he were asked his opinion on any subject, he would weigh his answer with all the responsible solemnity of a Minister on the Treasury Bench. He never mentioned his ambitions, but he evidently considered his lightest statement was likely to be criticised by posterity. I remember his taking up a book of cuttings, where I had pasted the reports of various debates in which we had both taken part. He at once took out a pencil and made elaborate corrections of the grammar and sentiments attributed to him by the reporter.

Certainly at this period he seems to have been a strong argument for Carlyle's historic method of dealing with young men under five-and-twenty.

Occasionally, however, he could be undignified, for he had a friend, one T. M., with whom he would sometimes rampage round the room, upsetting tables and chairs, and generally behaving like a mild lunatic.

HIS ONE FETISH.

His biographer does not think he had an immense bump of veneration, but "his father was his one fetish."

On one occasion, when he was eating a bun at a railway buffet, he overheard a stranger denouncing the idol. He intervened hotly at once, and exclaimed, "Sir, I cannot allow you to discuss Mr. Chamberlain in my presence." The other only laughed at the stripling, asking, "Why not? Who are you?" "Never mind who I am, I won't have it." But the other was too much amused to quarrel. Austen never spoke of his father without bated breath, and evidently regarded him as a being of very different clay from the ordinary mortal. So fervent was he on this point that he contrived to inspire most of his acquaintances with a second-hand devotion. It was a great favour and a mark of confidence for him to mention his father at all to us.

Sometimes, however, he would even tell funny stories about papa, as for instance:—

Once, when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was travelling abroad, a waiter innocently inquired of Mr. Jesse Collings whether "Monsieur votre fils," namely the youthful-looking member for West Birmingham, would also dine at table d'hôte. Another diverting incident was provided by the unco' guid in Scotland, when they were scandalised to hear that Mr. Chamberlain was travelling with a certain "Jessie Collins" without a chaperon.

"AS A MAN OF THE WORLD."

The surest way to his heart—a heart which Mr. Vivian plainly thinks is a much inferior article to his father's—was to ask his advice as a man of the world:—

He would give it with great solemnity and solve a case of conscience with the utmost impartiality. He certainly had a high code of honour, and was very strict with himself as well as with others on such questions as literal veracity, the respect of confidences and the duties of friendship.

As to the future of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, the dreadful, elderly young man whom Mr. Vivian has portrayed, the writer suggests that, with a little more mental agility, a snug under-secretaryship might be found for him in one of Mr. Winston Churchill's Administrations. And then, damningest admission of a very damning article:—

Merit is a comparative quality, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain undoubtedly possesses the merit of fidelity, obedience and discipline. Can I say more—or less?

ABOUT THE BROWNING.

THE *Girl's Realm* contains a very interesting chapter by Miss Alice Corkran from the story of her girlhood, which is full of reminiscences of the Browning family. Her father's and mother's friendship with the two poets was of long date. It was her mother's enthusiasm for Browning's poetry which led M. Milsand to write in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* "the first illuminative and appreciative criticism" that had yet appeared, and it was the Corkrans who introduced M. Milsand to the Brownings. She remembers her father and mother going with Mr. and Mrs. Browning to visit the studio of Rosa Bonheur. The artist at first was not to be seen, but at last appeared from under the table, where she had been sound asleep. Miss Corkran tells of the many happy hours she spent with Mr. Browning in his study in Warwick Crescent. He showed her the volumes that had belonged to his wife in her girlhood, and which she had had bound in gilt edge and gay colours to deceive her friends, who thought hard studies were too much for her health. "They did not think that these crabbed old authors would ever wear so gay an attire."

BROWNING'S WAY OF WORK.

Here is an interesting first-hand evidence as to the way in which the great poet worked:—

I remember Mr. Browning coming down ready dressed to go out, and saying to us, "I am another man to-day—my poem is planned." It was the "Inn Album." "There will be five people alive at the beginning of the book and but two alive at the end, and it will all have happened within the course of two or three hours. I begin writing to-morrow, and it will be done, always supposing that I am in good health, and nothing extraordinary happens, on such a day." He named the day, but I cannot remember it now. My mother said, "How can you tell that?" "Oh," he replied, "once I have planned the story, and conceived my characters, I have done the really hard work; after that it is merely a matter of time. So many lines I will write every day, and so many lines I do write. It is quite exceptional whenever I am two or three days out of my reckoning."

I remember his showing us some of his manuscripts, beautiful manuscripts with scarcely an erasure in them. "I never re-write," he said. "I always find that I have chosen the right word at first. I know my critics would say my writing would be clearer if I made more erasures in the manuscript, but it is not so. I write with my whole mind, and at a high tension of concentration, and I could not find more fitting words to express my thoughts."

BROWNING'S FIRST "POEM."

Old Mr. Browning Miss Corkran describes as the most learned, most lovable old man. She says:—

He was very proud of his illustrious son and daughter-in-law, also of Pen. He would tell us stories of "Robert" in his youth. On one occasion the little boy had to take a noxious draught of which he hated the taste. Swinging the cup aloft and looking round upon his assembled family he cried:—

"Good people all
Who wish to see
A boy take physic,
Look at me!"

This may be said to be the great man's first poetical effusion.

THE POET'S FATHER.

She notes that episodes of crime had a singular

attraction for both father and son. He used to tell the writer and her sister thrilling tales of lawless action.

He would also be continually writing imaginary conversations and illustrating them. The illustrations usually consisted of the heads of rustics discussing some event. Each saw it from a different point of view. The heads were full of expression; they were, as a rule, grotesque, but all had spirit and personality. Sometimes the theme would be that of a crime, sometimes that of a ghostly apparition, sometimes that of a mysterious stranger who had come into the village. All the worthies of the place would be represented telling each other what each thought upon the subject.

She reproduces two pages of the pictures old Mr. Browning drew to make "Pilgrim's Progress" clear to her.

THE POET'S SISTER.

Of Miss Sarianna Browning, Miss Corkran contributes reminiscences. She says:—

Miss Browning was quite a character; she was a delightful, humorous, duty-loving woman. Her devotion to her father was extraordinary, and his love for her was much more than that of a child for its mother than of a father for a daughter. . . Her friends were many and she was as staunch to those who were in poverty as to those who were rich. Taking her all in all, Miss Browning was as remarkable a personality as was her illustrious brother.

MR. HALL CAINE ON THE RELIGIOUS NOVEL.

In the *World's Work and Play* Mr. Hall Caine has a paper on "Religion in the Novel," the gist of which is that the novel of the future "will be religious in the highest and best sense just in the degree in which it is permeated by the sense of life." Thus, Mr. Hall Caine thinks, we shall have more and more religious novels, and novelists will tend more and more to be those endowed with the best minds, the richest natures, the strongest souls.

Nevertheless Mr. Hall Caine does not think that a good novel can ever be "a conscious amalgam of fiction and religion, or that the novelist who has any sense of art can at any time allow himself to 'mount the pulpit':—

If the writer of fiction, while in the act of writing, is not wholly occupied by the human story he is telling—the joys and sorrows, the loves and hates of his characters—the result will be a bad novel.

Once, the novelist confesses, he projected and partly wrote a story based on that of Mary Magdalene, but that novel will never see the light. The religious novel, as Mr. Hall Caine conceives it, which is to dominate future fiction, deals neither with the scenes nor characters of the religious world nor yet with religious dogmas, "but with the religious sense in man, the feeling for the supernatural, the consciousness of God's governance of the universe, and that deepest of all questions—the meaning of life." And, he continues:—

And in order to write a religious novel of this broadest character it is first of all necessary that the novelist should be a man who has lived much, felt much, read much, and thought much, and with that equipment has set about to use his own vehicle in its only legitimate way, not as a sermon or philosophical treatise.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIMPLE LIFE."

IT is one of the contradictions of things that the most widely-read author of books on practical life in America is a Frenchman. Pastor Charles Wagner, the author of "The Simple Life," whose portrait we publish below, has just completed a two months' lecture tour of the United States on the invitation of President Roosevelt. His "Simple Life" is a plea for a more wholesome, less complex, less artificial existence: and he is the author of two other



Pastor Charles Wagner.
(Author of "The Simple Life.")

works, "Youth" and "Courage," which have a great vogue in America.

Pastor Wagner is a leader of the French "Liberal Protestant" movement, which discards all the principal dogmas of historical Christianity in claiming to retain the essence of Christianity. But his real claim to distinction lies in his position as a champion of plain living and high thinking and as an apostle of aggressive optimism.

IN *C. B. Fry's Magazine* for January the "outdoor man" is Lord Charles Beresford, and the chief feature an interview with Lord Lonsdale, by Harold Begbie.

AN interview with Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston, the author of "John Chilcote, M.P.," appears in the *Young Woman* for January. Mrs. Thurston is Irish, and drifted into novel-writing from a society life mixed with the occasional writing of a short story.

HISTORY FROM ADVERTISEMENTS.

KATTERFELTO.

FEW persons probably have heard of Gustav Katterfelto, and fewer still probably know that he hailed from Germany. In the November and December numbers of *Nord und Süd*, Otto zur Linde gives an account of this extraordinary quack and conjuror, who flourished in England and died in Yorkshire about 1799.

The writer first draws attention to a certain Katterfelto in one of Whyte-Melville's novels, but describes him as fictitious, in so far, at any rate, that the events in the novel took place in 1763, whereas the real Katterfelto was in London in the eighties and nineties. In the Preface to the Novels Sir Herbert Maxwell tells nothing about Katterfelto. Another reference to Katterfelto appears in Cowper's "Task," and James Robert Boyd, an American editor and annotator, says, by way of explanation:—

This word seems to have been invented as a term descriptive of the juggler, or performer of wondrous feats of skill of various kinds.

Herr zur Linde has evidently consulted all the Katterfelto literature he can find in England, and he gives an entertaining account of the doings of his hero in this country, filling in the blanks from the advertisement pages of the London dailies. The *Morning Post* of February 8th, 1781, announces a lecture by Mr. Katterfelto, philosopher, on "Philosophical Mathematical Optical Magnetical Electrical Physical Chymical Pneumatic Hydraulic Hydrostatic Proetic Styangraphic Palenchic and Caprimantic Art."

With his microscopes the Professor pretended to have discovered the influenza bacillus, for he speaks of—

Those most astonishing insects, which has (!) been advertised in the different papers, and has (!) threatened the Kingdom with a plague, if not speedily destroyed.

He described his wonderful powers in long poems, and his advertisements afford an astonishing picture of the doings of London society at the time. His lectures were crowded with the nobility, and there were few ruling princes in his day who had not been present at one or other of them. He was caricatured on the stage. In Dibdin's "None Are so Blind as Those Who Won't See" he appears as Dr. Caterpillar; and in other farces of the day there are many references to the "Doctor" and his medicines. In all parts of the newspapers he managed to get himself puffed. A letter from Berlin, for instance, includes a long reference to him, but who was the author of all the advertisements has not been discovered.

THE *Young Man* for January contains a paper by Mr. David Williams on British War Correspondents in the Japanese War—Mr. Melton Prior, of the *Illustrated London News*, Mr. C. E. Hands, of the *Daily Mail*, Mr. F. A. McKenzie, of the same paper, and others.

LAWLESS AMERICA.

AN APPALLING RECORD OF CRIME.

One of the most remarkable papers that have appeared of late in the American periodicals is that from the pen of Mr. S. S. McClure in the Christmas number of *McClure's Magazine*.

MULTIPLICATION OF MURDERS.

Mr. McClure opens with five pages of quotations from American journals lamenting the rapid increase of criminality and anarchy which is everywhere observed. He then proceeds to examine statistics. In 1881, with a population of 51 millions, there were 1,266 murders and homicides in the United States. In 1902, with 79 million population, there were no less than 8,834. The normal number, allowing for increase of population, would have been only 1,952. In 1881, there was one murder per 40,534 inhabitants; in 1902, one per 8,955.

CRIME GOES UNPUNISHED.

How lightly murder is regarded is shown by another column. In 1881, with 1,266 murders, there were 90 executions; in 1903, with 8,976, there were 124 executions. About half the murders result from quarrels and brawls. The increase of self-murder is even more astonishing. In 1881 there were only 605 suicides in the country; in 1903 suicides had risen to the astonishing number of 8,597.

SOME AMERICAN COMMENTS.

It is worth while quoting some recent American newspaper comments:—

"There is something very like civil, or, worse yet, social, war in Chicago. Men have been brutally beaten . . . the police have been quarrelled with for trying to maintain order, and on Saturday a man was killed. Last week there was a shameful negro-burning in Georgia. There have recently been labour riots in New York City. We all know of war on law and order in Colorado. . . . And we have just had a touch of anarchy in the army."

"The fact that 222 homicides were committed in South Carolina during the year 1903 has been published. Captain Charles Petty, of Spartanburg, S. C., was asked the other day what in his opinion were the causes leading to such a record. He replied:—

"Our own citizens were less shocked by the bloody record than those of other States for we had by degrees got accustomed to homicide."

"For a fortnight there has been one robbery in San Francisco for every day. Since October 14th, 1898, 114 murders, exclusive of Chinese killings, have been committed in this city, but at this writing no one has been sent to the gallows.

"There have been forty-seven murders for which no one was arrested. In twenty-eight instances the accused have been acquitted. Four are awaiting sentence of death, fifteen have been sentenced to life imprisonment, and six for terms less than life, ten committed suicide, and four cases are pending."

"Lawlessness pervades the land, unrest and discontent breed over-apparent prosperity. We have become the money centre of the world, but this has bred a feverish appetite for gold, with all its vulgar accompaniments."

POLITICAL DEGRADATION THE CAUSE.

What is the cause of this unnatural state of things? Mr. McClure puts it down to the wholesale degrada-

tion of American life. The country, he says, is governed by an oligarchy consisting (1) of saloon-keepers and gamblers; (2) of contractors and capitalists who flourish by bribery; (3) of politicians who seek and accept office on the terms of the two foregoing classes:—

These men—bribers of voters, voters who are bribed, bribers of aldermen and legislators, and aldermen and legislators who are bribed, men who secure control of law-making bodies and have laws passed which enable them to steal from their neighbours, men who have laws non-enforced and break laws regulating saloons, gambling houses, and, in short, all men who pervert and befool the sources of law—these men we have called Enemies of the Republic. They are worse—they are enemies of the human race. They are destroyers of a people. *They are murderers of a civilisation.*

IMMIGRANTS INNOCENT.

Immigration from Europe is in no way responsible for American criminality. In every country but one which sends its emigrants to America murder is much less common than it is in the United States. "Foreigners," says Mr. McClure, "acquire most of their disrespect for law after they come among us."

A Story of Bright.

FROM an article by the Rev. J. Hirst-Hollowell, in the *Sunday Magazine*, on John Bright at Rochdale (his birthplace, and the scene of most of his life's labours, and finally of his death), I make one extract. It will be remembered how deeply attached was Bright to Cobden. Bright's words, referring to his death, uttered after Disraeli's eulogium, in Parliament, have never been forgotten:—"I little knew how much I loved him until I found that I had lost him."

Manchester asked him to unveil a statue to Cobden, but he declined. Bradford asked a like favour, and got no encouragement. It was left to Mr. Alfred Illingworth, one of his closest friends, and a man of character sterling as his own, to negotiate the arrangement. It took time. Bright was worth waiting for, and often had to be waited for. The story is worth telling, and is somewhat dramatic.

"They want your answer at Bradford," said Mr. Illingworth, when the two were at a game of billiards at the Reform Club. Bright replied: "How *can* I go, Illingworth, when I refused Manchester?" For a moment Mr. Illingworth was in despair. He thought there was no way out. But a thought flashed into his mind. "Yes, Bright," he said, "but Manchester stoned the prophets: Bradford never did!" The right chord had been struck. A new light came into Bright's face, and his friend said no word more, convinced that he had captured his man. He at once told Bradford to fix a date and announce Bright. Later on he showed him the newspaper advertising the fixture. "Illingworth," said Bright, "I *never* said I would go!" "No," said Mr. Illingworth, "but you never said you wouldn't go!" That was all. He went, and delivered an address of such beauty and pathos that there was not a dry eye in the great meeting. Some of the reporting staff, professionally detached in mind as they have to be, were affected to tears.

THE new number of the *World and His Wife* contains an article on M. Paul C. Hetten, by Mr. P. G. Konody; Lieut.-Col. Newnham Davis writes on Monte Carlo; but the most charming little article is a short one showing how various artists have painted the baby's cap.

THEODORE THE FIRST.

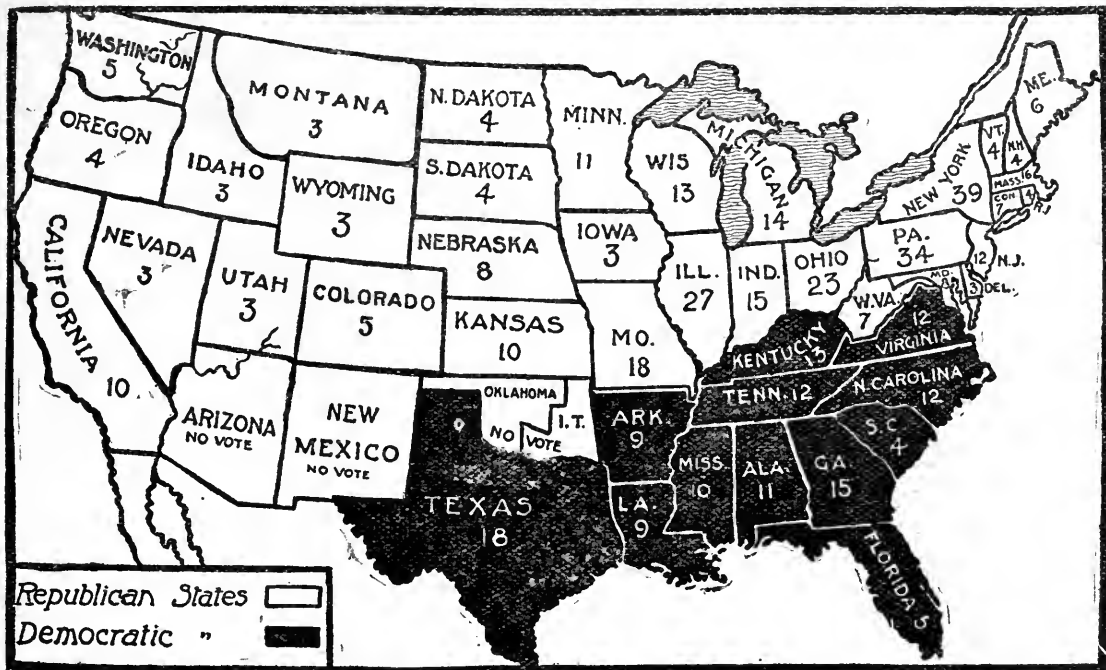
THE TASK BEFORE GOOD AMERICANISM.

THE writer of "Musings Without Method" in *Blackwood's Magazine* for January devotes several pages to a satirical notice of President Roosevelt's inaugural address. The writer declares that Theodore I. knows but one rival in the realm of autocracy, and that rival is William II. No other Sovereign only William II. could have said so little in thirteen and a half columns of solid type. Theodore I. proclaims himself to be the policeman of the world. *Blackwood* suggests that there is plenty of work for the policeman to do in the United States, and that if Theodore I. will look nearer home than Armenia and Ireland he will find not a few crimes of which it is his manifest

was looted to enrich the Mayor, and he would probably be in power to-day if his subordinates had not quarrelled among themselves. Colonel Ed Butler sold everything that St. Louis had to offer, was convicted by one jury, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment, but the Supreme Court at Missouri reversed the sentence. Even greater than Colonel Butler was Chris Magee, who was the idol of Pittsburg, whose citizens he plundered to the bone.

AN AMERICAN WHO LOOTS THE WORLD.

But an even more gigantic criminal, according to *Blackwood*, than these three worthies, who looted cities, is John D. Rockefeller, who looted the world. The founder of the Standard Oil Trust is the masterpiece of the century, and the most sinister figure of



This map shows the geographical division of the country between Roosevelt and Parker.

(Figures mean number of electoral votes.)

duty to show his disapproval. Good Americanism, he says, is a matter of heart, of experience, of lofty aspiration, and sound common sense. What, then, says *Blackwood*, does good Americanism think of the fact that a contempt for order is daily increasing in the United States, that the number of homicides is advancing with leaps and bounds, and that many of her bosses are infinitely greater criminals than Jonathan Wild and Jack Sheppard?

AMERICAN CITY PLUNDERERS.

Blackwood then tells the story of Doc Ames, the Mayor of Minneapolis, who ran the whole city somewhat on the principle of giving the citizens up to criminals who were to work under police direction for the profit of his administration. Minneapolis

the age. We must go back to the annals of the Italian Republics when force overrode the law, and right had no chance of a successful opposition to might, in order to find a parallel to this dauntless Captain of Industry, who for thirty years has trampled law under foot in order to secure a monopoly in supplying the world with oil.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that Theodore I. had better turn his policeman's bull's-eye into his own kitchen, instead of peering across the Atlantic to find out the misdeeds of his neighbours.

But what *Blackwood* fails to realise is that it is a much easier thing to tackle a Sultan, whether of Turkey or of Morocco, than to stand up against John D. Rockefeller.

HOW THE EARTH IS WEIGHED.

MR. W. A. SHENSTONE, F.R.S., contributes to the *Cornhill Magazine* a very interesting article, entitled "Weighing a World."

One of the older, less exact ways of determining the earth's mass, he says, was to see how far a mountain, the mass of which was first ascertained, would deflect from the perpendicular a plumb-line sustaining a known weight.

The "Cavendish method" is one of the simplest and most exact:—

Two equal balls of lead, each two inches in diameter, were attached to the remote ends of a light wooden rod six feet long, which was suspended horizontally at its centre, by means of a wire forty inches long, inside a narrow wooden case to protect it from draughts. Outside the case two much more massive balls, also of lead, twelve inches in diameter, were suspended by rods from a beam, which worked on a pivot. This pivot was placed above the wire by which the rod carrying the small balls was suspended, so that the large balls could be swung at will into various positions outside the case. For example, they could be placed transversely by putting the two beams at right angles to one another, or brought close up to the smaller balls, one large ball to each small ball, on opposite sides of the case. The movements of the ends of the light rod within the case were measured by means of divided scales provided for the purpose, which were viewed from a distance through telescopes. In making an experiment the two large balls were brought up close to the two small balls, one large ball to each small ball, on opposite sides, so that the latter were pulled in opposite directions. This set the ends of the light beam swinging about a centre which could be determined by observing the range of successive swings by means of the divided scales. The large balls were then carried round to the opposite sides of the case, and brought close up to the small ones as before. The result of this was, of course, that the direction of the pulls upon the latter was reversed. The centre of swing was again determined, and it was found not to be the same as before. Many corrections had to be introduced, and so the working out of the results was not very simple, but they show that the earth has a mean density of 5.45. The Cavendish experiment has often been repeated, and Baily (a London stockbroker by profession) performed no fewer than 2,153 of these delicate experiments in his laboratory at Tavistock Place between the years 1738 and 1742, obtaining the value 5.66.

A WIRE OF QUARTZ.

The distance which weights are deflected in experiments of this kind is so small that the method of measurement must be not more than one part in 70,000,000 wrong. But how accurate modern instruments can be made is shown by the following:—

Cavendish suspended the beam of his "torsion balance," as such an instrument as that used by Cavendish is called, by means of a fine wire, and the accuracy of his results depended on the elasticity of the wire. Now, unfortunately, metallic wires are not perfectly elastic, and when frequently used are subject to "fatigue"; and so there was a defect in the experiment, which remained uncorrected until a few years ago, when Professor Boys discovered how to produce threads not liable to this fault. These astonishing threads, which were made of melted quartz, are finer by far than the finest wire—so fine, in fact, that a single grain of sand span into one of them might yield a thread a thousand miles long; moreover, they surpass steel in strength, and are marvellously elastic. Armed with quartz threads Mr. Boys was able to reduce the size of the Cavendish apparatus, and at the same time greatly to increase its sensibility. This and great personal skill enabled him to make what is probably the best measurement yet obtained of the earth's mean density—viz., 5.5270.

The actual weight of the earth in lbs. is 12½ quadrillions.

ONE EMPIRE, ONE FLAG.

SEE that grand old flag that's flying
O'er the ramparts of Quebec?
The flag that flew—red, white and blue,
Above the *Victory's* deck.
It never waves where cowards stand
But floats above the brave;
And streams upon the mastheads
Of ships that rule the waves.

'Tis the "red cross" flag of Britain,
Greet it with a grand hurrah!
Gallant sons of Australasia,
Loyal hearts of Canada,
Ye have fought beneath that banner,
'Neath its shadow trod the veldt,
Ye have helped to win its glory,
Helped to make its power felt.

Side by side with England's heroes,
Side by side with Scotland's sons,
Side by side with Erin's bravest,
Ye have faced a foeman's guns.
Side by side ye fought and conquered,
Side by side ye fought and bled,
Side by side ye lie ennumbered,
With Great Britain's mighty dead.

One great empire, staunch, united,
Round the world her banner floats,
Round the world her army bugles
Peal their morn and evening notes;
Round the world the British scarlet
Is respected, loved, and feared;
And no tyranny holds dominion
Where the Union Jack is reared.

Are you tired of the union,
Or the grand old flag that flew
O'er the hero of Trafalgar,
O'er the field of Waterloo?
Hath the spirit died within ye
That makes flag and country dear?
Have you lost the grand emotion
That promotes the British cheer?

Who dare whisper "annexation,"
Where that proud old banner waves?
Would ye sell your fame and country?
Sell your honour and be slaves?
Crush the thought e'er it be spoken,
From such traitorous thoughts refrain;
Canada shall never waver,—
She has fought, she'll fight again.

She'll not be the last to answer
When the British bugles call;
You will find her gallant soldiers
Where the British heroes fall.
In the vanguard you will find them
With the "Australasian" brave,
Ready, aye, to fight for empire,
Or to fill a soldier's grave.

KERRY O'BRYNE.

IN the January number of the *Lady's Realm* Miss Mary Spencer Warren has an article describing the life of Her Excellency the Ambassadors, and the difficult part she has to play, not to speak of all the work she is expected to do.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON'S JEREMIAD.

THE *Fortnightly* for January opens with a paper of "Thoughts on the Present Discontents," from the pen of Mr. Frederic Harrison. Mr. Harrison sees only one omen of good fortune in the present political situation, and that is the boom in Arbitration Treaties, which is due not to Ministries or Parliaments, but to the "tact and good sense of King Edward." It was the King and Lord Lansdowne who avoided war with Russia over the Dogger Bank incident; and

If humiliation attend the belated issue of the International tribunal, it will be due to the extravagant assurance and promises of the Prime Minister. In characteristic fashion he fooled round a very nasty bunker in which his own poor strokes had landed him. He told the nation as facts what he ought to have known were fabrications, and promised them a punishment on the wrongdoers which he had no reason to expect and no intention to exact. If England is laughed at to-day, and may be kicked hereafter with greater freedom, it will not be the fault of the Foreign Secretary, but of the Prime Minister.

THE BACKWASH OF WAR.

But despite the movement towards International peace, we are in a bad way—

we are, in fact, in the backwash of a most wanton, costly, inglorious war, in which we have made ourselves a laughing stock and an opprobrium to the civilised world, disorganised our finances, our trade, and our political institutions. And for what? Twenty thousand British lives, two hundred and twenty millions of sterling money sunk in turning a fine land into a howling wilderness, in making a chaos in South Africa, in ruining English labour, and handing over gangs of Chinese slaves to cosmopolitan gold-hunters.

THE DECAY OF PARLIAMENT.

The "tariff juggle is a tissue of false assertions, impudent promises, and contradictory nostrums." It is no use arguing with a "mountebank beating his own drum" (Mr. Chamberlain). Mr. Balfour's pitiful trickeries have destroyed the prestige of the House of Commons:—

Nor is this a temporary accident. It is a permanent revolution in the Constitution. The House of Commons of Peel, Palmerston, Bright, Disraeli, and Gladstone—the assembly where the leaders of public opinion freely argued out their cause—is dead (by strangulation) and can never be revived. The Minister of the hour has a majority which cares for discussion, facts, or remonstrance as little as a Khaki meeting in war-time. This being conclusive, public men on both sides address meetings which they have all to themselves—not Parliament, where the other side hit back and do not take it lying down. The public prefers it so. The trend of things leads to this end. But the end is government, not by Parliament but by *Plebiscite*, i.e., a majority snapped on a popular cry, election by "hustling."

OBSOLETE LIBERALISM.

"Government by Boss" is what we have come to. Nor is there any hope of remedy from Liberalism as now constituted:—

The Great Liberal Party is an obsolete shibboleth, and we had better acknowledge that at once. It cannot be revived, in our day at any rate. What with "the predominant partner" in the sulks over Home Rule; Liberal Imperialism standing by Cecil Rhodes and the advance of the Empire; what with the Navy League, the Army Reformers, the Church Establishment and the Labour Law Reformers, the Liberal Party has hopeless divergences within. It can only pretend to keep together by putting out a programme almost as vague as Mr. Balfour's, and by straining the conciliation of different policies to the bursting

point. When the Leaders of the Liberals ceased to resist the war fever with the passion that moved Chatham, Burke and Fox to resist the war on the American Colonies, they sacrificed their moral forces. When they submitted to the gag, to wanton Budgets, to war in Tibet, to Beer, to the Church, to the Labour Law Repeal, to a dozen outrages on the freedom of Parliament and the rights of minorities, they lost their *raison d'être* as the true Liberal Party.

THE PROGRAMME OF THE FUTURE.

Yet, though there is no party to carry it out, Mr. Harrison promulgates a programme:—

The entire Temperance problem must be re-opened and settled. The just demands of the Nonconformists must be met by relieving State-paid schools from all religious difficulties whatever. The abominable attempt to make Tibet tributary must be renounced. The control of South Africa must be taken from the Mining Rings and their subservient agents recalled. If the Tariff Problem is to be re-opened the entire Financial Problem must be reframed. The War Taxes must be repealed, an honest Land Tax and a graduated Income Tax substituted. The Labour Laws must be restored to the effect they had thirty years ago. Lastly, but not least, Dublin Castle must be carted away stone by stone and thrown into the Liffey of the past. A genuine Irish government must be restored to Ireland, whether or not in the form attempted by Mr. Gladstone.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM TO-DAY.

THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL'S VIEWS.

In the *Young Man* there is an editorial describing the position of Roman Catholicism to-day. Mr. Campbell does not share the alarmist views of Dr. Clifford and others as to the proselytising and insidious power of Catholicism. During his recent visit to Rome he was "agreeably disappointed" in the Pope; he felt "the glamour, the witchery, the majesty, the almost supernaturalness of Rome," without, however, divining the secret of its power over a mind like Newman's. He quotes some interesting opinions of Roman Catholics, in exceptional positions for judging, as to the present position of their Church in England. One such authority, asked whether the influence of the Roman Catholic Church was really increasing in England, replied:—

"I wish it were; but, so far as numbers are concerned, no such advance is observable. The leakage from the Church is about equal to our gains. I think we are not so much hated as we used to be, which is a kind of gain. But," he continued, "we are badly off for great preachers just now, and are likely to continue so."

"Why?" I inquired.

"Because," was the surprising response, "our method of training for the priesthood is so lamentably wrong. The men we get are very raw material indeed, not easily educable, and ill-acquainted with the movement of the modern mind; in fact, they are out of touch with civilisation. Our seminary system of training is a poor one; the men turned out from it are not really equal to the task of addressing themselves to men of the world."

"How about the Jesuits?" I asked.

"Oh, they are, as a rule, much abler," he replied; "but the influence of the Jesuits is enormously exaggerated. Other Orders are jealous of them, and there is not so much confidence reposed in their wisdom and statecraft as outsiders imagine."

THE literature of London has been enriched by an article on Charing Cross and Its Immediate Neighbourhood, which Mr. J. H. MacMichael has contributed to the January number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

REFORMING THE AMERICAN HOOLIGAN.

WRITING in *Social Tidskrift* (Nos. 10-12) on the beneficial influence on the nation of well-conducted juvenile clubs, Cecilia Milow, who has been studying the question in America, gives a description of the Boys' Club founded at Fall River by Thomas Chew, together with a pleasant photograph and short biographical sketch of its founder.

This club, which was founded for the typical Hooligan, was started quietly in 1890 with six lads, whom the good-hearted weaver, Thomas Chew, had invited to his own room, there to offer them pleasant amusements which should wean them from the influence of the streets. Soon other boys "clubbed" together and hired a larger room, which, in its turn, was exchanged for a little flat. The club now numbers 2,000 members. Only three persons devote the whole of their time to the work. These are Mr. Chew and two caretakers. Teachers of sloyd, printing, basketmaking, sketching, book-keeping, gymnastics, and swimming give lessons on certain evenings every week. Boys of all ages from eight to twenty are eligible, and the youngest are specially cared for, as their characters are more pliable and their habits not so inrooted.

THE WEAVER AND THE MILLIONAIRE.

The club has now a building of its own, given by the multi-millionaire Mr. Thomas Borden, who was born at Fall River, and is one of the largest employers there. Thomas Chew's parents were workers in his factory, and at the age of twelve Thomas, too, became an employé. While still a youth he joined the Y.M.C.A., and devoted the greater part of his leisure to a warm-hearted study of the Hooligan, and the solving of the knotty problem how best to get at him and, having got him, keep him. Mr. Borden silently followed his worker's ideas, his hopes and schemes, now and then encouraging him with gifts of books, magazines, and games. Finally, seeing how great a blessing to society Thomas Chew's club had become, he gave him a donation of about £27,000, with which to erect a building for his boys.

A BOYS' CLUB DE LUXE.

It is a stately pile, roomy within and containing every comfort—a large swimming-bath of clear, running water, with twenty douches and twenty dressing-rooms, fitted with hot and cold water, a spacious lecture-room with seats for 600, and a platform which is occasionally used for theatrical performances, a library containing 2,000 books, and a billiard-room with four tables, others for ping-pong, draughts, chess, etc. Cards are forbidden, as well as stakes of every kind.

On the floor above is the gymnasium with several classrooms. Here the senior members have grouped themselves into smaller clubs—the Jews into one of thirty-five members; the Irish into one of twenty. All, however, are members of the gymnasium club,

while those over fourteen belong to the rifle club. There is also a debating club as well as a choral and orchestral club. Mr. Chew and his family live in one part of the building. In the attic are a skittle-ground and a printing-shop; in the cellar a smithy and a laboratory. In connection with the club is a lending-library as well as a savings bank, the latter well patronised, as the newsboys, shoe-blacks, etc., earn goodly sums which, once interested in the bank, they gladly deposit.

SIDE-SHOWS—WINTER AND SUMMER.

Once a month there is an illustrated lecture on some popular subject, when the boys are permitted to invite their sisters, and music and games are indulged in in the gymnasium. During the winter there is a performance of some play, such as Longfellow's "Hiawatha," dramatised by a couple of members of the Y.M.C.A. Concerts are also given. The membership subscription is about one shilling per month, but every entertainment is also subscribed to by each boy, according to his finances.

The club has its own farming colony, whither boys requiring country air and physical care are sent for from eight to ten weeks, during which period they are taught farming. All the boys are interested in this colony, and the senior clubs often collect money in order to send some younger comrade there for the summer months, the Jewish boys being particularly considerate in this respect.

THE GIRLS NOT FORGOTTEN.

What Mr. Chew is doing for the Hooligan boy, Miss Mary Shove, a wealthy American lady, is doing heart and soul for the Hooligan girl. Miss Shove, who is described as a finely cultured lady of perhaps thirty years, tends her great family of factory girls as tenderly as a mother, teaching them domestic accomplishments, millinery, dressmaking, etc., and giving them ample recreation, such as music, dancing, singing, and gymnastic exercises. These factory girls, too, have their summer home away from the noise and bustle of the 2,700 busy looms that rattle in Fall River's biggest factory.

How Great Workers Work.

MR. HARRY FURNISS recalls and illustrates some great workers and their methods in the January *Windsor*. Victor Hugo used to think out his work lying on his back on a yacht at sea. Once thought out, he could write it off anywhere, even in a crowded room of chattering friends. Thackeray carried his manuscript about with him, and whenever he had a minute to spare would produce it and correct. Lord Lytton dressed for composition, and wrote in his splendid library, with two powdered footmen in attendance. Jules Verne works from five till eleven in the morning. As Shelley lay face downwards for hours at a stretch with a tankard of light wine by his side, writing poetry, so Doré draws lying on the ground, with the floor as his easel. The painter, Albert Moore, takes the same position.

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

KEIR HARDIE'S LESSON FROM OUR ANCESTORS.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for January contains a remarkable suggestion for the solution of the Unemployed Problem from the pen of Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P.

THE COMPULSORY PROVISION OF WORK.

"A Hint From the Past" is Mr. Hardie's sub-title. More than one old Act of Parliament, he shows, is still in force which make local authorities responsible, under penalty of a fine, for the finding of employment for all genuine unemployed within the limits of their jurisdiction. An Act of 1601 compels "the Churchwardens of every Parish and four, three, or two substantial householders" to meet regularly for the purpose of—

setting to work all such persons, married or unmarried, having no means to maintain them, and use no ordinary and daily trade of life to get their living by; and also to raise weekly or otherwise (by taxation of every inhabitant, parson, vicar, and other, and of every occupier of lands, houses, tithes impropriate, appropriations of tithes, coal mines, or saleable underwoods in the said parish, in such competent sum and sums of money as they shall think fit) a convenient stock of flax, hemp, wool, thread, iron, and other ware and stuff to set the poor on work.

An Act of 1819 orders Churchwardens and Overseers of the poor of such parish, . . . to purchase or to hire and take on lease, for and on account of the parish, any suitable portion or portions of land within or near to such parish, not exceeding twenty acres in the whole, and to employ and set to work in the cultivation of such land, on account of the parish, any such persons as by law they are directed to set to work, and to pay to such of the poor persons so employed as shall not be supported by the parish reasonable wages for their work; and the poor persons so employed shall have such and the like remedies for the recovery of their wages, and shall be subject to such and the like punishment for misbehaviour in their employment as other labourers in husbandry are by law entitled and subject to.

In 1831 the twenty acre limit was increased to fifty acres. All authorities agree that these Acts are still in force.

"COUNCILS OF LABOUR" NEEDED.

Mr. Hardie argues, therefore, that the law of England recognises the obligation of each district to provide employment for all its out-of-works, this obligation being quite distinct from that which compels them to support paupers. But he asks for the creation of new authorities to carry out the work, and suggests specially elected "Councils of Labour."

AFFORESTATION PROFITABLE.

What work would these Councils provide? Afforestation Mr. Hardie thinks the most profitable. The German forests maintain a population of 400,000, and yield the national Exchequer no less than £18,000,000 annually:—

Our new Councils of Industry, then, would be empowered to acquire land, compulsorily when necessary, and at its fair market price, to be used for any purpose necessary for setting the poor on work. Existing administrative authorities already have certain powers to acquire land for allotments, small holdings, cottages, which they may also build, and also powers to give technical instruction.

MR. MASTERMAN'S "LABOUR RESERVOIR."

Mr. C. F. G. Masterman has an important and suggestive article in the *Independent Review* upon this subject. It is more hopeful than most of those which deal with this pressing topic. He maintains that the perpetual recurrence of periods of unemployment is a problem which is not hopeless, but can be remedied if the civilisation of this country is taken in hand as a matter demanding the attention of the Government and the energy of the citizen. He recognises that for many decades to come a competitive system will advance in rhythmical expansions and contractions. At intervals of some nine years men will be thrown out of work whose services Society will need when trade improves. He advocates, therefore, the construction of some kind of labour reservoir for the preservation in times of scarcity of the labour value of those normally engaged in remunerative work.

MINISTER OF LABOUR NEEDED—

After describing what has been done in the past, and explaining the experiment that is to be tried this winter, he points out that there is great danger arising from the heterogeneous nature of the local Central Committees, and the absence of any strong controlling Executive Committee. Never was more manifest the need of a Minister and Department of Labour, whose creation should be the first work of the Government having at heart the welfare of the common people. He thinks there must be a national attempt to cure a national disease, and he would link on the problem of unemployment with the even more insistent problem of repatriation.

—AND LABOUR COLONIES.

The method he would follow would be that adopted by the Dutch Labour Colonies, especially in Frederiksoord. The initial expense of founding such colonies would be a rate combined with the Treasury grant. Land would be purchased suitable for small holdings at a reasonable price. On this land the Colonists would be placed who would break it up, make roads, sink wells, build homesteads, etc., with the object of supplying a variety of work for skilled and unskilled labour. It would be expanded in times of scarcity, and reduced to a minimum in times when trade was promising. This work Mr. Masterman thinks might ultimately become almost self-supporting. It would be negotiated in one session of Parliament, begun on a small scale or a large, and would represent a deliberate step forwards towards the creation of a civilisation in England.

The second part of his paper deals with what he describes as the draining of the abyss, or the abolition of the more degrading and degraded forms of poverty. He maintains that if the new energy of reform will but advance fearlessly through the hazardous days, we shall reach a time when to-day's accumulation of ugliness and pain will appear but some fantastic and disordered dream.

MUNICIPAL TRADING A DEAD LOSS.

MR. HOLT SCHOOLING'S INDICTMENT.

GRUESOME reading for the ratepayer is provided by Mr. John Holt Schooling in his *Windsor* article on Local Rates and Taxes. The paper is rather difficult to read, owing to the way in which tables of formidable statistics are interspersed amidst his own remarks. Certain totals may be reproduced. The total municipal expenditure for the year 1900-1 is over 110 millions. Seventeen millions were spent on loans repaid and interest on loans. The percentage of expenditure paid out of the loans to total expenditure has risen from 18 per cent. in 1884-5 to 24 per cent. in 1899-1900. The outstanding debt of local spending authorities has risen in twenty-five years, 1874-1900, from 92 millions to 293 millions; or from £389 per hundred of population to £917; or from £80 per £100 of the rateable value of property to £167. The local debt is now nearly half the National Debt.

"REPRODUCTIVE UNDERTAKINGS."

299 Corporations out of 317 are responsible for reproductive undertakings. The total capital invested was 121 millions, of which 117 millions were borrowed; and only 16 millions had been paid off in 1902:—

The excess of yearly income over yearly working expenses was 4·8 millions. Of this "balance," 4·2 millions were paid away in respect of borrowed capital, and 0·2 of a million was set apart for depreciation. This leaves a net profit of 0·4 of a million, or, more exactly, of £378,000 per annum upon a capital of £121,200,000.

Descending to detail, baths and washhouses are worked at a loss of £6 5s. 9d. per £100 of capital. The gasworks showed the highest profit, namely £1 12s. 10d. per cent. Tramways owned and worked by Corporations yielded a yearly profit of 19s. per cent., while those owned by Corporations but not worked by Corporations, yielded a yearly profit of £1 10s. 6d. per cent.; a fact which Mr. Schooling thinks points to other people understanding business better than the local spending authorities. All the reproductive undertakings were worked at a yearly alleged profit of 6s. 3d. per £100 of capital invested in them.

WRITTEN OFF FOR DEPRECIATION.

It is in the smallness of the amount written off for depreciation that Mr. Schooling finds the Achilles' heel of municipal trading. He exclaims upon the fact that "3s. 2½d. is the amount of depreciation annually put aside per £100 of capital, in respect of plant, machinery, etc., which cost £121,170,000." Mr. Schooling considers that a yearly allowance for depreciation of 5 per cent. on the capital invested is a most moderate estimate. Rectifying municipal accounts by this standard, Mr. Schooling arrives at the following totals:—

Capital invested, £121,170,000; 5 per cent. on this for yearly depreciation is £6,058,500; yearly allowance for depreciation by Corporation is £193,274; extra for depreciation which should

be set aside yearly is £5,865,226; deduct net profit stated by Corporation, which now vanishes, £378,281; making the net loss yearly upon the 1,029 "reproductive undertakings," £5,486,945.

So that, instead of a nominal profit of £378,281, we have a net yearly loss of £4 10s. 7d. per cent. per annum on these 1,029 reproductive undertakings in England and Wales, excluding London. He combats the notion that the sinking-fund principle will provide for depreciation. He says that it provides for the paying off of the particular liability to which it relates, but it does not provide for the loss by depreciation of plant. Asked what is the remedy, Mr. Schooling frankly replies, "I do not know." Mr. Schooling's article is one to be pondered by all advocates of municipal trading.

OUR LOCAL INDEBTEDNESS.

In the *Contemporary Review* Sir Robert Giffen sounds a note of warning against the vast increase of local expenditure which has taken place during the last forty years, and must now, he thinks, be stayed. Imperial expenditure has increased from £70,000,000 to £140,000,000, and this, Sir Robert thinks, is not unduly great. But the local expenditure, which in the sixties was only £36,000,000 for the whole United Kingdom, had grown in 1901-2 to £144,000,000. In the same year the total of local indebtedness had risen to £407,000,000, equal to half the National Debt. Sir Robert admits that local expenditure is to a great extent an index of civilisation, and not, as is often national expenditure, an index of waste; but he thinks that the time has come to put a stop to wholesale borrowings.

Taking the question as a whole, our expenditure, imperial and local, has increased as follows:—

	FORTY YEARS AGO.	PRESENT TIME.
Imperial	£70,000,000	£140,000,000
Local	36,000,000	144,000,000
Total ...	£106,000,000	£284,000,000

This shows an increase of rather more than 2½ times in the forty years; and the excess over an increase to double the amount of forty years ago, which would have been bearable enough, looking to the growth of population and wealth in the interval, appears to measure roughly the degree to which we have been outrunning the constable, putting imperial and local finance together. Double the amount of forty years ago would be about £212,000,000, and the excess of the actual expenditure over this sum is no less than £70,000,000, or one-fourth of the total expenditure, imperial and local together.

In the *Sunday Magazine* some interesting details of Bishop Westcott, of Durham, are recorded, some of which have a special bearing on the recent case of the Bishop of London and his expenditure of his income. Bishop Westcott, it is said—

in deference to his position as Bishop of Durham, felt compelled to keep a carriage, and had to travel first-class on the railways. But he strongly rebelled against both, and always if possible insisted on giving rides in his carriage to miners or sick men. During the great coal strike, in which he at last successfully intervened, he refused through the cold frost to have any fire in his study because so many women and children were starving.

THE FUTURE OF PUBLIC-HOUSE TRUSTS.

WRITING in the *National Review* on "Constructive Temperance Reform," the Earl of Lytton sums up the Public-House Trust movement thus :—

On the whole, the prospects of the Trust companies obtaining a large proportion of new licences may be considered favourable. Their policy is clearly in accordance with the spirit of Section 4 of the new Act, and should entitle them to favourable consideration at the hands of the authorities. On the other hand, their prospect of obtaining existing licences is only slightly improved by the Act. No machinery has been established for the extinction of the present system, and except where their number is excessive and liable to reduction with compensation, existing licences have been established more firmly than ever.

The only help which the Trust receives from the Act in respect of acquiring existing licences is to be found in the words of sub-section 4 of section 3, which allow the compensation fund to be augmented from "other sources" than the charges on licences. Under this section it would be possible for a Trust company to appear before a licensing bench and ask on public grounds that a licence at present granted to the trade should be transferred to themselves on payment by them of the necessary compensation.

On the second reading of the Bill in the House of Lords, Lord Grey held that by this means, if the sanction of the licensing Justices could be obtained, many houses would be transferred from the trade to the Trust, and his opinion was supported by Lord Salisbury and other members of the Government. To carry out this process on any considerable scale would require much larger funds than are at present at the disposal of the Trust, and as its surplus profits will in future be allocated to the relief of the rates, it seems hardly possible that any extensive use will be made of this method. At the same time, it may be found extremely useful in certain cases, where, for instance, the possession of the few existing trade houses would give the Trust a monopoly in a particular village or town.

It has often been asserted that a Trust house can do no good so long as it is in competition with the trade. This is not true, for in almost every case the introduction of a single Trust house into a district hitherto served only by tied houses has had the effect of raising the standard in the latter with regard both to the quality of the liquor sold and to the general conduct of the business. It is, however, undeniable that the Trust experiment could be carried out with greater thoroughness and effect in a district in which all the houses were under Trust management, and the only way in which this can be accomplished is to make use of the opportunity afforded by sub-section 4 of section 3 of the Act.

In the same Review Colonel H. J. Crawford thus sums up the Trust experiment :—

It must be admitted that the experiment at this stage is an incomplete one; the reason being that it has not yet been possible to apply disinterested management on a large enough scale to be convincing. In the surroundings in which most of the Trust houses find themselves it is impossible fully to test their system of management in its effect on drinking, because when a man is refused drink at a Trust house he is able, in nine cases out of ten, to get what he wants by going to the tied house a few hundred yards along the road. In this way the tied houses everywhere undo most of the good effected by Trust management. Nevertheless, good is being done, and we believe any candid person who looks into the reports will admit it.

"THE BIBLE HANDBOOK," Dr. Green's revised and partly re-written edition of Dr. Angus's well-known work, would be a good New Year's present for theological students (R.T.S. 832 pp. 6s. net). It is a very elaborate introduction to the study of the Holy Scripture, Dr. Angus's original work "being freely dealt with."

THE DIET OF THE FUTURE.

NO MEAT, NO TEA, NO SPIRITS.

THE Hon. Neville Lytton contributes to the *National Review* an article entitled "The Coming Revolution in Diet," which is of paramount interest to every man who cares for his health.

THE NORM OF HEALTHY DIET.

The keynote is the discovery of Dr. Haig that most diseases are the result of the excessive formation of uric acid, and the moral that all uric-acid forming foods should be abstained from :—

There are about fifty per cent. of English well-to-do classes whose health is below moderate, and many of these would give anything that would give relief to their sufferings.

One of the first dangers of changing a diet that one has been brought up on is underfeeding. To give roughly an idea of how much nourishment should be taken in a day, I will quote from Dr. Haig's table: "A man or woman leading an active life and weighing about ten stone would have to consume 17oz. of bread, two pints of milk, 1oz. of cheese, 2oz. of rice, 12oz. of vegetables and fruit."

In case this division of food-stuffs does not suit particular individuals, it may be as well to mention that half a pint of milk, four ounces of bread, and one ounce of cheese are all, roughly speaking, equal in nourishing value. Thus, if desired, more bread and less milk can be taken, or more milk and less bread, or more cheese and less milk and bread, etc. Nuts are twice as nourishing as bread.

Nearly all the men that I have known who have adopted Dr. Haig's diet have easily been able to eat the quantity prescribed, but most of the women seem to have much less good appetites. For those whose appetite is poor, and who cannot live out of doors enough to get a good one, the white of one egg can be substituted for every two ounces of bread short of the prescribed allowance. Cereals such as rice, sago, vermicelli, and macaroni, if they are served dry and not cooked liquid, are equal by weight to bread in nourishment. Bread and other cereals should be very carefully chewed, and not eaten like meat. Tea, coffee, chocolate and cocoa must be avoided, as they contain xanthin, which is converted into uric acid by the physiology of the body. There are certain other vegetable substances which contain xanthin. These are peas, beans, peanuts, lentils, asparagus, mushrooms, and the coarser kinds of oatmeal. If one counts milk as a food, water remains as the only really satisfactory drink. Nearly all mineral waters are acid, and must therefore be avoided; but there are certain exceptions, such as Vichy or Ems water. These are solvents of uric acid (whereas the acid waters are precipitants) and are useful when one is travelling and cannot depend on ordinary water.

The retention of uric acid, which results from cold, is one cause of the prevalence of spring illnesses. The wearing of scanty clothing is a great mistake.

EXPERIMENTS IN PSYCHOMETRY.—When I published Miss Ross's remarkable psychometric delineation of Mr. Lloyd-George's character from a lock of his hair, I inadvertently omitted the address of the psychometrist. Anyone who cares to make a quasi-scientific experiment, by sending 2s. 6d. or 5s. to Miss Ross, 41, High Street, Smethwick, Birmingham, to pay her for the time employed in writing down briefly or at more length the impressions which rise in her mind when she holds in her hand a lock of hair, a scrap of writing, or any other article which may be imbued with the personality of the sender, will receive in due course a written delineation of their character the accuracy of which will surprise them.

LONDON, OLD AND NEW.

By JOHN BURNS, M.P.

SUCH is the title of a strong, fresh article by Mr. John Burns, in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for January, dealing with the changes constantly taking place, chiefly in the name of improvements, in the Metropolis. Speaking of the Strand district, Mr. Burns says :—

Time and the unfolding of its work will prove that the County Council has tried to give artistic expression and architectural harmony to a district which, through past neglect, personal greed, civic niggardliness, and state indifference, had become an area of squalid tenements, foetid slums, boozy taverns, shabby playhouses, and vulgar shops in slatternly streets.

It is occasionally good for Londoners to be reminded of what manner of place they live in. Hear Mr. Burns :—

The Strand has alternately possessed the prison of kings, the palaces of dukes, the promenade for poets, the rendezvous of wits, players, rebels and beauties. Here the great, the glorious and the good have lodged, strolled or played their part, had their entrances and their exits, fascinated, instructed and amused the generations that began by adoring their favourites and ended by starving or beheading them.

"MY YOUTHFUL DREAM."

Opposite the Gaiety, near by where Nell Gwynne in olden days bewitched the ancient Cavaliers, close by where Nellie Farren charmed the modern gallants, grim Puritan Cromwell's body lay in sombre state at Somerset House. Close by Inigo Jones died, the illustrious Froissart, the gentle Chaucer, the wise Wycliffe wrote their chronicles, corrected their sermons, or penned their missals and obeyed the Muse.

It was my youthful dream as a London apprentice, and later as one of its ædiles, to try to revert to the ideal Strand, and from Northumberland Avenue to Somerset House have a 150-foot Strand, with nothing between the north side and the Embankment; terrace gardens in three tiers dropping to the river, with Somerset House and Waterloo Bridge on the eastern side, and on its west the eastern side of Northumberland Avenue. But it was only a dream, that fifty years ago could have been realised for no greater cost than is now being expended on the Holborn-to-Strand Improvement.

THE STRAND IMPROVEMENTS.

Speaking of the modern Strand improvements, Mr. Burns regrets the disappearance of Clifford's Inn, though, for that, the County Council have no responsibility; the new Savoy, he thinks, would have been handsomer if built entirely of natural stone, and the same may be said of the Cecil. But, he regretfully says, "over these buildings the London County Council have no power or control whatever" :—

Taking the whole scheme of the Strand Improvement, it is going to be artistically as good a scheme as physically it will be a benefit to vehicular and pedestrian traffic and subterranean tramway traction.

But there is a danger ahead, serious, ugly, deforming, monstrous. It has been suggested, fortunately by journals that have little influence and less soul, that an elevated railway should be erected in the centre of Kingsway or over the two pavements on either side—some vagrant, sprawling, iron Behemoth, dragging in red oxide colour its tawdry and ugly length along.

But London will never tolerate this, the most recent but least decent of transatlantic innovations.

HOW BEST TO BEAUTIFY LONDON.

The architectural beauty and harmony of London, he remarks, depend at present almost entirely on

individual taste, the vagaries of ground landlords, and the capacity of architects, and of these three Mr. Burns thinks the architects deserve least blame. And one of the greatest safeguards for the beautifying of London would be, he thinks, more power to the L.C.C.'s elbow :—

The Council, for historical, artistic and educational reasons, should be vested with power not only to determine line and height, but to select or suggest material for its buildings, and above all to deal with contumacious Philistines who, disregarding what time, spirit, and tradition have evolved, should violate the artistic *milieu* and outrage neighbourly amenities.

No one is likely to dispute his statement that "what London badly needs is more power to put down or regulate street advertisements." Add to this, unrestricted power to the L.C.C. to improve and substitute electrical for horse traction, and Mr. Burns would be satisfied—for the time.

HOW TO BUILD A CHEAP BUNGALOW.

"HOME COUNTIES," in the *World's Work*, writes an article on this subject full of practical details and actual estimates, which will be of the greatest interest and use to anyone contemplating building a bungalow. Architects will design bungalows at 400 guineas (verandah, six rooms, and offices); and 600 guineas and 700 guineas, the latter containing a hall, four bedrooms, and a balcony. But, in practice, "Home Counties" thinks and proves that it can be done for much less. Portable cottages he does not much advise. If the builder of a bungalow wishes to change his holiday home, he will probably find it better to sell outright. And he cautions us against that worst of "pigs in a poke," the second-hand bungalow, which will cost in repairs, etc., more than a new article.

Among the instances of bungalows quoted, with full details, are an iron bungalow (corrugated iron and wood), built for Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, for £380; one at 200 guineas, in iron also, economy effected by careful standardisation of sizes, containing three bedrooms, kitchen, scullery, larder, and common room, with verandah and offices; a wooden bungalow for £380; a pretty £100 week-end cottage; a £210 bungalow, like an ordinary colonial workman's house; and a charming £400 bungalow, actually existing in Surrey. The full and exact details can hardly be summarised, and are incomplete without the numerous plans and illustrations, and for them the reader must be referred to the original article.

THERE are two articles on musicians in the January *Fortnightly*, but Mr. Edward Dickey's article on Sir Arthur Sullivan consists of personal recollections only. The study of Rubinstein, by A. E. Keeton, is very interesting. It deals with Rubinstein's character and Rubinstein's work, and shows how his character, with its strange mingling of prominent virtues and glaring failings, made of him at once a colossal failure and a gigantic success. It was by his pianistic prowess, before all else, that he made a name to conjure with.

THE STATE AND THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

BY MR. H. W. MASSINGHAM.

THE *Independent Review* publishes an article on the struggle between the Republic and the Church that is raging across the Channel. Mr. Massingham spent some months in France this autumn, making a careful study at first hand of the great controversy which divides the Republic. In this article we are glad to have a statement of the case by an observer so intelligent, so keen, and so well informed. At the same time there is to a certain extent a disappointment. Mr. Massingham, although writing as lucidly as ever, does not present the conclusions at which he has arrived with the same grasp and emphatic precision which often make his political dicta remind us of the decisions of a Papal Conclave. The subject is possibly too vast, and he has swallowed probably a greater mass of information than he has had time adequately to digest. So the net impression of the article is somewhat confusing. What stands out clearly is that Mr. Massingham is deeply impressed with the fact that the controversy between Church and Republic is the dominating factor in French history; that the Dreyfus case was merely a by-product, as it were, of this age-long strife, and that the force of opinion is inevitably tending to eliminate Gallicanism, and leave an authoritative Republic face to face with an absolutely Jesuitised Roman Church.

The chief ecclesiastical event of the nineteenth century, says Mr. Massingham, has surely been the restoration of the Company of Jesus, which has made the Pope a miraculous idol, the strings of which they pull. Those, however, who are interested in French politics and in the great problem of the relation between the Church and State must go to the *Independent Review*. I cannot, however, resist the temptation of quoting two passages. The first, which describes how the State has boldly entered the arena of popular favour with the Church, and now competes with the Church as an instrument of human service, is as follows:—

THE STATE'S BID FOR POPULAR FAVOUR.

As against her imposing mysteries, her claim to link the little life of man with the invisible world of faith, the secular power can, indeed, offer nothing. But against the great scenic and emotional attractions of her ritual it sets its historic processions and exhibitions, fills the streets and squares with statues of its heroes, philosophers and politicians, disputes with Rome the glories and memories of the past. In proportion as the Church, wrapping her imperial robes around her, grows self-centred, cold at heart, the State becomes more human, more compassionate. While the Church, in sharp contrast with the primitive Christian tendency to despise the army and to refuse to serve in it, allies herself with militarism, and even, through the mouth of Père Didon, calls on the army, *i.e.*, on Catholic officers, to draw the sword upon the State, the Republic, under Radical and Socialist influences, grows more and more peaceful, reduces the period of military service and ameliorates discipline, practises arbitration, even seeks to soften the quarrel with Germany, and strengthens its ties of amity with the freer or non-Catholic countries of Western Europe. To the manual labourers it offers liberty of combination, provides a home for their trade unions, and subscribes to their out-

work funds; proposes a shorter working day for its own employes and for special trades like miners and railway workers; promises the protection of the State for the sick, the young, and the weak, and maintenance for the aged.

As religion becomes more fashionable, more agreeable to the *bourgeois*, the State, in its turn, founds itself more on the suffrage of the workmen. Socialism, banned by three Popes in succession in the chief Encyclicals of the last century, declines as an economic dogma, but develops as a moral and constitutional force. Like the Church, its religious appeal is social rather than individual; it aims at a renovated community, purged of its grosser elements. Therefore, it becomes a formidable rival to the exclusive ethical claims of Catholicism. It challenges the Church to present herself as the one refuge from the egotism of modern life, the wings by which alone man can raise himself to the skies. A type of secular Christian doctrine begins to emerge: the first humble home of a new household of faith.

THE EFFECT OF M. COMBES' POLICY.

The other passage is that in which Mr. Massingham explains the position in which the Church will be left if M. Combes has his way:—

M. Combes leaves the question of actual property unsettled. He simply lets out all the Churches on a system of ten-year leases, at a maximum rent of one-tenth of their revenues, leaving this function, and also the division of the ecclesiastical goods among the religious associations, in the hands of the central Government and its agents, the *préfets*.

The Church, in a word, will be retained, not as a State religion, but as a department of police. The accounts of the new societies will be subject to State inspection; and their reserves will not be allowed to pass a certain limit. The Associations themselves will not be allowed to organise themselves on national lines; the largest unit must be the Department. The only religious procession to be allowed in the streets will be a funeral. Heavy penalties are attached to ministers of religion who, in the pulpit or elsewhere, coerce individuals, or "outrage or defame a member of the Government or the Chamber," or provoke the citizens to resist the laws, to revolt, to sedition, to civil war. The Budget of Public Worship, under which the Roman Church gets about £1,600,000 a year, is suppressed; but a scale of pensions is substituted.

Clearly this measure comes nowhere near to realising Cavour's formula of a Free Church in a Free State.

Mr. Massingham concludes an article which should be read by everyone who wants to see the French problem stated by a keen political English observer, with a suggestion that the French Republic might do well if it were to adopt what looks the most dangerous solution of all—namely, to leave the Church alone; leave her to find in poverty and freedom the grace she has lost in her insensate struggle for power.

SWINBURNE'S latest volume inspires A. Agristi to contribute some charming personal reminiscences of the poet to *L'Italia Moderna*.

AN article on Goethe and the Weimar Theatre, by J. Höffner, appears in the December number of *Velhagen*. Goethe was director of the theatre for twenty-six years. Interesting portraits of the chief actors and actresses are included.

THE Polish art review, *Sztuka*, has just issued an interesting Chopin number. It includes a number of illustrations, suggested by Chopin's music, by many well-known artists. The editor is Antoni Potocki, 72, Rue de Seine, Paris.

HORSEFLESH AS FOOD.

I.—IN GERMANY.

THE Berlin and Paris correspondents of the *World's Work* contribute to the January number two interesting, if rather alarming, articles on "'Protected' Workers and Horseflesh," first in Germany, then in France. As the consumption of beef and that of soap have been considered unerring proofs of a nation's civilisation, so the Berlin correspondent considers that of horseflesh an unerring indication of the number of the submerged proletariat. Horseflesh in protected Germany is "a recognised item in the nation's food supply." "There are thousands of Germans who rarely indulge in any other flesh food, not because they like it particularly, but because they are driven to use it by stern necessity."

In one well-known Berlin street there is an authorised police and veterinary-inspected horse-slaughter place. The following figures are interesting. Berlin:—Number of horses slaughtered for food: 1894, 7,627; 1900, 10,185; 1903, 12,000 (nearly); 1904, 13,000 (nearly—probable estimate). In other words, Berlin this year will consume 3,220,000 pounds of horseflesh. There are sixty-four meat shops in Berlin where—ostensibly and quite openly—nothing is sold but horseflesh.

And in other parts of Germany the correspondent thinks the consumption of horseflesh is greater, not less. In Breslau (Silesia) a fairly prosperous town, the consumption of it is nearly double that in Berlin, and in parts of Saxony about three times as great. The best cuts of horse-meat sell in Berlin for 4d. to 4½d. a pound, the poorest for 1½d. to 2d.

And yet more dreadful, the correspondent continues: "I have been asked, Is dogs' flesh used in Germany as human food? I am afraid I must reply that it is. I have no definite statistics, but I have been told by a competent authority that last year's report of the slaughter-houses of the large Saxon town of Chemnitz mentioned that some hundreds of dogs had been slaughtered there and elsewhere for food for the very poor, and that he was quite certain the practice prevailed in other destitute areas of the Empire."

II.—IN FRANCE.

Most visitors to Paris who have sampled all kinds of restaurants have probably concluded that the *rosbif* was occasionally none other than old horse. Therein they were probably not mistaken, as appears from the Paris correspondent of the *World's Work*, who tells us that "forty thousand horses" represent the annual consumption of horseflesh by Parisians. Two hundred butchers in "*la banlieue*" deal exclusively in this meat, the consumption of which has largely increased during the last ten years, partly, the writer thinks, because doctors have begun recommending it for invalids, and especially for tuberculous children. Horse-meat juice is considered more nutritious than that of beef or mutton. There is already a large horse *abattoir* in the Gobelins quarter,

and another being built in Vaugirard. Stricter precautions are taken than in the case of sheep or oxen, the temptation of the peasants to use up old and unhealthy beasts being so great:—

The Government have taken the slaughtering of horses for food under their especial care. The *octroi*, which amounts to as much as twelve francs a hundred kilos (2 cwts.) in the case of cattle, is remitted in favour of the horse, which passes in free.

Certain districts in France, particularly in the Department of the Nord—famous for its breeding farms—are almost denuded of horses, so great is the demand of Paris and some of the large provincial towns. From time to time one hears complaints of the lack of animals for farm work because the prices ruling at certain times of the year make it more profitable for the peasant to sell Rosinante than to keep him for the plough.

The number of horses killed per month varies from nearly 1,300 to less than 1,000. It is interesting to note that good blood, in the case of a "table" horse, only tells in so far as a pure-bred horse has less fat and more lean than a badly-bred one. White horses have a serious drawback, because their flesh contains black formations, which have to be carefully cut away. Butchers always prefer town-bred horses, because of the greater whiteness of the flesh, consequent on the being oat-fed.

Why is horseflesh so popular in Paris? Chiefly because it is cheap—half the price of beef or mutton. A working man can buy a livre of it (1lb. 10z. 10½dr) for 5d.

THE GARDEN CITY OF HITCHIN.

THOSE whom the Garden City experiment has interested will be glad to know, from a paper in the *World's Work*, by S. L. Bastin, that the movement is making excellent progress:—

At the moment of writing over two miles of road have been laid and sewered; and more striking still, in two months' time quite forty houses will have been completed. It must be borne in mind that all these erections are being put up by outside people, as the Company does not undertake the building of dwelling-houses on its own account. Even at this dull season plots are letting briskly, and the demand for houses to rent is little short of amazing. During last summer, when there were hardly any houses finished, no fewer than two hundred applications from would-be tenants were presented at the local office.

And this despite various drawbacks, awkward situations as regards postal conveniences, road communication, shops, and water-supply. Within the last few months four or five firms have fixed upon sites, among them being a well-known house of printers and a prominent geyser manufacturer. Every road had to be planted with trees, and one just finished has accordingly been lined with acacias:—

It is proposed to screen the factories and the railway behind plantations of tall trees. Tenants will not be allowed to erect walls or fences except those of a temporary nature, as leaseholders will be required to plant hedges to mark off their property line. This method, it is felt, will add much to the pleasing aspect of the town as a whole.

Not even the smallest houses will be allowed less than a tenth of an acre garden land, and yet it is hoped that quite soon rates may be abolished—a prediction which the writer of the article quite thinks may be realised.

THE MODERN UTOPIA.

MR. H. G. WELLS continues his "Modern Utopia" in the January *Fortnightly*. He is still somewhat vague.

ANIMAL CLOTHES, VEGETABLE FOOD.

How Utopians would feed and dress is shown in the following paragraph, which describes a meeting with one of them :—

He was particularly severe on our artificial hoofs, as he called our boots, and our hats or hair destructors. "Man is the real King of Beasts and should wear a mane. The lion only wears it by consent and in captivity." He tossed his head. Subsequently while we lunched and he waited for the specific natural dishes he ordered—they taxed the culinary resources of the inn to the utmost—he broached a comprehensive generalisation. "The animal kingdom and the vegetable kingdom are easily distinguished, and for the life of me I see no reason for confusing them. It is, I hold, a sin against Nature. I keep them distinct in my mind and I keep them distinct in my person. No animal substance inside, no vegetable without—what could be simpler or more logical? Nothing upon me but leather and all-wool garments; within, cereals, fruit, nuts, herbs and the like. Classification—order—man's function. He is here to observe and accentuate Nature's simplicity."

UTOPIA'S HOUSING PROBLEM.

Utopia would deal drastically with its social question :—

Any house, unless it be a public monument, that does not come up to its rising standard of healthiness and convenience, the Utopian State will incontinently pull down, and pile the material and charge the owner for the labour; any house unduly crowded or dirty, it must in some effectual manner, directly or indirectly, confiscate and clear and clean. And any citizen indecently dressed, or ragged and dirty, or publicly unhealthy, or sleeping abroad homeless, or in any way neglected or derelict, must come under its care. It will find him work if he can and will work, it will take him to it, it will register him and lend him the money wherewith to lead a comely life until work can be found or made for him, and it will give him credit and shelter him and strengthen him if he is ill. In default of private enterprises it will provide inns for him and food, and it will—by itself acting as the reserve employer—maintain a minimum wage which will cover the cost of a decent life.

EXILE ISLANDS FOR CRIMINALS.

Drunkards and criminals will be got rid of, and allowed to work out their own destinies on remote islands :—

No men are quite wise enough, good enough, and cheap enough to staff jails as a jail ought to be staffed. Perhaps islands will be chosen—lands lying apart from the highways of the sea—and to these the State will send its exiles, most of them thanking Heaven, no doubt, to be quit of a world of prigs. The State will, of course, secure itself against any children from these people, that is the primary object in their seclusion, and perhaps it may even be necessary to make these island prisons a system of island monasteries and island nunneries.

A MALTHUSIAN STATE.

Utopia must control the increase of its population :—

One may insist that Utopia will control the increase of its population. Without the determination and ability to limit that increase as well as to stimulate it whenever it is necessary, no Utopia is possible. That was clearly demonstrated by Malthus for all time.

The State will be responsible for the training of children. But it "will kill all deformed and monstrous and evilly diseased births."

MEMORIAL PLANT-NAMES.

MR. G. CLARKE NUTTALL contributes a charming little article on the subject of Plant-Names to the January number of the *Leisure Hour*. A plant-name is, as the writer says, a durable memorial to the flower-lover or botanist who has introduced a new plant to us, while it is interesting for us to learn how many of the old favourite flowers came by their names.

The fuchsia, he tells us, was called after Leonard Fuchs, not because he introduced it to Europe, but because the botanist to whom it was sent in 1700 thought it would be a good way to immortalise the name of Fuchs, the learned German herbalist, who flourished early in the sixteenth century. Fuchs thought the flower of the foxglove resembled a thimble, and gave it its Latin name of digitalis.

The lobelia was called after Matthias de L'Obel; the matthiola, or stock, was named after Peter Matthioli; and lonicera, or honeysuckle, took its name from Adam Loncier. The name nicotiana, or tobacco plant, we owe to Jean Nicot, not because he was an Ambassador from France to Portugal in the sixteenth century, but because some seeds of the new plant, which came from Florida, had been given to him, and he sent them home to France.

There were three notable gardeners called John Tradescant—father, son and grandson—and all three are buried in Lambeth churchyard. They gave us the tulip-tree, or Tradescant's Ark, and the tradescantias, or spiderworts.

Michael Begon's name has been given to the begonia, and the magnolia commemorates his contemporary Pierre Magnol. Both were enthusiastic promoters of botany in the seventeenth century. George Camellus, who travelled in Asia and wrote about the plants he found, is remembered by the camellia. Listera, the botanical name of a wood orchid, is the namesake of Dr. Martin Lister.

Linnaeus has immortalised Professor Rudbeck in the purple cone-flower rudbeckia, and Dr. Andrew Dahl in the dahlia. The wistaria is a name-tribute to Caspar Wistar, and gardenia honours the name of Dr. Garden.

ALGIERS AS A WINTER PLAYGROUND.

IN the *Woman at Home* for January "Ignota" has an article on Algiers as a winter playground. The writer says :—

The season is a long one, lasting from November to June, and those who have had the good fortune of witnessing the miracle of an Algerian spring will never forget its wonders—the serried masses of narcissi mingling and contrasting with the purple iris, while the wild hyacinths and the strangely coloured African cyclamen rival each other in fragrant loveliness. Every garden flower sold in the flower markets which add so great a charm to even the humblest of Riviera towns is here seen in more wonderful profusion and beauty; and one of the great sights of the place is the plantations of huge milky-white roses from which are made the attar of roses, which is the foundation of every perfume.

As regards amusements, Algiers lags behind the Continental resorts, but it is rich in interesting excursions. Several of these are described in the article.

DAY BY DAY.

A CHRONOLOGICAL DIARY OF THE EVENTS OF THE WORLD.

January 8.—A bogus war scare is started in Germany ... The team of the Australian Eleven is selected ... An accident happens to Lord Fitzwilliam's treasure hunting party in the Cocos Islands, and the "Veronique" returns to England ... The Paris Council re-names the Pout des Invalides after King Edward in honour of the *entente cordiale* between England and France.

January 9.—A New South Wales loan of £2,000,000, at 4 per cent., at £99 10s., ten years' currency, is underwritten at 1 per cent. ... The United States Senate declines to ratify the Arbitration Treaties made by President Roosevelt with England, France, Germany, Italy and Portugal.

January 10.—The death of Louise Michel, the famous French revolutionary and authoress, at the age of 74 years, is announced ... The Rand gold yield for 1904 is stated to be £16,000,000 ... Lord Milner, speaking at Johannesburg, discusses the Franchise question ... An opponent of the Combes Ministry is elected President of the French Chamber of Deputies ... A loan of £6,000,000, to raise funds to enable Irish tenants to purchase their holdings, is successfully floated ... A fracas occurs between monks of the Latin and Greek Churches at Bethlehem.

January 11.—The dredger "Texas" founders in the Bay of Biscay; 21 hands are drowned ... The steamer "Carapanama" founders in the Irish Sea; 12 of the crew are drowned ... The British exploration mission arrives at Simla from Tibet ... The British Admiralty decides to replace 12 cwt. 12-pounder guns with 18 cwt. 12-pounders.

January 12.—A run takes place upon the State Bank of New York ... The Pacific Cable Conference is postponed to May.

January 13.—Japan's exports are reported to have increased 10 per cent. during the year, and the imports 17 per cent. ... The Grand Duke Serge resigns the Governor-Generalship of Moscow ... Mr. Austen Chamberlain declines to modify the sugar tax ... Sir Thos. Lipton's Glasgow store is burned; loss £30,000.

January 14.—The United Empire Loyalists' League in Canada urges the Dominion Government to contribute a battleship to the Imperial Navy every five years ... A week of record heat in Australia closes.

January 15.—General Trepoff is fired at by a student while escorting the Grand Duke Serge to the Moscow station, but is unharmed.

January 16.—A great State Conference on Water Conservation and Irrigation opens in Sydney ... The death of Prince Karl Alexander of Lippe-Detmold, at the age of 74 years, is announced ... The war of Atlantic passenger rates ends ... Earl Cairns dies at Cannes, in his 32nd year ... An unsuccessful attempt is made by an Anarchist to destroy by explosives the statue of Frederick the Great in Washington.

January 17.—A terrible blizzard in the United Kingdom and on the Continent causes much disaster on land and sea ... The Imperial Government withdraws white troops from West Indian garrisons.

January 18.—The Orient Company's second offer, to carry the Australian mails under contract for £140,000 instead of £150,000, the first offer, is rejected by the Federal Government ... 250,000 miners are affected by a strike in Westphalia, Germany ... The Combes Ministry, in France, having lost the support of the Chamber, resigns.

January 19.—The Canadian Government intimates that it is willing to vote a subsidy of £10,000 a year for a mail service if New Zealand is made a port of call ... The Combes Ministry closes 466 additional religious establishments ... Difficulties between the United States and Venezuela are to be settled by arbitration ... The Cobden Club protests to the Commonwealth Government against taxed advertisements ... A saluting gun fires case shot at the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg ... The Russian strike is extending ... An express train dashes into a stationary one in Yorkshire; six persons are killed outright, and several badly injured.

January 20.—President Loubet summons M. Rouvier to form a Ministry; he succeeds in his task ... The King of Sweden is seriously ill.

January 22.—A terrible revolutionary outbreak takes place in St. Petersburg; soldiers fire on crowds of strikers; over 4000 people are killed ... The Admiralty works at Sebastopol are ablaze.

January 23.—The British Admiralty announces its intentions of carrying out world-wide manœuvres during the year.

January 24.—Mr. Rider Haggard is sent by the British Government to report upon the Salvation Army agricultural settlements in the United States ... The deposed Dalai Lama gives audience to a Russian official; he may visit St. Petersburg.

January 25.—Welsh revivalists claim 70,000 converts to date ... The Ameer of Afghanistan asks for a strip of land for a railway to a seaport, and that the Indian railway and telegraph lines be not carried across the Afghan frontier.

January 26.—A great fire in Wellington, N.Z., destroys £100,000 worth of property ... The disturbances in St. Petersburg are quelled ... The Hungarian Government is defeated at the polls ... The Franco-Russian alliance is denounced by a section of the French Chamber of Deputies.

January 27.—San Domingo is in a state of insurrection.

January 29.—A diamond weighing 3000 carats is found near Johannesburg ... At a Boer meeting in Pretoria, a demand is made for complete autonomy.

January 30.—Germany concludes important commercial treaties with Austria-Hungary, Russia, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, Roumania and Servia.

January 31.—The Princess Victoria undergoes a successful operation for appendicitis ... A mammoth American Railway Combine, with a capital of £1,400,000,000, is projected ... The Marquis of Linlithgow accepts the position of Secretary for Scotland ... The Kaiser urges German troops to imitate the Russian troops in the event of a popular rising in Germany ... The huge diamond found near Johannesburg is insured for £500,000, to cover the risk of its conveyance to England ... The appeal of H. J. Lawson, the company promoter, against his sentence of twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour, is dismissed ... The Supreme Court of the United States decides that the Beef Trust is an illegal combination and restraint to trade ... A disastrous fire at Bloemfontein destroys three military stores. The loss is estimated at £250,000.

February 1.—A Bill to limit the entry into the United States of persons from any one country in one year to 80,000 is reported favourably upon by a committee of the House ... The third-class cruiser "Pegasus" is announced to start for Australia shortly to relieve the "Mutine." ... Earl Roberts endeavours to raise funds to perpetuate the memory of the late Sir Henry Norman ... Three engines are derailed and broken in two railway accidents in Victoria ... Count Tirza, the Hungarian Premier, resigns ... Johann Hoch, of Chicago, is charged with having had over twenty wives, and with murdering numbers of them ... Mr. St. John Broderick modifies the terms of the Tibetan Treaty, and remits a portion of the indemnity to be paid by Tibet; India protests against being saddled with the entire costs of the recent mission.

February 2.—The Czar grants an audience to 34 strike leaders ... A train collides with a sleigh in New York State, kills seven women outright and fatally injures four ... Count Tolstoi deprecates a popular revolt ... Sir John B. Barnes is appointed President of the Probate Divorce and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice, in place of Sir Francis Jeune, who has accepted a peerage ... Eighty-six people leave Melbourne for Michigan, in anticipation of the Second Advent ... Mr. C. E. Herbert, M.P., of Adelaide, is appointed Government Resident and Judge of the Northern Territory, in place of Mr. C. J. Dashwood, S.M., resigned.

February 3.—Scottish ship-owners protest against the Commonwealth Sea Carriage of Goods Bill ... The Westphalian strike extends to the Prussian province of Silesia ... Germany is reported to be endeavouring to establish supreme power in the Shan-tung province ... Mr. Taverer is censured by Mr. Bent, the Victorian Premier, for making a hurried departure from Australia ... The total number of divorces granted in the United States from 1869 to 1901 is stated by the "New York World" to be 700,000.

February 4.—The commander of the "Orontes," of the Orient Pacific line, refuses to take on board the English mail (120 bags) at Marseilles.

February 5.—The barque Mayfield is wrecked off the Tasmanian coast. All hands are saved.

February 6.—The Conference of Premiers and Federal Ministers opens at Hobart ... A mining strike is in progress in Belgium ... An incipient insurrection in Buenos Ayres is quelled.

February 7.—The Assembly of the Nobility at St. Petersburg urge reform. The revolutionary strike in Poland continues. Sanguinary conflicts take place between the populace and the troops ... Madame Kuga, an operatic singer, is expelled from Russia for jesting over the St. Petersburg massacres ... Russia places a loan on Paris at 5 per cent. ... Lord Rothschild is negotiating for establishment of colonies of London Jews in Manitoba and North-West Canada ... Sir Charles Tennant's mansion in Scotland is burned. This makes the eighteenth historic mansion burned down in Great Britain during the last twelve months ... Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman rebukes Mr. A. J. Balfour for remarks made by the latter as to the attitude of the former to Chinese labour in the Transvaal.

February 8.—It is reported that in response to the appeal of the nobility, the Czar will summon the Zemstros representatives to discuss the reform question. He has authorised the liberalising of the censor laws ... Polish reserves refuse to fight ... The Prussian Diet passes the second reading of a bill authorising the construction of a number of canals, at a cost of £16,750,000 ... Sir W. Willcocks proposes

the construction of irrigation works to fertilise the country between the Tigris and the Euphrates, at a cost of £8,000,000 for the first of fifteen sections.

THE WAR.

January 6.—Generals Nogi and Stoessel meet and exchange courtesies.

January 7.—It is reported that the machinery of the Baltic fleet cruisers at Madagascar has broken down.

January 9.—The International Commission on the Dogger Bank incident opens its sittings at Paris.

January 10.—It is stated that a Marconi receiver in England intercepts a Russian ethergram, which supplies strong evidence against the Russians ... General Kuropatkin reports that his troops capture a Japanese baggage convoy ... The Japanese army on the Sha-ho is reinforced from Port Arthur ... Japan proposes to raise an internal loan of £10,000,000.

January 11.—At St. Petersburg General Stoessel's conduct in surrendering is questioned ... The Kaiser confers the Prussian Order of Merit upon Generals Nogi and Stoessel ... Part of the Japanese fleet is reported to be at the Maldiv Islands.

January 13.—Detachments of all the Japanese regiments make a triumphal entry into Port Arthur ... A force of Japanese cavalry repulses four squadrons of Cossacks near Liao Yang ... Japan protests against the use of Chinese territory by Russian cavalry in attack.

January 16.—French newspapers state that the Baltic fleet will not now be recalled ... It is reported that the German Government is arranging for Russia, France and Germany to dictate to Japan in regard to peace terms ... Prominent citizens of St. Petersburg prepare an address to the Czar protesting against the war.

January 17.—Col. John Hay invites the Powers to assist in inducing the belligerents to respect the agreement limiting the field of operations.

January 19.—The supplementary squadron arrives at Jibuitil on its way to join the Baltic fleet.

January 21.—The Japanese propose damming the entrance to Port Arthur and pumping out the harbour for the purpose of salving the Russian ships ... The Baltic fleet is reported to be cruising in the Indian Ocean.

January 24.—Admiral Kanimura rejoins his flagship ... The Russian and Japanese armies are entrenched close to each other, the outposts being only 500 yards apart.

January 25.—H. R. Collins, a Britisher of Portuguese extraction, is sentenced at Yokohama to eleven years' hard labour for selling Japanese military secrets to the Russians ... The Japanese form a squadron for "special service."

January 27.—A general engagement takes place on the Hun-ho; the battle is fought in a dense fog; the Russian army attacks, but is heavily repulsed; the losses on both sides are heavy.

February 3.—Anxiety is expressed for the Russian Army's food supplies ... The recent Russian defeat necessitates the alteration of the entire strategic dispositions of the Russian army.

February 5.—The Japanese Government change the name of Dalny to that of Tairen.

February 6.—100,000 men are stated to have been engaged in the Hun-ho battle ... A small engagement takes place in the vicinity of the Hun River.

February 7.—General Stoessel denies charges made by press correspondents, to the effect that the surrender of Port Arthur was not justified.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

A description of Pittsburg, the new great city based on steel, its resources, industries, commerce, and also its "aesthetic and intellectual side," forms the principal feature of the January number. The comparative exhibition of American and foreign paintings, described by Ernest Knauff, indicates a growing cult of art in the great industrial Republic.

WAR PICTURES.

An interesting glimpse of the way in which impressions of the war are circulated amongst the illiterate masses of Russia is given in a sketch of the coloured war pictures in Russia and Japan. This method of disseminating news goes back as far as the battle of Poltava, 1709, and is quite a feature of Russian popular life. The writer points out that the Russian masses who can neither read nor write, are influenced to a really remarkable extent by these coloured wall pictures, called *Lubochnyya Kartiny*, or popular pictures, brought out by a number of publishers in St. Petersburg and Moscow. These publishers try to please the authorities, from whom, it is rumoured, they receive financial support, and at the same time are assured of a large sale to the ultra-patriotic Russians. The article is illustrated by very interesting reproductions of some of these pictures, and also of those of Japan. The Japanese popular pictures are also printed in colour, but they appeal to a high-grade public, as the percentage of illiteracy in Japan is much less than that in Russia.

SAMUEL GOMPERS.

Dr. W. E. Weyl contributes an article upon Samuel Gompers, the Representative of American Labour.

"Mr. Gompers represents, as completely as anyone, the latter-day type of successful labour leader. Earnest and convincing in address, straightforward yet courteous in intercourse, intensely purposeful and tenacious, yet tolerant and moderate, bold in thought yet cautious in action, Mr. Gompers, like other labour leaders, is a determined fighter, and a persistent pacifier. For years he has been a peacemaker, than whose there is no more strenuous life, and by his intimate acquaintance with thousands of men, and his knowledge of their point of view, their bias and their peculiarities, he has been able to pour oil upon many a troubled stream."

During 1904 the Labour Unions have had a very strenuous time, and with the advent of the New Year have found themselves in a position that may be called serious, but certainly not perilous. As a whole, the Unions have survived the attacks and defeats of the last year with little or no loss of membership.

DR. DILLON ON RUSSIA.

Dr. J. E. Dillon, foreign editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, writes upon the Dawn of the New Era in Russia. Of Prince Mirski, the newly-appointed Minister of the Interior, he says that he is a man of charming frankness, fascinating manners, and enlightened views. He disagreed with Plehve's opinions, disproved his methods and deplored the results. Dr. Dillon points out that one of the most significant features of the late conference of the Zemski Boards was that they were allowed to be held when they could easily have been hindered by the authorities. He concludes as follows:—

"The intelligent classes in Russia are extremely hopeful, the workingmen and the organised socialists are very determined, the students and the young generation are

buoyant and impulsive. But the troops and all the organised forces of the Empire are in the hands of the autocratic Government, whose intentions are certainly not suicidal."

There is a valuable paper on the English spelling of Russian words, by Herman Rosenthal. There is a sketch of what people read in Austria and Bohemia, chiefly of the periodical press.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

The January number, as a whole, is not one of especial interest.

BRITISH FAILURE IN TIBET.

Mr. Alexander Ular, referring to the Tibetan imbroglio, says:—

"The Manchu dynasty did not want the effective suzerainty of Tibet which they had abandoned long ago. They highly appreciated the gracious and skilful behaviour of England, which strengthened their moral situation in the eyes of the Chinese and of the world. Actual superintendence or administration of Tibet would have occasioned them expense and other disagreeable consequences; mere moral prestige without any necessity for action was far better. A splendid performance of "saving the face policy" was to be accomplished. The ratification of the Anglo-Tibetan Treaty was not only to oblige mutually China and England, and to establish a community of views that was likely to be of great consequence just at this moment, but it was also to strike a great blow against the spectre of Russian supremacy in the Far East. More even, it was to bring about a community of interests that could successfully oppose any extravagant Imperialist tendencies of victorious Japan. In spite of such beautiful prospects for England and the Manchu dynasty, the enterprise has resulted in a complete failure."

TOO MUCH UTILITARIANISM.

Mr. D. A. Macnaughton protests against attempting too much in the way of technical and specialised education before establishing sound bases of general culture:

"Technical education is the sequel to, not the substitute for, a secondary education, and will be valueless unless based upon it. The crying need of this country is a system of sound secondary education, not specialised to meet the requirements of a particular trade or industry, but directed to the cultivation of valuable mental habits. This we must have to bridge the gap between the elementary school and the higher technical institutions, and, until it is provided, the results of our technical education will always be disappointing. An antiquated feudalism and an unenlightened empiricism have long prevented us from realising that the nation as a whole should have the opportunity of secondary education; utilitarian blindness and the narrowness of the specialist from rightly deciding of what it should consist."

THE DIVINE FEMININE.

George Barlow has a curious paper on "The Dual Nature of Deity," in which he declares that asceticism and sexlessness are by no means divine principles:—

"The most highly-wrought and poetic natures do, in effect, combine the masculine and feminine attributes. Mere maleness is not a noble thing. It is a coarse and crude thing. From its unchecked action in the world all evil things have sprung; wars, greed, cruelty, injustice, falseness, corruption. Human history may, from the religious point of view, almost be regarded

as a record of the long striving of the Holy Spirit, the Divine Feminine, to penetrate with its pure sunlight the gloom and darkness accruing from the lusts and wickedness of men. In Jesus Christ we find—as Robertson pointed out—a combination of the masculine and feminine characteristics. “*Jesus wept.*” “When He beheld the city, *He wept over it.*” Yes; but that weeping was not the mark of a weak or morbidly sensitive disposition. It was not cowardly or hysterical weeping. It was the natural expression of a heart overflowing with love and pity. It was feminine—in the noblest sense—but it was not effeminate. It was the visible outcome of a mystery which the writer believes to lie at the very root of all human and cosmic mysteries, the mystery of the Divine Feminine in God.

LIKE MISTRESS, LIKE COOK.

Mrs. Mary A. Davies attributes much of our physical deterioration to bad cookery, and makes mistresses responsible for the inferiority of their cooks:—

If it is not necessary for her actually to cook her own food, if she marries, and often if she does not, she will have to direct her servants, to point out their mistakes, and show them how to correct them. There is a great outcry about the incompetency of cooks and other servants, but few seem to realise that the position is caused by incompetent mistresses.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE January *Nineteenth Century* is a number of average interest. I have noticed the three first articles at length elsewhere.

UNIVERSITIES IN INDIA.

The Bishop of Madras gives a rather pessimistic account of “Higher Education in India.” Of necessity, University education, which is purely European, has been divorced from religion, yet the native tradition has always held religion and education as one. Teaching in the English language is another drawback, as the effort to acquire knowledge and at the same time express ideas in a new language is often too much for students. The Bishop says:—

It is safe to say that not more than 4,000 of those who matriculate every year at the five universities are *bonâ fide* university students, intending to study for a degree. This is not a large number out of a population of 300,000,000. But it is too large for real efficiency. It is no exaggeration, I think, to say that at least half, if not two-thirds, of the students at the various colleges ought not to be studying at a university at all. My own experience would be that, out of every 100 students who are reading either English Literature or Philosophy at the universities, about sixty are quite unfitted to study these subjects as they ought to be studied at a university. Neither their abilities nor their previous teaching in any way fit them for a university education.

THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

The Hon. J. Mildred Creed refutes the old belief that the Australian aborigines are the lowest of all races in the scale of intelligence. That idea originally spread owing to the lowness in the scale of intelligence of the first white settlers. The blacks learn rapidly, and the standard of success in their schools is higher than that of white schools. The girls make excellent servants. All aborigines who have opportunities learn English thoroughly, and never use pidgin English.

A QUESTION FOR PARENTS.

Mr. E. H. Cooper protests against the extravagant manner in which the children of the well-to-do are “amused” and beggared at Christmas:—

These children—mites of six and seven, schoolboys of ten and eleven who are never well out of Westgate or Broadstairs, girls in their teens who are already being teased by a heritage of nerves—tell me proudly at the end of a month’s Christmas

holidays that they have been to ten or a dozen theatres, into the country occasionally for two days’ shooting or hunting and a dance, to half a dozen fancy dress balls in London, and to as many more children’s parties of various kinds in houses which have become for the evening a temporary combination of the Alhambra and the Carlton Restaurant. The same excess can be seen to-day in the matter of presents. A friend of mine who was sending her children to tea with me asked that they might not have any presents, as the nursery was already so full of toys that, in spite of regular clearances for the benefit of the hospitals, there was hardly room to play with them.

WELSH COAL EXPORT.

Mr. W. H. Renwick has no difficulty in showing the absurdity of the outcry against the export of Welsh coal:—

Alarmists urge us to restrict the export of our smokeless steam coal. Why do they stop there? Why not arrest the sale to foreign nations of British-built ships of war, guns, ammunition, and the thousand and one articles manufactured in this country for export abroad, which might possibly be used against us in times of national peril?

It is essential to keep before us the fact that any restrictions upon the free export of Welsh coal will be followed by economic disturbances of national importance; we cannot jeopardise the earning power of the many millions of money sunk in the development of the South Wales coalfield, and the great attendant enterprises requisite for the carriage and shipment of the coal, endanger the employment of the great mining population, to say nothing of the injury to our immense shipping industry, unless it is proved beyond any possibility of doubt that our very existence as a nation is at stake.

NAVAL DISARMAMENT.

Mr. E. M. Robertson, K.C., M.P., evidently thinks that the duty of proposing a scheme for limiting naval armaments falls upon us as the greatest naval Power:—

I have never contended that we are under a greater obligation than other nations to lead the way in reduction of forces. But I still think that our supreme position on the sea would have made it easier for us than for some other Powers to propose once more to take up the Russian project seriously at some suitable time. In the meantime Europe is faced with the prospect of the continued increase of the evil which all Europe agreed in denouncing only six years ago. There seems to be no reason why the estimates which have doubled in the last ten years should not double again in the next—none except the financial exhaustion of some of the competitors. At present neither ourselves nor other nations have any fixed principles to guide us. What are now the two Powers whose strength should be the measure of our own minimum? Is Russia to count as one? Is America to count as another?

The Century Magazine.

THE January *Century* opens with an admirably illustrated article by Mr. Randall Blackshaw, showing “London in Transformation.” All buildings, bridges, and monuments now projected or under construction are shown. Professor H. F. Osborne describes the Ichthyosaurs whose fossil remains have been discovered and restored in America. Mr. Andrew D. White continues his diplomatic reminiscences.

Scribner’s Magazine for January contains an article on “Political Problems of Europe,” especially interesting to Americans, by Mr. Frank Vanderlip, in which the writer says that Germany is the European country most to be watched and dreaded as a competitor by Americans. A literary-geographical article is that on “Erasmus” and “The Cloister and the Hearth,” with quaint illustrations of Gouda and other old Dutch towns associated with Erasmus. The illustrations in colour are the feature of another article—“Amsterdam Impressions.”

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

THE *Fortnightly* begins the New Year indifferently well. Few of the articles demand separate notice.

THE RE-MAKER OF THE NAVY.

An anonymous writer, dealing with "The British and German Fleets," thus refers to Admiral Fisher:—

It is fortunate for the nation that it had one of the most remarkable men of the age to undertake the task of remodelling the Fleet to render it fit for its duty as the bulwark of British liberties, trade, and Empire. Voracious for work, an officer who thinks in fleets and oceans where others have been content to think in ships and seas, Sir John Fisher had made his reputation as an administrator years before the public became familiar with his name. The science of naval warfare has received his life-long devotion. It has been remarked that Sir John Fisher runs the risk of those persons of whom all men speak well. In honesty it must be said that this officer is in no such danger. He has, it is true, the complete confidence of the public; but it is probably no exaggeration to say that the majority of the officers of the Fleet—certainly of the senior officers—do not share the enthusiasm of civilians. The Navy is a service with conservative traditions, and the reformer is apt to tread on someone's toes. Admiral Fisher has done a good deal of dancing of this character.

SPYING AND LYING IN FRANCE.

M. Charles Bastide declares that espionage, public and private, is universal in France:—

The hours hang heavy on the *bourgeois's* hands. Outdoor exercise seldom attracts him. How delectable a pastime to watch his neighbours, and if, as is not infrequently the case in highly-centralised France, they depend upon the authorities for a living, to inform against them. The sport is inexpensive and unattended with danger, and with what inward content does the amateur detective watch developments; the officer sent away to a distant garrison, the old teacher in the elementary school waiting in vain for the expected pension, the ambitious civil engineer thwarted in his hopes of promotion, and dying in the sleepy town like a poisoned rat in a hole.

Nor is espionage confined to politics. A vaster field is open to the informer in private life: the employer has unknown friends who warn him against his employes; the mistress learns, through the medium of the post-office, that the cook, in collusion with the butcher, inflated last month's bill. Thanks to the devotion of a friend too modest to sign his missives, husband or wife make startling discoveries. Many a betrothed girl has wept bitter tears on reading the wicked lie, written out in so fair a hand, on the sheet of violet-tinted notepaper.

THE CULT OF LONDON.

Mr. Perceval Landon devotes half a dozen pages of impressionism to lauding the British metropolis:—

To the fact that she has no rival on earth, no standard of man's making to equal her own, the strange attraction of London is mainly due. Gravitation has its human as well as its physical truth. The most enormous work of man, she has created her own atmosphere, and in solitude she dwells apart, taking counsel with no other thing, careless of praise or blame, and self-contained as she should be whose children's devotion, though deep as a religion, is never expressed.

SUCCESSFUL LAND PURCHASE.

Sir Charles Boxall, K.C.B., thus praises the working of the last Irish Land Purchase Act:—

There is no doubt about the beneficial results to tenantry who buy under the Act. It will be no longer advisable or desirable that they should be in a position to humbug Land Commissions on future visits; they will have absolute security for their holdings; they will be the absolute freeholders; they will, in short, have heart put into them, and will have secured what they have wanted for so long.

The framers of the Act have evidently been determined to make it a success if they can. The simplicity of the adminis-

tration is admirable. There are no heavy legal expenses to be borne, either on one side or on the other. The tenants need not pay any; the landlords certainly no more than in a private sale. There are no stamp duties whatever.

SECRETS OF JOURNALISM.

Mr. Francis Gribble, in an article on Sainte-Beuve, tells the following amusing, and no doubt true, story:—

A certain London journalist was lately asked to write an article on Chateaubriand. He had never read a line of Chateaubriand's writings, and the conditions of his commission were such that he had no time to study them. The best that he could do in the circumstances was slavishly to paraphrase the criticisms of Sainte-Beuve. He did this, and his essay duly appeared in one of the most important of our critical organs. His fear of being found out was considerable, but was soon proved to be groundless. In the course of a post or two his editor received a letter from an enthusiastic reader—a well-known authority on French literature—who congratulated him on having printed the most accurate exposition of the religious influence of the author of "Le Génie du Christianisme" that had ever appeared in the English language.

THE WORLD'S WORK AND PLAY.

THE *World's Work* begins the New Year admirably. Several articles are noticed at length elsewhere. As a frontispiece is a portrait of Marquis Oyama and his wife, the latter in Japanese dress.

Mr. Edwin S. Grew, writing on "London's New Electric Railways," reminds us that when all the new London electric railways are completed—in a year or a year and a half—the Londoner will be able to travel over sixty miles of tube and tunnel without going twice over the same stretch of line. The lines in progress, of course, are the Baker Street and Waterloo Railway, the Piccadilly and Brompton Tube (to go on to Holborn), the Charing Cross, Euston, and Hampstead Tube, and the Great Northern and Strand Tube. The following is the present position of these various undertakings:—

Of the Baker Street and Waterloo line all the tunnels are driven between Lisson Grove and Waterloo; the shafts are all sunk; the permanent way is now being laid. On the Great Northern, Piccadilly, and Brompton line the tunnels between Earl's Court and Down Street, in Piccadilly, are driven; and at the Great Northern section at right angles to this the tubes have been taken from Finsbury Circus to Holborn. The tube tunnels of the Charing Cross, Euston and Hampstead line are being driven at several points between the terminal stations, and are rapidly nearing final through connection.

"The Most Wonderful Bridge in the World"—that over the Victoria Falls—is described by Mr. Eustace Reynolds-Ball. It has perforce been constructed on the cantilever principle, the bridge being built simultaneously from each end, until the two parts meet.

The Paris shops at Christmas are described in lively manner by a Parisian, and there are articles on the game of curling, and the growing of flowers for the Christmas market. Mr. Tighe Hopkins, in a paper on "Art and Business in the Music Hall," gives a glimpse behind the scenes in a world of which some people know very little. Seven London music halls (out of the 190 odd existing) take between them in twelve months nearly £500,000 as admission money, against which their expenditure amounts to over £380,000, most of which is paid to the performers. A lady comic in the front rank may ask practically what she pleases. Dan Leno was worth £250 a week to Drury Lane; and the little French lady who first "looped the loop" was (it is said) paid £500 a week. The "particular stars in the London halls earn something like £1 a minute."

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW.

Two articles in the *Independent Review* are noticed elsewhere—Mr. Massingham's "Struggle in France" and Mr. Masterman's "Problem of the Unemployed." The number is a strong one, and contains at least two articles of great political importance.

WHAT HAS THE GOVERNMENT DONE WITH THE ARMY?

The first is Major Seely's paper on "The Army and the People." A more damning indictment it would be impossible to imagine. He points out that since the present Government came into office it has exactly doubled the military expenditure of this country, and added 25 millions a year to the War List. And what has been the net result? Major Seely asks us to judge from one fact alone—namely, that they have re-armed our artillery with a new quick-firing gun which is as much inferior to the quick-firing guns of Russia, France and Germany as the muzzle-loader was to the modern rifle. Our gun will fire little over two aimed shots per minute; the guns of foreign countries anything from eight to twenty. Ours has a low velocity with a clumsy speed contrivance for preventing recoil. The others are all high velocity, and the recoil is taken on the carriage, so that relaying is unnecessary. Truth to tell, says Major Seely, the whole story of the gun is like some strange and evil dream. Ten years of increasing military extravagance culminating in an expenditure of armaments exceeding that of any nation in the world, and at the end of it all an obsolete gun.

Major Seely insists that the regular army must be cut down in numbers and improved in quality, and that everybody should be encouraged as far as possible to perform some military duty to the State, and receive payment for their loss of time. He thinks that Mr. Arnold-Forster made a fatal mistake in dealing a death-blow to the Militia and Volunteers. Altogether Major Seely's article is going to be read, pondered and made a note of by all those who are seriously concerned with the responsibilities of Empire.

A PLEA FOR HIGH LICENCES.

The other political article of importance is Mr. Thomas Shaw's paper on Finance and the Drink Trade. He is a strong advocate for the high licence. He maintains that by clapping an average licence duty of £20 a year on all public-houses a sum of £8,000,000 a year would be available for public purposes. He refers copiously to the experience of America, and claims to have shown that the high licence system is one which may command the sympathies and unite the efforts of financial and temperance reformers.

BACK TO CHRIST.

Mr. C. R. Buxton, in a paper entitled "One View of Christian Faith," maintains that the watchword of the Christianity of the future will be "Back to Christ," and that the backward movement will not only be back from sin, from materialism, and from tradition, but from the Church and from the Bible itself, for the word of God and the only evidence of Christianity is Christ. The forms of faith in which the convictions of our ancestors were embodied are the modern counterpart of those works which Luther detected as the real enemies of faith. Without the reality of present-living religion behind them they are no better than the poorest fetich.

SOCIALISM IN AMERICA.

Mr. Frederic C. Howe, writing on the Presidential Election, attaches great importance to the fact that the Socialist candidates polled 60,000 votes at the last election. This is an increase of three-fold in two years'

time—a rate of increase that he thinks will be greatly exceeded in years to come. If the election of 1908 shows a similar growth, the old democratic party may pass out of existence and be succeeded by a frankly socialist party, which Mr. Howe regards as the Nemesis of the policy of protection.

OTHER ARTICLES.

There is a very delightful literary article by Mr. Algar Thorold on the "Ideas of Anatole France." Mr. Thorold maintains that the belief in the absence of any ascertainable moral or intellectual order in the world has been rendered perfectly by M. France. Mr. Herbert Paul writes an interesting paper on Bishops and Historians.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

The *Monthly Review* for January contains several articles of considerable interest.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN ASIA.

Mr. E. John Solano writes a long and somewhat misty article upon "The Destiny of Britain in Central Asia":—

Russia reaches southward over the lands north-east of an angle formed by the Himalayas with the Kuen Lun and Altun Tagh ranges; while Britain extends her influence northward into regions south-east of this great barrier. Nature, through this rough inverted cross of rock, becomes a factor of profound influence on human fate. She gives mankind a precious hope for the future peace of Asia. For this cross divides the heart of Asia into separate and ample spheres for the respective expansions of Britain and Russia; and, at the present time, it tends to preserve peace and prevent a conflict between these races, by keeping the early and indefinite stage of their further expansions distinct. It is clear, at any rate, by the force of this natural circumstance, that Thibet is destined for the ripe civilisation of Britain—not for the crude conquest of Russia.

STATE REGISTRATION OF NURSES.

Katharine Henrietta Monk, Matron of the Nurse-Training School of King's College Hospital, pleads for the licensing and registration of all surgical and medical homes and private nursing associations. Some official control of this character would safeguard the interests both of the public and the medical profession, for it would give opportunity for the full investigation of the standard of those employed therein. Such a scheme would make the employment of the untrained nurse practically impossible; also every hospital, small as well as large, should be compelled to keep a register of those trained in its school, and the adoption of a uniform certificate by all hospitals, large and small, of a perfectly different character to that at present used—a certificate showing the period of consecutive training received in the wards of a hospital, with the plan of practical and technical education given, and instruction in sick cookery, etc.

THE NEXT STAGE—TELEPATHY.

The late Rev. J. M. Bacon, in an article describing "The Birth of Telegraphy," foresees telepathy as the next stage in human intercommunication:—

If it be possible that civilised man possesses the rudiments of faculties which are as yet in abeyance, or the traces of faculties which have fallen into disuse, then is it not at least conceivable that the development of such faculties, in some ways indicated by modern knowledge, may result in achievements beyond our present dreams? In the mode of wireless telegraphy at present being pursued one chief and essential aid is towards the perfecting instruments which shall respond to one another in obedience to a perfect syntony existing between them. In this direction lies the one hope of practical improvement and success. For instruments write mental faculties, and conceive individuals whose minds can presently be so disciplined and tuned to each other as to act in concert at will and at a distance. Under such circumstances we might contemplate a future mode of telegraphy to which there would seem no assignable limit.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

PITY the sorrows of a poor Unionist Editor who can find little to bless in the public acts of the Unionist Administration and much to bewail. Mr. L. J. Maxse begins the New Year with a prolonged invective against the Ministry for its culpable negligence in preparing for war and the hollow hypocrisy of its zeal against Alien Immigration. His only consolation is the sorry one of knowing that if the Unionists are bad the Liberals are worse. The distracted Editor is no longer able to pretend that Lord Rosebery is any better than Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. "Ever since the Kaiser diverged to a visit at Dalmeny and hypnotised his host, the Liberal Imperialist leader has been on the down grade." If he were placed in office he would be "a puppet of Potsdam" "as completely as any Unionist Minister of recent years."

A SEDATIVE FOR DELIRIOUS JINGOES.

As for the condition of our Empire, we shall not have a cannon fit to bring into the field against any European foe till 1907. It is worth while remembering this admission. Until January, 1907, we ought to be able to count upon the assistance of our distinguished colleague in calming the bellicose transports of his political friends when the next Fashoda or Dogger Bank incident occurs. It can hardly be patriotic to hurl a British army at the Russians, or the Germans, or the French, when we have no cannon but those that fire three rounds a minute and have a range of 4,000 yards, while the new gun, which will fire twenty rounds a minute and has a range of 7,000 yards, is still in process of manufacture.

As for Mr. Arnold-Forster's Army "reforms," they fill the patriot Editor with frenzied alarm. Now that the second Russian railway is built to the Afghan frontier we have the prospect of having to defend Herat against 400,000 Russians with an Indian Army consisting, all told, of 77,000 white and 157,000 native troops. It is true that the Unionists have doubled our military expenditure in ten years, but still Mr. Maxse is dissatisfied. As we seem to grow comparatively weaker with every fresh increase of expenditure, John Bull is beginning to turn a deaf ear to the cry of this horseleec.

CAN THE DEPARTMENT "DO NO WRONG"?

Apart from these Jeremiahs of the Editor and his "Anxious Patriot," the number does not call for much notice. Sir Godfrey Lushington attempts to defend the Home Office for its blunder in the Beck case with the true instinct of a Government official who never sees that when his Department has been caught out in some clear, scandalous fault, the least said is the soonest mended. If Home Office officials were half as anxious to revise the unjust sentences passed by judges as they are to clear their beloved Department from the condemnation pronounced by public opinion, there would be fewer Beck cases to rouse public indignation.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE FISCAL QUESTION.

All roads lead to Rome, and to the fanatical Protectionist every question points to Fiscal Reform. But it is rather disappointing to find that Mr. Arthur W. Samuels, K.C., has nothing better to say about Ireland and the Fiscal Question than that there is nothing to be done but to clap on a food tax for the encouragement of Irish agriculture. Mr. Maxse reports his lecture on the Colonial offer, from which he carefully omits all reference to the fact that Mr. Chamberlain at the time of the Coronation Conference, when the so-called offer was

made, expressly declared that it was not good enough. Since then the Colonies have made no advance in their offer, and are waiting for us to say whether we are prepared to tax the food of our poor.

A PAIR OF "IMPENITENT THIEVES."

There is a literary supplement consisting of letters which passed between Nietzsche and Brandes. Nietzsche claims to be the "first psychologist of Christianity," and describes his book, "Ecce Homo," as "an attack against everything Christian or infected with Christianity that makes one blind and deaf." Brandes, going one worse, replies that "it would no more occur to me to attack Christianity than to write a pamphlet against were-wolves—I mean against the belief in were-wolves." Miss Catherine Dodds writes on old-fashioned children's books, Canon Ellacombe on the names of fields, and the Hon. Lionel Holland on the early years of Lord Chatham.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

THE most important article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December is the first instalment of Mr. Andrew D. White's paper on "The Warfare of Humanity: Hugo Grotius," the latest fruits of whose work, he contends, were seen in the Hague Conference in 1899. Grotius, says Mr. White (who, be it remembered, was chosen to deliver the address upon Grotius, at Delft, in 1899),

Steered clear of the quicksands of useless scholarship which had engulfed so many strong men of his time. The zeal of learned men of that period was largely given to knowing things not worth knowing, to discussing things not worth discussing, to proving things not worth proving; Grotius seemed plunging on, with all sails set, into these quicksands; but again his good sense and sober judgment saved him. He decided to bring himself into the current of active life flowing through his land and time, and with this purpose he gave himself to the broad and thorough study of jurisprudence.

Like many another peace advocate in advance of his time, Grotius suffered imprisonment, persecution, and, if not exactly exile, at least after his escape from prison there was nothing for him but to flee to France if he wished to retain his liberty. In France his famous book "De jure Belli ac Pacis" was finally written in 1625, and was promptly placed on the papal *Index Expurgatorius*. But the two foremost men of Grotius' day were those most influenced by his book, and they were Gustavus Adolphus, "by far the greatest and bravest leader of his time," and Richelieu. And, as Mr. White shows, the work which Grotius did lives on to-day.

The magazine also contains a hitherto unpublished poem by Whittier, "Unity," written for a little church bazaar, at which it fetched 10 dols. :—

Forgive, O Lord, our severing ways,
The separate altars that we raise,
The varying tongues that speak Thy praise!
Suffice it now. In time to be
Shall one great temple rise to Thee,
Thy church our broad humanity.

THE *Empire Review* opens with Mr. Edward Dicey's summary of the Outlook for 1905, the gist of which is that the present peril to European peace, which might result from the local becoming a general war, has not as yet been sufficiently realised by the world at large. There is an editorial discussing the Aliens Bill and its effect on labour; and intending settlers near Johannesburg might do well to look into the paper on "A Housekeeping Start in Johannesburg." So also might those interested in Chinese labour with respect to the paper on the Chinaman in Australia.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

THE *Westminster Review* for January contains little calling for notice.

THE ABUSE OF CHARITY.

Mr. Charles Rolleston makes a fierce attack upon the conduct of English Charities, which he classifies thus :—

(1) Those, thoroughly dishonest in their working, formed by unprincipled persons simply with the idea of making money by trading on the credulity and kindly feelings of the moneyed class.

(2) Those presided over by committees composed of men who have themselves no wish to be dishonest, but who perform their duties in a perfunctory manner, who do not trouble themselves to scrutinise accounts or look after the conduct of subordinates, and thus open a door for mismanagement, waste, and misappropriation of funds.

(3) Those organisations which are worked with discretion and judgment, money being applied according to the intention of the donors, and care being taken to keep working expenses within reasonable limits. The latter class, I firmly believe, are much in the minority.

Mr. Rolleston alleges that balance-sheets are falsified and incorrect, that they are not properly audited, and that money is systematically stolen by the officials. He demands the establishment of an official central Board of Control, with power to scrutinise all accounts and to suppress bogus societies.

NEEDED PAPAL REFORMS.

Mr. Philip Sidney asks for a radical Pope who will effect the following reforms :—

(1) The restoration of the cup to the laity at Holy Communion ;

(2) Permission to married convert clergymen to take holy orders on joining the Roman Church ;

(3) The resignation of a Pope on reaching the age of seventy ;

(4) The surrender of all claims to the Temporal Power ;

(5) The appointment, in every country, of a Commission to examine into the authenticity of the relics preserved for the adoration of the faithful ;

(6) Raising the age limit of confirmation for children, and thereby preventing their approaching the altar for communion, and entering the confessional, too soon ;

(7) Restriction of the powers and numbers of the Society of Jesus ;

(8) The publication of an annual balance-sheet, minutely showing the distribution of the funds collected under the name of "Peter's Pence" ;

(9) The abolition of the taking of "final vows" by monks and nuns. By this I mean vows binding men and women, young or old, to conventual seclusion for the whole of their lives.

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Harper's for January, in addition to the usual illustrated fiction, contains several articles of general interest.

Professor Lounsbury discusses the correct orthography of English words ending in "our" or "or." The dropping of the letter "u," he shows, is not an American innovation. In the Middle Ages the words "honour," "honor," and "honur" were all used. In Shakespeare "honor" is found about twice as often as "honour." The "u" is dropped by everyone in hundreds of words, such as "orator" and "terror," and is retained only in a dozen or so.

Professor Hugo de Vries describes a number of experiments made by himself, which show that species do not result from slow accumulation of minute changes of form, but that—

new forms are actually being produced, and that they spring from their parents by a sudden leap, without preparation or intermediates, and not in one single specimen but in quite a number of individuals.

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

Pearson's Magazine for January is lively and well illustrated. Mr. Marcus Woodward describes some Scandinavian ice and snow sports, one of the most exciting of which seems to be driving a horse while gliding on ski.

READING A MONARCH'S MIND.

Mr. Stuart Cumberland begins a series of papers entitled "People I Have Read." This month he deals with monarchs. King Edward, says Mr. Cumberland, is a model subject for the thought-reader :—

He, moreover, in the experiments I have been permitted to make with him, has been scrupulously fair ; indeed, most anxious for them to succeed. One can more readily understand the workings of a man's mind by such experiments ; and they afforded me an insight into His Majesty's method of thinking that no superficial observation, no matter how close or frequent, could ever have given me.

Mr. Cumberland claims to have "read" what was in the mind of the Tsar Alexander III. so thoroughly that he wrote it out in Russian, a language of which he was ignorant. Of the present Tsar, he says :—

He thinks a good deal, but he is practically purposeless ; one might almost add even nerveless. When he displays moments of passing strength, of real purpose, one may take it that such strength, such purpose are inspired by his wife. Of the two, Tsar and Tsaritsa, the latter is by far the stronger vessel.

His Majesty has a jerky mind, a mind full of indecisions. As a "subject" for thought-reading experiments he lacks the necessary mental grip to carry out anything of an exceptionally complex character. He is naturally changeable, and is easily changed by others. He is by nature kind-hearted, gentle, and really well-meaning.

THE OCCULT REVIEW.

THE *Occult Review*, edited by Ralph Shirley (W. Rider and Son), is a new sixpenny magazine devoted to the scientific and religious study of Borderland. The editor starts with a benediction from Sir Oliver Lodge. He says :—

There does appear to be an opening for a Review dealing with that obscure and nascent branch of science which is allied to observational and experimental psychology on its more abnormal and mystical side.

There is a widespread, though largely uninstructed, interest in these subjects ; and inasmuch as the general bulk of the human race constitutes the sole laboratory in which the facts can be studied, it is desirable to maintain the interest and to record the facts with as much care and as little superstition as possible. It is also well that the Public should become better educated in these matters, otherwise their experiences are apt to be regarded emotionally only, and as matters of special individual privilege, instead of also intellectually and as matters of general scientific interest.

Mr. F. C. S. Schiller boldly maintains that the occult can never be scientifically established until it is a commercial success. Instead of "occult," let us say galvanism, electricity, ether, or anything else, and how nonsensical appears such an observation. The scientific truth of telepathy has preceded its adaptation to commercial purposes, just as the illuminating uses of electricity were demonstrated long before either arc or incandescent lamps were perfected. Mr. A. E. Waite writes on "The Life of the Mystic." The other articles are mentioned in our "Contents." The *Occult Review* may be regarded as a new *Borderland*. But it lacks actuality. We don't want sermons so much as the records of experiences and experiments.

A LABOUR MAGAZINE:

WITH LOFTY IDEALS AND A LEVEL HEAD.

A WELCOME addition to the periodical press of the world, and a healthy augury of the growing self-consciousness of the Labour movement, is the first number of the new series of the *Amalgamated Engineers Monthly Journal* (price 1d. A.S.E., 110, Peckham Road, London, S.E.). For eight years the *Journal* has combined the business matter of the society with a few contributions of a more general character. During that time its circulation has risen from 8,000 to 26,000—a pleasing tribute to the endeavours of Mr. G. N. Barnes, the secretary of the A.S.E., and then and now editor, to introduce his readers to themes of a wider and more public interest. The decision has now been made to employ professional and practical writers, and to appeal to an extended public.

ITS PROGRAMME.

The standpoint of the *Journal* which is of importance to the outside world, as showing the professional aims of a body, including some 90,000 of the best paid and most highly organised of British workmen, is thus expressed:—

Labour is, we know, weak and dependent, and we wish it to be strong and reliant. It is robbed of its just reward and condemned to live meanly in the midst of plenty created by its own exertion. We want it to assert itself, and assume the position in the community to which it is entitled. . . . Increase of pauperism and increase of unemployed . . . exist because of disorganisation of industry, and the remedy is organisation. The curse of the poor is their poverty, due to economic dependence. The *Journal* will continue to plead for Labour representation on public bodies—not because it is Labour representation, but because it will lead in the direction of the organisation of industry in the interests of the industrious instead of, as now, in the interests of the few who own the means of life.

The *Journal* will give space to technical education believing that trade unionists should continue to be the best workmen and should maintain, in face of foreign competition, the high quality which is the speciality of Great Britain. It has been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. A. E. Fletcher, at one time editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, to undertake the review of literature and to cultivate “a love of books and culture” in the reader. It endorses Matthew Arnold’s ideal of “increased sweetness, increased light, increased life, increased sympathy.”

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

Mr. Keir Hardie writes on “How to Steady Employment,” and advocates municipal grants, as on the Continent, to the “unemployed” funds of trade unions. He repeats his plea for putting a million workers on the soil at home and for developing afforestation. An eight-hours day in transit and carrying trades would, he says, find constant employment for 300,000 more men. Labour representation is, he argues, the next step to this goal. “If we were not fools,” writes another agitator—

We should dream dreams of Imperial grandeur beyond the ambition of despots or the delirium of Brummagem Jingoes. We should dream of a great England; great in the justice of her laws and the wisdom of her rulers; great in the wealth of her golden harvests, great in the glory of her garden cities, great in the happiness and contentment of her people.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Mr. Harry Beswick holds up to ridicule the “art” proclivities of a vulgar upstart who had made his wealth in steel. Mr. G. N. Barnes himself describes his trip to the Canary Islands, and contrasts “the black and yellow stinking fog, the shouting and the bullying of the gangers,

the drab and ugly surroundings” of the dockers in the London Docks, with the builders and tillers who were singing for pleasure of their (leisurely) work in the open air at Santa Cruz.

Among the greetings of welcome are one from Mr. A. R. Wallace, which we quote elsewhere, and one from R. Blatchford, who hopes to see “the Trade Unions of England bring out a live daily paper.”

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Blackwood, one of the oldest magazines, continues to display all the freshness of perennial youth. No magazine contains so much reading matter of general interest to that class of readers who may be described as the best country house public. The January number, which begins the new volume, is an admirable example of *Blackwood* at its best. It opens with the first chapters of a very promising story, by Katherine Cecil Thurston, entitled “The Mystics.” *Blackwood* has always distinguished itself honourably among magazines by affording shelter to the fiction which recognises the existence of the supernatural. A Welsh lady contributes some pleasant reminiscences of her visit to Bulwer-Lytton at Knebworth in 1857, from which I quote elsewhere Lord Lytton’s statement of his faith in a future life.

An Irish lady contributes a very pleasant paper on *Recollections of Old Galway Life*. Colonel Henry Knollys describes his experiences in visiting Jerusalem, experiences which were more interesting than edifying; but Colonel Knollys is very unsympathetic to what he regards as superstition.

There are a couple of brilliant short stories of the Russo-Japanese War, and a very careful study of the naval campaign up to date, which describes in due sequence all the events of the naval war which have resulted in the destruction of six first-class Russian battleships, eight cruisers, and a dozen lesser craft. One battleship, two cruisers, and four destroyers have been driven out of the field into neutral ports. There are several other papers, one of the most characteristic of which is the exposure of the seamy side of America, which is to be found in “Musings Without Method.”

A Polish Novelist's Sad Story.

ELIZA ORZESKO, “the greatest of Poland’s living women writers,” is the subject of an article by Gerda Meyerson in the Scandinavian magazine, *Social Tidskrift* (No. 10). Energetic, deeply sympathetic, warmly enthusiastic, this gifted authoress has spent forty years of her life in the endeavour to spur her oppressed compatriots on to work and struggle for their country and for themselves.

Eliza Orzesko’s own life-story is a thrilling but sad one. As is the case with most of the champions of liberty in Poland, she belonged to a noble family, and one distinguished also for literary and artistic gifts. Her childhood and early youth were filled with happiness. She was rich, highly educated, a happy wife at sixteen, and had many dear relatives and friends. But in that terrible year for Poland—1863—all these joys were ended. Her husband was banished to Siberia, their wealth was confiscated, her relatives and friends were exiled, killed, or forced to flee. “For-saken, ruined, sunk in sorrow,” she says, “I began to write.”

LA REVUE.

THE most important articles in *La Revue* have been noticed elsewhere. For some time Sainte-Beuve has appeared in the French reviews regularly every month. In *La Revue* of December 1st there is an interesting article by Gustave Abel, dealing with Sainte-Beuve as a critic of the prose style of the famous writers whose works he discussed in his various essays.

In the second number we are afforded a little insight into the secret methods of the *Coup d'État* of 1851 by an article, by L. Rémusat, giving extracts from the archives of the Ministry of Justice relative to the transportation or expulsion of undesirables from France.

Claude Anet, in the same number, in an article entitled "The Knights of Robbery in the United States," gives us a picture of affairs in the municipality of St. Louis, Mo. This city, the writer says, is one of the most corrupt in the United States, and from the present point of view one of the most interesting. He tells us a great deal about Colonel Butler and others and the campaign of Mr. Folk.

Carmen Sylva, in her reminiscences of war, tells her experiences among the wounded. In an article on Modern Criminology, R. Garofalo says that war against crime should never be allowed to cease for a single instant; it is the first duty of the State, the first right of citizens, the principal *raison-d'être* of human society. But to fight such an enemy with the least hope of success it is necessary to know the criminal. The administrators of the law do not know him; he must be studied in prison, and it is only those who will take the trouble to do this who will do anything to transform the Penal Code, and make it harmonise with social necessities.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

In the *Nouvelle Revue* of December 1st, Henry Lapauze writes an article on the famous French potter and sculptor, Jean Carriès, who died in 1894. At the Palais des Beaux-Arts a new room has been devoted to this artist's work. The article of Henry Lapauze is based on a number of unpublished documents.

Jacques Crépet, in the same number, gives us an interesting article on Yvetot and the legend of the King of Yvetot, a hero of popular romance. Béranger's song, "Le Roi d'Yvetot," and Adolphe Adam's opera are well known. The city of Yvetot, which the writer has visited, has not a romantic appearance at the present day. The most significant object is a hideous modern church, and the houses are of brick and plaster and have no gardens. The Principality dates back to the year 536, and continued over eleven centuries, and its Prince, though a little king, was nevertheless a king.

Gilbert Stenger contributes to the second number an article on the Theatre under the Consulate, noticing a number of famous actresses, among whom are Mlles. Raucourt, Fleury, Vanhove, Desgarcins, Vestris and others. There are also two Labour articles in the same number.

THE article on Sainte-Beuve by Gustave Abel, in *La Revue* for December 1st, is not the only one this month dealing with Sainte-Beuve's literary style. His literary method is discussed by Louis Arnould in the *Correspondant* of December 25th. The centenary of his birth has called into existence a large number of articles on the great critic and his work.

THE ARENA.

THE December *Arena* contains a sensational article by Dr. G. W. Galvin on the "Inhuman Treatment of Prisoners in Massachusetts." The atrocities practised in the prison of Charlestown, near Boston, seem to differ little from those described by Charles Reade in "It is Never Too Late to Mend." The beating and clubbing of prisoners go on continually, and when ill-treatment drives a man to the point of insanity, he is doused with icy water. Eighteen convicts are annually sent from the prison to the insane asylum, as the result, Dr. Galvin says, of abuse.

Mr. B. O. Flower contributes a sympathetic sketch of Joaquin Miller, the famous "Poet of the Sierras," whose right name is Cincinnatus Heine. Mr. Miller, in his youth, was famed as an Indian fighter; but he is essentially a man of peace, and opposed the Civil War as being inimical to the genius of democracy and the religion of Christ.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

THE January *Cornhill* opens with No. 10 of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's "Blackstick Papers." Mrs. Ritchie this month deals with Matthew James Higgins, otherwise "Jacob Omnium," a great publicist of the middle of last century. Hans E. Von Lindeiner-Wildau describes his impressions, as a Rhodes Scholar, of Oxford. He seems to have been more impressed by the athletics and social life than by the methods of teaching. Mr. E. V. Lucas describes the life of George Dyer, the friend of Charles Lamb.

THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

It cannot be said that the change in price of the *Pall Mall Magazine* from one shilling to sixpence is accompanied by any falling off in quality. Indeed, the January number is one of the best there has been for some time.

The first article is on London, Old and New. Written by Mr. John Burns, it gives an interesting account of the work of the County Council in the Strand and other parts of London. To attempt to summarise it in a small space is impossible, but the following quotation will suffice to express the spirit in which the Council has taken up the work. Mr. Burns says:—

In all it has done the Council has respected the ancient and preserved the beautiful. Its retention of 17, Fleet Street counts for righteousness unto it. Its defeat of the scheme to build alongside the Houses of Parliament a second Hastings Mansions, its refusal to overshadow Gibbs's fine church of St. Mary-le-Strand, its refusal to pull down St. Clement Danes, its contribution to the Piccadilly widening, its maintenance of the artistic Water Gate in the Embankment Gardens, its fine elevation of Artisans' Dwellings in Holborn, its Kensington to Piccadilly Circus improvement, are all acts worthy of its high duty.

Mr. Herbert Vivian's sketch of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is noticed elsewhere. Another interesting biographical sketch is contributed by Mr. Frederic Lees. M. Marcelin Berthelot, the chemist and philosopher, is the subject, and the article is naturally scientific.

A new series of articles, "London at Prayer," by Mr. Charles Morley, takes the Rev. Wilson Carlile, of St. Mary-at-Hill and the Church Army, for the subject of the first. There is also a poem by Mr. Thomas Hardy and a new story by Mr. H. G. Wells, in which that author promises to return to his favourite occupation of guying the schoolmaster.

THE DUTCH MAGAZINES.

Elsevier is made up chiefly of two descriptive articles and two biographical contributions. Zaandam, a beautiful spot in Holland—a place calculated to arouse the artistic talent in the least susceptible—is the first of the descriptive articles, but it is the second which pleases me the more. This deals with a journey from Constantinople to Boghasi. It was at Boghasi that the Altar of the Gods was erected, and Jason offered up sacrifice. On the way, the writer takes a look at the Belgrad Forest, and gives us an illustration of a tree-dweller, a man who has made a home in the trunk of a gigantic tree, with a door to it like a rural cottage. There is the great reservoir from which the water is conveyed to the metropolis of the Ottoman Empire; the Empress Eugénie inspected it when she was in the East many years ago, and in old Byzantium days the Asiatic enemies of the inhabitants tried to poison the water. Respecting the other articles, the reproductions of the works of Edgar Chahine are good, and the third instalment of "The Marshals of France under the First Empire" is as good as the preceding portions.

In *Onze Eeuw*, Dr. Chantepie de la Saussaye gives us another essay on Mental Forces; he deals with the religion of science. There are copious quotations from noted thinkers which tend to show that Science is regarded as the religion of the future. "Religion will be Science or it will not exist," says one writer. Science is the religion of progress; it is teaching us that the evolution of man is eternal. We cannot foresee the ultimate stage of that evolution. Science is the religion that improves and elevates man. There is an article on Celebes, called "a land of unrest"; it is, in the eyes of most people, a Dutch possession, but the Dutch are far from being sole proprietors, and the hostility of native tribes, their contemptuous treatment of Dutch envoys, is provoking resentment, and a desire for the adoption of strong measures—the conquest of the natives, in fact. While some are advocating this "forward" policy, others are insisting that Holland should sell all her colonies to some great Power, as the dependencies are more trouble than they are worth.

De Gids opens with "A Statesman's Meditations" on various matters, including the astonishing growth of democratic ideas. The democracy wishes to bring about material equality; that is not a possibility, yet the striving after this impossibility has good results in that it places on the Statute Book reforming laws that might not otherwise find their way into it. The Educational Dispute affords scope for a readable contribution, but I am more interested in the *critique* of two books of translations of "Legends from the Indian Archipelago." The reviewer is inclined to think that some of the stories are versions of mediæval romances which have travelled from West to East, whereas the general belief is that our legends have come to the West from the East. The essay on Pushkin, the Russian poet and novelist, is distinctly worthy of perusal. He was a man of liberal views—too liberal for the authorities—who transferred him from the capital to a post in a minor town; but he was beloved of the people, and his memory is venerated in all parts of the Tsar's dominions. Russia is poor in statues, and those which she does possess are not works of art; but the statue of Pushkin in Moscow, his native place, is a notable exception.

THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

THE most important article of the past month is undoubtedly that which has appeared in the Jesuit organ, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, on the participation of Catholics in the recent general election. For the *Civiltà* has hitherto been the most intransigent upholder of a policy of abstention and the most bitter opponent of Italian unity on its present basis; and, therefore, to find a wholly reasonable and sympathetic article, discreetly blessing the Catholic voter and stating in so many words that his appearance at the ballot-box is not only permissible but praiseworthy, is at least a noteworthy sign of the times. Unlike its contemporary the *Rassegna*, the *Civiltà* already looks forward to the organisation of a Catholic party in the Chamber of Deputies on similar lines to the German Centre party.

The editor of the *Nuova Antologia*, Maggiorino Ferraris, in an article of over thirty pages (December 1st), makes a forcible appeal to the Italian Government and the new Chamber to deal in a wise and liberal spirit with the justifiable discontent which has been proved to be widespread throughout Italy, and which tends to ally itself more and more with the elements of social disorder. Italy, he declares, has for some years been passing through one of the most profound crises in her national history. As regards administration, Signor Ferraris demands the reform of the public services and their divorce from political interests; a firmly repressive policy towards the idle and unruly elements of the urban population, an improved system of education for youths from twelve to eighteen years of age, the establishment of a Local Government Board somewhat on English lines, and the unification of the police system under one authority. In social reform he appeals for a policy to promote the greatest possible development of national wealth by means of improved railway communications, the redistribution of taxation, the re-organisation of national credit, and the encouragement of co-operation, more especially in regard to agriculture. The present moment of national calm he considers the best possible time for inaugurating a broadly progressive policy.

Under the title of "Experimental Feminism" in the *Rivista d'Italia* (December), Luisa Anzoletti continues her admirable propaganda in favour of a more modern view of the vocation of women than prevails in Italy. She distinguishes carefully between revolutionary and intellectual feminism, and points out that to talk sentimentally of woman as the goddess of the domestic hearth, when statistics show that stern economic necessity has compelled millions of women in England and America to earn their own living, is slightly ridiculous. She pleads for at least an experimental venture in wider education and greater social freedom. The same number contains reproductions of some quaint little sketches preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, held to be from the pen of the poet Petrarch.

The *Rassegna Nazionale* (December 16th) also leads off with a clear and reasonable exposition of women's claims by Teresita Friedmann Coduri. The venerable Senator General G. di Revel contributes an interesting account of the allied expedition against Toulon in 1793 under Lord Hood, and of the circumstances which constrained a portion of the inhabitants to open their gates to their hereditary foe. How popular English fiction is in Italy just now may be seen from the fact that translations both of "Marcella" and "The Mighty Atom" are running simultaneously as serials.

CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."—BURNS.

DECEMBER has treated the caricurists badly by providing no new topic of first-rate interest.

It is a comment upon British insularity that the momentous events now being enacted in the struggle for free institutions in Russia have been almost entirely neglected by the newspaper artists. As it is, the caricaturists, for lack of something better to use their pens upon, have gone back to the two eternal topics—the Fiscal Problem and the war in Manchuria.

As usual, "F. C. G." supplies the bulk of the Fiscal Problem cartoons worth reproducing, but the place of honour this month falls to *Punch*. The spectacle of Mr. Specialist Chamberlain returning to

find his patient, "British Trade," engaged with "deplorable robustness" in punching a ball, is irresistibly comic. In the *Morning Leader* cartoon the patient is Mr. Chamberlain himself, and his complaint,



Morning Leader.

Joe's Nightmare.

NOVEMBER EXPORTS.

1901	£22,842,436
1904	26,113,283

NOVEMBER IMPORTS.

1901	£46,810,553
1904	50,670,846



[By permission of the proprietors of "Punch."

The Return of the Specialist.

MR. CH-MB-RL-N: "And how is our poor sufferer? Debility nicely maintained?"

DR. CH-PL-N: "On the contrary, I'm afraid you'll find him in a deplorably robust condition."

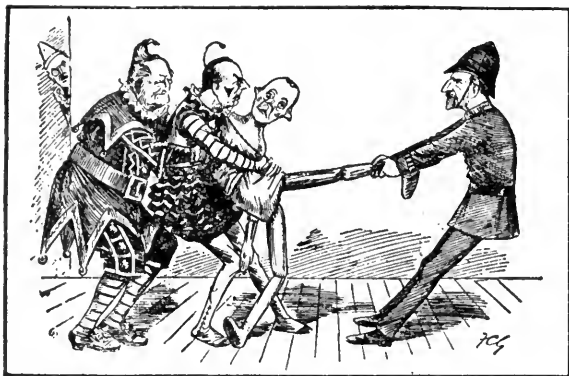
[The November Trade Returns show large increases both in imports and exports.]



Westminster Gazette.

Another Decaying Industry.

"His stock-in-trade is 'gone,' his figures and statistics are 'gone,' the Tariff Commission is threatened, the fustian trade will go."—Sir H. Campbell Bannerman, at Limehouse.



[Westminster Gazette.]

The Tug for the Doll.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND MR. CHAPLIN v. LORD GEORGE HAMILTON.

AUSTEN: "Pull, father!"

a bad nightmare, caused by the indigestibility of the Board of Trade Returns for November, shows British commerce in a painfully flourishing condition. It is not surprising to find a third cartoonist painting Mr. Chamberlain as the leader of an Unemployed procession composed of Mr. Chaplin and Sir Howard Vincent, with their "stock-in-trade" of specious arguments demolished by irrefragable facts.

The *Westminster Gazette* is humorously solicitous for the salvation of Mr. Balfour. In one cartoon we have Lord George Hamilton, as policeman, attempting



[Westminster Gazette.]

Touching Loyalty.

MRS. MICAWBER (Sir M. Hicks Beach): "Mr. Micawber has faults. I do not deny that he is improvident; I do not deny that he has kept me in the dark as to his resources and his liabilities, both, but . . . I ne-ver—will—desert—Mr. Micawber."

the rescue of his former leader from Protectionist clutches; while another depicts sympathetically the touching affection of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, as Mrs. Micawber, for his shift partner. Mr. Balfour urging his followers not to fear their fate, while himself cowering behind a thick wall, is a less pleasant spectacle.

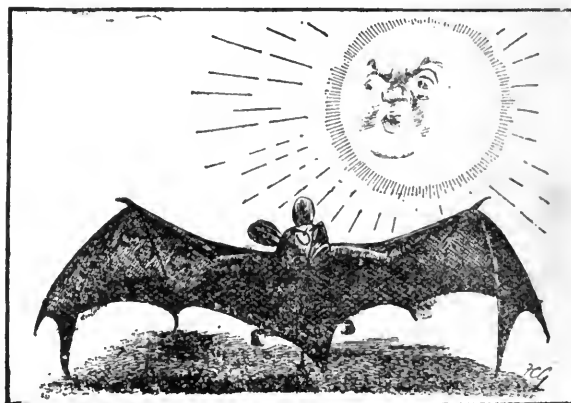
The December fogs supplied "F. C. G." with a subject whereby to expound the *reductio ad absurdum* of Protection. Among the only other cartoons dealing with



[Westminster Gazette.]

The Duke of Plaza Toro.

MR. BALFOUR (to the Primrose Leaguers): "Do not let us cower behind walls."



[Westminster Gazette.]

Sun and Fog.

SUN: "Look here! you're interfering with my Free Trade in sunshine. Those people down there can't see!"

FISCAL FOG: "You're an alien body and you're Dumping! I'm protecting the Gas Lighting and Electricity Industries."

internal politics is one from the *South African Review* sounding a different note. The pendulum of Party oscillation has swung the British public over the Liberal abyss, to be torn to pieces by the furies of Radicalism.

In war cartoons December has produced nothing very striking. The two reproduced from the Moscow *Budilnik* are interesting as illustrating the persistency with which enemies in war misunderstand one another. The Russian cartoonist persists in regarding Japan as on her last legs, reduced to falsifying reports of losses, and sending the Mikado to the front, mounted on a rocking-horse. The humorous and terrible sides of war are shown respectively by French and American cartoonists. It is to be hoped that the rival armies on the Sha-ho are as well supplied with consolatory tobacco as *Le Grelot* depicts them. The *Ohio State Journal's* cartoon, like Verestchagin's famous picture, is dedicated "To All the Conquerors."

The only cartoon touching in any way upon Russia's domestic troubles comes from the *Minneapolis Journal*. It symbolises an era of police rule, which everything indicates is at last nearing an end. The



Minneapolis Journal.]

Popular Education in Russia.

"Save the club and spoil the student" is the St. Petersburg motto.

cartoons dealing with the International Situation suggest no such consolatory thoughts. *Simplicissimus* shows us the Lamb of Peace being torn to pieces by the wolves of international discord. Anglo-German



Simplicissimus.]

Five Years After.

(This is a satire upon the attitude of the Great Powers five years after the Hague Conference.)



Le Grelot.]

Anglo-German Relations.

"This sort of thing is becoming tiresome; it is time one gave place to the other."



Minneapolis Journal.

Mr. Lawson's Raid on the Trusts.



Hindi Punch.

India in Tibet.

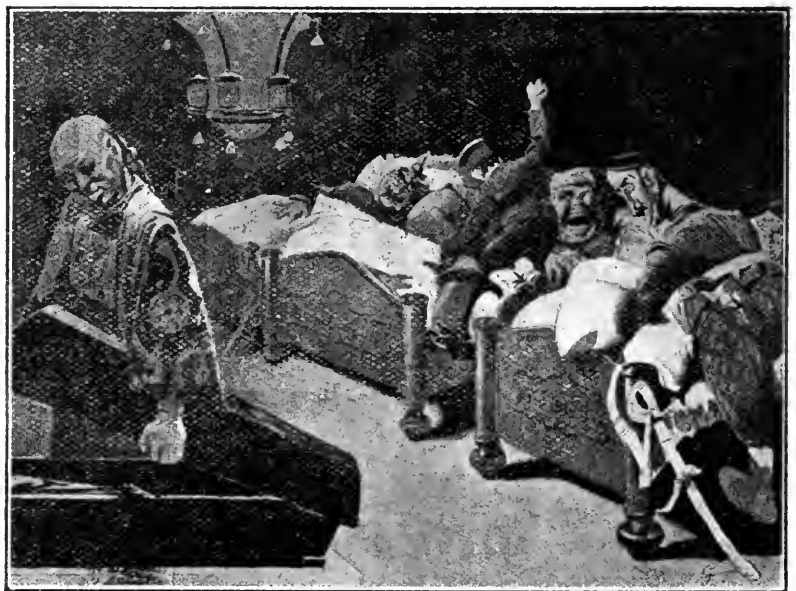
INDIA: "Now that they have put me on it, I suppose I shall have to sit tight."



Uk.

In the Hungarian Parliament.

N.B.—The new regulations have come into use.



Uk.

In the Asiatic Lodging-house.

LANDLORD: "Ah, well; I suppose I shall soon be able to lie down myself in the last bed!"



Budilnik.]

[Moscow.

A Russian War Cartoon.

THE LAST RESOURCE.

MIKADO: "As my friend Oyama can do nothing with the Russians, I will go to the front myself. Look out all!"

relations, according to *Le Grelot*, are attaining such a tension of animosity as to lead spectators to wish they would fight it out and have done with it.

That India has finally charged herself with the control of Tibet, and will find the animal uncomfortable riding, is hinted at by the *Hindi Punch*. Luckily for India, everything shows that Tibet has by no means

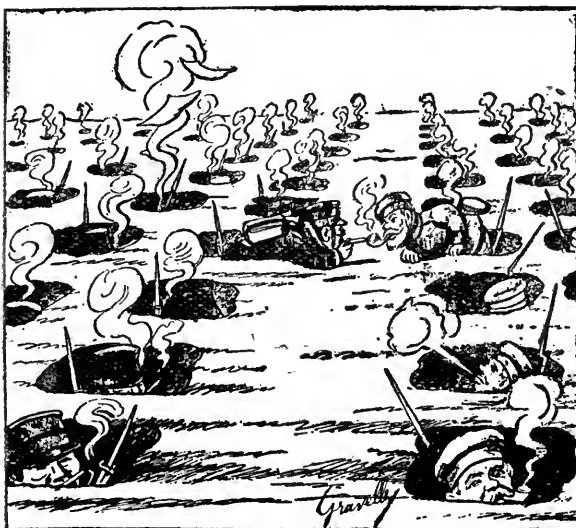


Simplicissimus.]

Port Arthur.

consented to be drawn under her control. The joys of being a member of the Hungarian Parliament are depicted vividly

Since Mr. Roosevelt's re-election the great topic



Le Grelot.]

"In Manchuria."

(The rival armies on the Shaho !)



Ohio State Journal.]

A Great Victory!



[Budilnik.]

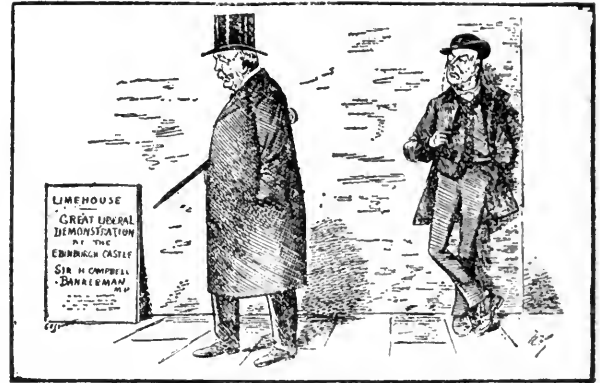
[Moscow.]

As the Russian Cartoonist would have it.

MARSHAL OYAMA: "What news?"

GENERAL KODAMA: "We've had a tough fight and lost 25,000 men."

MARSHAL OYAMA: "Telegraph to Tokio that we've lost one man and want more troops."



[Westminster Gazette.]

[Dec. 20.]

Another Lesson in Department.

MAN AT THE CORNER: "Why don't yer try to be a gentleman?"

formerly a power. The *Minneapolis Journal* cartoonist shows the effect of Mr. Lawson's wild progress.

The encroachments of Europe upon China are shown in an *Uk* cartoon, in which the Chinese landlord of the Asiatic lodging-house is asking himself in despair whether any sleeping-place will be left for himself.

in the United States has been Mr. Lawson's extraordinary exposures of the Trusts in which he was



[South African Review.]

That Wretched Pendulum.

(A Colonial anticipation of the next election.)



[Vanity Fair.]

[Dec. 1.]

Sir Alfred Scott Gatty.

"The Minstrel Boy."

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

THE REVIVAL IN THE WEST AND THE NEW NATIONAL FREE CHURCH.

"A Bible which needs no translation and which no priestcraft can shut and clasp from the laity—the open volume of the World, upon which, with a pen of sunshine and destroying fire, the inspired Present is even now writing the Annals of God!"—LOWELL.

THE Book of this Month is not a manufacture of the papermaker, the printer or the bookbinder.

It is more serious than anything thus made with hands. It is not yet a complete book, nor will it ever be finished.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone,
Each age, each kindred adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan;
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
While thunders' surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit.

One of these newly written verses is spelling itself out before our eyes in Wales. In order to understand its significance we need to look backward across some centuries to realise what vast issues may be in this upheaval among the Welsh country folk.

I. — REVIVALS AND REFORM.

The word Revival is not to be found in the index to the latest edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Neither does it figure in the comprehensive index to Baring Gould's "Lives of the Saints." Yet the Saints were great revivalists, and the history of the progress of the world is largely made up of the record of successive Revivals. The Revival of Religion has been the invariable precursor of social and political reform. This was very admirably put by the Rev. F. B. Meyer in his Presidential

Address to the Ninth National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches at Newcastle-on-Tyne last year:—

Every great revival of religion has issued in social and political reconstruction. In no history has the effect of the one upon the other been more carefully traced than in Green's "History of the English People." Take, for instance, his account of the revival of the twelfth century: "At the close of Henry's reign," he says, "and throughout that of Stephen, England was stirred by the first of those great religious movements which it was afterwards to experience in the preaching of the Friars, the Lollardism of Wyclif, the Reformation, the Puritan enthusiasm, and the mission work of the Wesleys. Everywhere, in town and country, men banded themselves

together for prayer; hermits flocked to the woods; noble and churl welcomed the austere Cistercians as they spread over the moors and forests of the North. A new spirit of devotion woke the slumbers of the religious houses, and penetrated alike to the homes of the noble and the trader. The power of this revival eventually became strong enough to wrest England from the chaos of feudal misrule after a long period of feudal anarchy, and laid the foundations of the Great Charter. We may go further, and assert that the movements which led to the abolition of the Slave Trade and the Corn Laws originated in the evangelistic efforts of Wesley and Whitfield. Even Mr. Benjamin Kidd, in his "Social Evolution," lays great stress on the religious foundations upon which civilisation rests. He tells us that the intellect has always mistaken the nature of religious forces, and regarded them as beneath its notice, though they had within them power to control the course of human development for hundreds, and even thousands, of years. Discussing the opposition of the educated classes in England to progress,



Mr. Evan Roberts and his Helpers.

he says: "The motive force behind the long list of progressive measures has not, to any appreciable extent, come from the educated classes; it has come almost exclusively from the middle and lower classes, who have in turn acted, not under the stimulus of intellectual motives, but under the influence of their religious feelings." It is, therefore, on the authority of history and economics that we base our contention that society can only be saved through a great revival of religion.

Mr. Meyer has referred to Green's descriptions of the great revivals of English history, and he has quoted what he said about the first. Green's description of the second is equally interesting and suggestive. Speaking of the coming of the Friars, the historian says:—

The religious hold of the priesthood on the people was loosening day by day. . . . The disuse of preaching, the decline of the monastic orders into rich landowners, the non-residence and ignorance of the parish priests robbed the clergy of their spiritual influence. The abuses of the times foiled even the energy of such men as Bishop Grosseteste, of Lincoln. To bring the world back again within the pale of the Church was the aim of two religious orders which sprang suddenly into life in the opening of the thirteenth century.

He then describes how the revival, brought about by the preaching of the Black Friars of St. Dominic and the Grey Friars of St. Francis, swept in a great tide of popular enthusiasm over the land. They carried the Gospel to the poor in the entire reversal of the Older Monasticism, by seeking personal salvation in effort for the salvation of their fellow-men. Their fervid appeal, coarse wit, and familiar story brought religion into the fair and the market-place. He then proceeds to point out how they captured the University of Oxford and made it stand in the front line in its resistance to Papal exactions and its claim of English liberty:—

The classes in the towns on whom the influence of the Friars told most directly were the steady supporters of freedom throughout the Barons' War. Adam Marsh was the closest friend and confidant both of Grosseteste and Earl Simon of Montfort.

Thus, if the first Revival preceded the signing of the Magna Charta, the second paved the way for the assembly of the first English Parliament.

The third Revival mentioned by Green was that of Wycliffe. The second Revival had spent its force in a hundred years. The Church of the Middle Ages had, at the middle of the fourteenth century, sunk to its lowest point of spiritual decay. The clergy were worldly and corrupt, and paralysed by their own dissensions. The early enthusiasm of the Friars had died away, leaving a crowd of impudent mendicants behind. Then Wycliffe arose. He recalled the ideal of "The Kingdom of God" before the eyes of mankind, and established his order of "Simple Priests" or poor preachers, who, with coarse speech and russet dress, preached the Gospel throughout the land with such success that the enemy declared in alarm that "every second man one meets is a Lollard." Wycliffe died, but the seed which he had sown sprang up and bore terrible fruit in the Peasant Revolt which, although ultimately trampled out in bloodshed, was the first great warning given to the landlords of England that the serf not only had the rights of man, but was capable on occasion of asserting them, even by such

extreme measures as the decapitation of an Archbishop.

The fourth Revival was that which preceded the Reformation. Tyndale, with his translation of the Bible, blew upon the smouldering embers of Lollardy and they burst into flame. The new Scriptures were disputed, rimed, sung and jangled in every tavern and alehouse. From that revival of popular religion among the masses came by tortuous roads the triumph of Protestantism.

The fifth Revival was that of Puritanism, which sent Laud and Charles to the block, and secured the liberties of England against the despotism of kings.

A sixth Revival, although Green does not mention it, a Revival that had perhaps more martyrs than any of the others, was the great spiritual awakening that began under George Fox's leadership in the Protectorate, and continued to work and stir in the nation; until, gathering to itself many other forces, it helped finally to rid England of the Stuarts.

The seventh and best-known Revival of all is that which took place under Wesley and Whitefield. Once again England had gone rotten at the head. "In the higher circles of society everyone laughs," said Montesquieu on his visit to England, "if one talks of religion. Of the prominent statesmen of the time, the greater part were unbelievers in any form of Christianity, and distinguished for the grossness and immorality of their lives." As at the top so at the bottom. The masses were brutalised beyond belief. "In London, at one time, gin-shops invited every passer-by to get drunk for a penny, and dead drunk for twopence." But in the midst of this moral wilderness a religious revival sprang up which carried to the hearts of the people a fresh spirit of moral zeal, while it purified our literature and our manners. "A new philanthropy reformed our prisons, infused clemency and wisdom into our penal laws, abolished the slave trade, and gave the first impulse to popular education." The revival then was not without many features which caused the sinner to blaspheme. "Women fell down in convulsions; strong men were smitten suddenly to the earth; the preacher was interrupted by bursts of hysteric laughter or hysteric sobbing." Very foolish and absurd, no doubt, sniggered the superior persons of that day. But if Mr. Lecky and other observers may be believed, it was that foolishness of the Methodist Revival that saved the children of these superior persons from having their heads sheared off by an outburst of revolutionary frenzy similar to that of the Reign of Terror.

There was no such remarkable Revival in the nineteenth century as that which gave birth to Methodism. But there was a very remarkable Revival which originated in the United States, crossed the Atlantic to Ulster, and then struck Wales in 1859. From Wales the Revival influenced England to some considerable extent for the next ten years. It was followed by the final enfranchisement of British democracy and the establishment of household suffrage.

Revivals in America immediately preceded the establishment of American independence in the eighteenth century, and the emancipation of the slaves in the nineteenth. Without arguing *post hoc propter hoc*, we may claim that such an astonishing sequence of events can hardly be regarded as a mere coincidence.

The record, therefore, of Revivals in English history runs thus :—

	REVIVAL.	RESULT.
12th century.	The Cistercian.	Magna Charta.
13th	The Friars ...	Parliament.
14th	Wycliffe ...	The Peasant Revolt.
16th	Tyndale ...	The Reformation.
17th	Puritanism ...	The Fall of Despotism.
17 th 1/2	Quakerism ...	The Revolution of 1688.
18th	Methodist ...	The Era of Reform.
19th	American ...	Household Suffrage.

The observer who brings thought to bear upon the phenomena of national growth and the evolution of society can hardly fail to be impressed by the sequence of these periodical revivals of religion. They are as marked a phenomenon in the history of England, possibly of other lands, as the processions of the seasons. To appreciate the prophetic significance of a religious revival does not necessarily involve any acceptance of the truth of the religion. All that we have to recognise is that the history of human progress in this country has always followed a certain course, which in its main features is as invariable as the great changes which make up our year. Always there is the winter of corruption, of luxury, of indolence, of vice, during which the nation seems to have forgotten God, and to have given itself up to drunkenness, gambling, avarice, and impurity. Men's hearts fail them for fear, and the love of many grows cold. It is the season when, through the most of the day, the sun withholds his beams, and a bitter frost chills all the nobler aspirations of the soul. Through such a period of eclipse we have been passing during the last few years. But as the rainbow in the ancient story stands eternal in the heavens as a proof that summer and winter, seed time and harvest, shall fail not, so after such periods of black and bitter wintry reaction, always comes the gracious springtide with healing in its wings.

And, as we have seen, the outward and visible sign of the coming of spring in the history of the nation is a great revival of religious earnestness, a sudden and widespread outburst of evangelistic fervour. We may dislike many of its manifestations as we dislike the winds of March or the showers of April, but they occur in almost identical fashion century after century. The form changes. The preaching of the Friars was not exactly the same as the preaching of the Methodists. Wycliffe's Poor Preachers and the Early Friends differed both in dialect and in doctrine. But at bottom all the English revivals have been identical. One and all represent the spring time of faith in the heart of man, a sudden re-discovery that life is given him not to please his senses but to serve his Maker, and that time is but the vestibule

of Eternity. The sense of the reality of an ever-living God within, around, above, beneath, in Whom we live and move and have our being, and the related sense of a never-dying soul, whose destiny throughout numberless æons of the future years will be influenced by the way in which each day of our mortal probation is spent—these two great truths are rediscovered afresh by the English people every century. The truths blossom in the national heart at these times of spiritual springtide as the hawthorn blossoms on the hedgerow in the merry month of May.

That the Revival time passes is true. So passes springtide with its flowers. But as spring is followed by summer, so the Revival of Religion in this country has ever been followed by the summer of reform, and the harvest of garnered fruit. It is this which ought to make every thoughtful person of all creeds, or of no creed, watch with the keenest interest the symptoms which indicate the coming of a National Revival. Until this nation goes to the penitent form, it never really pulls itself together for any serious work.

II.—THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE REVIVAL.

Revivalism is much decried among the superior persons who pride themselves upon their freedom from superstition, their detachment from the vulgarity of popular religion, their philosophic aloofness from the great emotions, the noble aspirations and the fiery enthusiasms of humanity. The purblind eunuchs! without vision or virility, what matters it what they say? Mr. Gladstone once defined Radicalism as Liberalism in earnest. Revivalism may be defined as Christianity in earnest—impatiently in earnest to produce an immediate impression on the hearts and consciences of men. Revivalism differs from the ordinary conventional methods of religious teaching in that it concentrates all its efforts upon the supreme point of inducing individuals to take, there and then, the fateful decision upon which their whole future depends. To rouse men from apathy and indifference, to compel them to face squarely the eternal alternative, to leave them no subterfuge or evasion, to bring to bear upon hesitating and doubting souls the pressure necessary to induce a definite acceptance of the service of Christ—this is Revivalism. In one form or another it has always flourished, and will always flourish wherever there is a great difference of moral temperature among men. Mr. Gladstone in Midlothian affords a supreme type of the successful revivalist in politics. Peter the Hermit was a Revivalist of another type. But for the most part Revivalism means a spiritual awakening, the conversion of individuals who, from living in indifference or in vice, turn from their evil ways and lead new lives in which, however imperfectly, they endeavour consciously to follow Christ.

So far from Revivalism being opposed to the teaching of modern science, it is nothing more nor less but the practical application to the human heart of principles

set forth by the latest psychological science. Professor William James's book on "The Varieties of Religious Experience" contains two chapters on "Conversion" which should be attentively studied by all who are anxious to understand the *rationale* of Revivalism, the psychological law which is seen in operation in conversion. According to Professor James, the unconverted man is like a capsized boat which is floating bottom upwards on the sea of life. All the beneficent influences and ethical agencies which collectively are lumped together by religious folk as the Grace of God, are ceaselessly employed in endeavouring to shift the centre of gravity, so as to enable the boat to right herself. They operate in many ways—sometimes by pumping out the water, at other times by forcing in air; but always their aim and object is to so change her equilibrium as to enable her to get upon her keel again. Professor James points out that in the subliminal mind, in the human soul that lies beneath the active consciousness, in the vast region in which are stored all the latent memories and the automatic instincts of the mind, there may be going on, during periods in which the man is apparently utterly indifferent to anything but sensual indulgence, a process analogous to that in which, even in the depths of winter, the plants are preparing for the leaves and flowers of spring. Or to return to the original metaphor—which is my own, although suggested by Professor James's lectures—the capsized ship while floating bottom upwards may all the while be experiencing a steady increase in her buoyancy caused by the pumping in of air and the consequent expulsion of water. This process, invisible to the observer, will at a given moment achieve such results that a mere push from the outside will cause the ship to right herself, because the conditions of equilibrium have been supplied, and all that was needed was an impetus from without. Just so is it with the unconverted man in times of revival. The Revivalist or the contagious emotion of a great popular enthusiasm administers the thrust that alone is needed to secure the outward and visible manifestation of the long preceding growth of the grace of God in the soul. Who can tell how many millions there are in the land at the present time who are only waiting the push that Revivalism gives, as in windy March the crocuses but wait a gleam of sunshine to put forth their blossom? The instantaneous nature of the conversions effected in Revivals merely shows that souls, like ships, are capable of righting themselves in a moment, when the proper conditions of a stable right-side-up equilibrium have been achieved. It is an awe-inspiring thought that there may be millions of our English folk who are at this moment in a condition of such unstable equilibrium that a word, a touch, may turn them over. They are ready for conversion. Their subliminal self all unconsciously is charged with the divine spirit which at the slightest outer impact may

astonish everyone, themselves most of all, by presenting to the world what the theologians call "a new creature in Christ Jesus." But although that new creature may be born in a day, he was conceived long ago, and the gestation of the soul of a Christian often lasts more years than his body took months.

However we may explain it, the veriest sceptic must admit that what the Revivalist seeks to effect is of all things the most important object of human endeavour. No political or social change can be regarded as having any serious importance, excepting so far as it tends to facilitate indirectly the achievement of the same result which the Revivalist seeks directly. The aim of all reformers is the regeneration of the individual. To make a bad man good, a cruel man merciful, a lazy man industrious, a drunkard sober, and to substitute selfless struggle to help others for a selfish scramble to seize everything for oneself—that is the aim-all, the be-all and the end-all of all those who seek the improvement of society and the progress of the world. It makes no difference whether the Reformer is called Blatchford or Liddon, Bradlaugh or Price Hughes, John Morley or General Booth, Frederic Harrison or the Archbishop of Canterbury, the President of the Free Thinkers' Congress or the Pope of Rome—that is what they are all after—that, and in the ultimate, nothing but that. And when it comes to be looked at scientifically, there is none of the whole diversified multitude of social, religious and political reformers who can deny that a great religious Revival does succeed in achieving the results which they desire more rapidly, more decisively, and in a greater number of cases than any other agency known to mankind. We may discount it as much as we like. But the facts are there. It is not necessary to credit the Revival with all the results which it reveals, any more than we may credit a day's sunshine in spring with all the flowers it brings to birth. But it brings them out. So does a Revival. And if there had been no Revival, the latent sainthood of multitudes would never have been born, just as the flowers would never come out in May if there were no sun.

It is often argued that Revivalism is ephemeral. So are apple blossoms. But apples are born of them. And as the brief historical retrospect shows, the fruit of Revivals are among the most permanent things in history. People who sneer at the backsliders after a Revival forget that it is a good thing for a man to have quit drinking, and dog-fighting, and wife-beating for a week or a month, even if after that period during which he struggled to live a human life he returns like a sow to wallowing in the mire. But, as a matter of fact, while some undoubtedly fall away, and very few indeed ever permanently retain the ecstasy and the vision of the moment of their conversion, the majority of converts made in times of revival remain steadfast. There were, no doubt, a good many who fell away among the thousands added to the early Christian Church

after the Day of Pentecost, but those who remained formed the Church which turned the world into Christendom. Professor Starbuck, who, in his "Psychology of Religion," made a minute analysis of one hundred cases of conversion, reports that while 93 per cent. of the women and 77 per cent. of the men bewailed their own backsliding, he found on examination that only 6 per cent. had really relapsed; the backsliding of the others was only a change in the ardour of sentiment. His conclusion is notable. Conversion, he says, brings with it a changed attitude towards life which is fairly constant and permanent, although the feelings fluctuate. In other words, the persons who have passed through conversion, having once taken a stand for the religious life, tend to feel themselves identified with it, no matter how much their religious enthusiasm declines.

III.—THE REVIVAL IN WALES.

The Revival in Wales began in Cardiganshire. For a long time past the Welsh Christians had been moved to pray specially for the quickening of religious life in their midst. The impulse appears to have been sporadic and spontaneous. In remote country hamlets, in mining villages buried in distant valleys, one man or one woman would have it laid upon his or her soul to pray that the Holy Spirit might be poured out upon the cause in which they were spiritually concerned. There does not seem to have been any organised effort anywhere. It was all individual, local, and strictly limited to the neighbourhood. An old Salvationist, for instance, suddenly had it borne in upon him that he was nearing the bourne from which no traveller returns. Of his own future he had no doubt. But what of the future of the others whom he so soon must leave, and leave for ever? Spiritual life was languishing in his local corps. No one was being converted. So he determined to give himself to prayer and fasting, giving Heaven no peace or rest all day or all night until the blessing came. One whole day he fasted, and the whole of the following night he prayed. And lo! it seemed as if the windows of Heaven were opened and showers of blessing descended upon the dry and parched ground. The Revival broke out in his corps and many souls were gathered in. A similar blessing was enjoyed by one of the churches in the village, but it passed over the rest. Some, like Gideon's fleece, were drenched with dew, while all around the land was dry.

The story of the very first outbreak of the Revival traces it to the trembling utterance of a poor Welsh girl, who, at a meeting in a Cardigan village, was the first to rise and testify. "If no one else will, then I must say that I love the Lord Jesus Christ with all my heart." The pathos and the passion of the avowal acted like an electric shock upon the congregation. One after another rose and made the full surrender, and the news spread like wildfire from place to place that the Revival had broken out, and that souls were being ingathered to the Lord. But the Revival was

soon to find its focus in a young theological student of the name of Evan Roberts, who has abandoned his course at Newcastle Emlyn to carry on the work of the Revival throughout Wales. His own simple story of how he came to the work is told elsewhere in the "Interviews on Topics of the Day."

I went down to South Wales on December 11th to see for myself what was going on. I described my impressions in the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Christian World*, and the *Methodist Times*. I cannot do better than reproduce my report:—

"The British Empire," as Admiral Fisher is never tired of repeating, "floats upon the British Navy." But the British Navy steams on Welsh coal. The driving force of all our battleships is hewn from the mines of these Welsh valleys, by the men amongst whom this remarkable religious awakening has taken place. On Sunday morning, as the slow train crawled down the gloomy valleys—for there was the mirk of coming snow in the air, and there was no sun in the sky—I could not avoid the obvious and insistent suggestion of the thought that Welsh religious enthusiasm may be destined to impart as compelling an impulse to the Churches of the world as Welsh coal supplies to its navies.

Nor was the force of the suggestion weakened when, after attending three prolonged services at Mardy, a village of 5,000 inhabitants lying on the other side of Pontypridd, I found the flame of Welsh religious enthusiasm as smokeless as its coal. There are no advertisements, no brass bands, no posters, no huge tents. All the paraphernalia of the got-up job are conspicuous by their absence.

Neither is there any organisation, nor is there a director, at least none that is visible to human eye. In the crowded chapels they even dispense with instrumental music. On Sunday night no note issued from the organ pipes. There was no need of instruments, for in and around and above and beneath surged the all-pervading thrill and throb of a multitude praying, and singing as they prayed.

The vast congregations were as soberly sane, as orderly, and at least as reverent as any congregation I ever saw beneath the dome of St. Paul's, when I used to go to hear Canon Liddon, the Chrysostom of the English pulpit. But it was aflame with a passionate religious enthusiasm, the like of which I have never seen in St. Paul's. Tier above tier from the crowded aisles to the loftiest gallery sat or stood, as necessity dictated, eager hundreds of serious men and thoughtful women, their eyes riveted upon the platform or upon whatever other part of the building was the storm centre of the meeting.

There was absolutely nothing wild, violent, hysterical, unless it be hysterical for the labouring breast to heave with sobbing that cannot be repressed, and the throat to choke with emotion as a sense of the awful horror and shame of a wasted life suddenly bursts upon the soul. On all sides there was the solemn gladness of men and women upon whose eyes

has dawned the splendour of a new day, the foretaste of whose glories they are enjoying in the quickened sense of human fellowship and a keen glad zest added to their own lives.

The most thorough-going materialist who resolutely and for ever rejects as inconceivable the existence of the soul in man, and to whom "the universe is but the infinite empty eye-socket of a dead God," could not fail to be impressed by the pathetic sincerity of these men; nor, if he were just, could he refuse to recognise that out of their faith in the creed which he has rejected, they have drawn and are drawing a motive power that makes for righteousness, and not only for righteousness, but for the joy of living, that he would be powerless to give them.

Employers tell me that the quality of the work the miners are putting in has improved. Waste is less, men go to their daily toil with a new spirit of gladness in their labour. In the long dim galleries of the mine, where once the hauliers swore at their ponies in Welshified English terms of blasphemy, there is now but to be heard the haunting melody of the revival music. The pit ponies, like the American mules, having been driven by oaths and curses since they first bore the yoke, are being re-trained to do their work without the incentive of profanity.

There is less drinking, less idleness, less gambling. Men record with almost incredulous amazement, how one football player after another has forsworn cards and drink and the gladiatorial games, and is living a sober and godly life, putting his energy into the revival. More wonderful still, and almost incredible to those who know how journalism lives and thrives upon gambling, and how Toryism is broad-based upon the drinking habits of the people, the Tory daily paper of South Wales has devoted its columns day after day to reporting and defending the movement which declares war to the death against both gambling and drink.

How came this strange uplift of the earnestness of a whole community? Who can say? The wind bloweth where it listeth. Some tell you one thing, some another. All agree that it began some few months ago in Cardiganshire, eddied hither and thither, spreading like fire from valley to valley, until, as one observer said to me, "Wherever it came from, or however it began, all South Wales to-day is in a flame."

However it began. So it is going on. "If no one else, then I must." It is "Here am I, send me!" This public self-consecration, this definite and decisive avowal of a determination to put under their feet their dead past of vice and sin and indifference, and to reach out towards a higher ideal of human existence, is going on everywhere in South Wales. Nor, if we think of it sanely and look at it in the right perspective, is there a nobler spectacle appealing more directly to the highest instincts of our nature to be seen in all the world to-day.

At Mardy, where I spent Sunday, the miners are

voluntarily taxing themselves this year three-half-pence in the pound of their weekly wages to build an institute, public hall, library, and reading-room. By their express request the money is deducted from their wages on pay-day. They have created a library of 2,000 books, capitally selected and well used. They have about half-a-dozen chapels and churches, a co-operative society, and the usual appliances of civilisation. They have every outward and visible sign of industrial prosperity. It is a mining village pure and simple, industrial democracy in its nakedest primitive form.

In this village I attended three meetings on Sunday—two and a half hours in the morning, two and a half hours in the afternoon, and two hours at night, when I had to leave to catch the train. At all these meetings the same kind of thing went on, the same kind of congregations assembled, the same strained, intense emotion was manifest. Aisles were crowded. Pulpit stairs were packed, and—*mirabile dictu*!—two-thirds of the congregation were men and at least one-half young men.

"There," said one, "is the hope and the glory of the movement." Here and there is a grey head. But the majority of the congregation were stalwart young miners, who gave the meeting all the fervour and swing and enthusiasm of youth. The revival had been going on in Mardy for a fortnight. All the churches had been holding services every night, with great results. At the Baptist Church they had to report the addition of nearly fifty members, fifty were waiting for baptism, thirty-five backsliders had been reclaimed.

In Mardy the fortnight's services had resulted in 500 conversions. And this, be it noted, when each place of worship was going "on its own." Mr. Evan Roberts, the so-called boy preacher of the revival, and his singing sisterhood, did not reach Mardy until the Sunday of my visit.

I have called Evan Roberts the so-called boy preacher, because he is neither a boy nor a preacher. He is a tall, graceful, good-looking young man of twenty-six, with a pleading eye and a most winsome smile. If he is a boy, he is a six-foot boy, and six-footers are usually past their boyhood. As he is not a boy, neither is he a preacher. He talks simply, unaffectedly, earnestly now and then, but he makes no sermons, and preaching is emphatically not the note of this revival in the West. If it has been by the foolishness of preaching men have been saved heretofore, that agency seems as if it were destined to take a back seat in the present movement.

The revival is borne along upon billowing waves of sacred song. It is to other revivals what the Italian Opera is to the ordinary theatre. It is the singing, not the preaching, that is the instrument which is most efficacious in striking the hearts of men. In this respect these services in the Welsh chapel reminded me strangely of the beautiful liturgical services of the Greek Church, notably in St. Isaac's, of St. Petersburg,

on Easter morn, and in the receptions of the pilgrims at the Troitski Monastery, near Moscow.

The most extraordinary thing about the meetings which I attended was the extent to which they were absolutely without any human direction or leadership. "We must obey the Spirit," is the watchword of Evan Roberts, and he is as obedient as the humblest of his followers. The meetings open—after any amount of preliminary singing, while the congregation is assembling—by the reading of a chapter or a psalm. Then it is go-as-you-please for two hours or more.

And the amazing thing is that it does go and does not get entangled in what might seem to be inevitable confusion. Three-fourths of the meeting consists of singing. No one uses a hymn-book. No one gives out a hymn. The last person to control the meeting in any way is Mr. Evan Roberts. People pray and sing, give testimony; exhort as the Spirit moves them. As a study of the psychology of crowds I have seen nothing like it. You feel that the thousand or fifteen hundred persons before you have become merged into one myriad-headed, but single-souled personality.

You can watch what they call the influence of the power of the Spirit playing over the crowded congregation as an eddying wind plays over the surface of a pond. If anyone carried away by his feelings prays too long, or if anyone when speaking fails to touch the right note, someone—it may be anybody—commences to sing. For a moment there is a hesitation as if the meeting were in doubt as to its decision, whether to hear the speaker or to continue to join in the prayer, or whether to sing. If it decides to hear and to pray the singing dies away. If, on the other hand, as it usually happens, the people decide to sing, the chorus swells in volume until it drowns all other sound.

A very remarkable instance of this abandonment of the meeting to the spontaneous impulse, not merely of those within the walls, but of those crowded outside, who were unable to get in, occurred on Sunday night. Twice the order of proceeding, if order it can be called, was altered by the crowd outside, who, being moved by some mysterious impulse, started a hymn on their own account, which was at once taken up by the congregation within. On one of these occasions Evan Roberts was addressing the meeting. He at once gave way, and the singing became general.

The prayers are largely autobiographical, and some of them intensely dramatic. On one occasion an impassioned and moving appeal to the Deity was accompanied throughout by an exquisitely rendered hymn, sung by three of the singing sisters. It was like the undertone of the orchestra when some leading singer is holding the house.

The singing sisters—there are five of them, one, Mme. Morgan, who was a professional singer—are as conspicuous figures in the movement as Evan Roberts himself. Some of their solos are wonders of dramatic and musical appeal. Nor is the effect

lessened by the fact that the singers, like the speakers, sometimes break down in sobs and tears. The meeting always breaks out into a passionate and consoling song, until the soloist having recovered her breath, rises from her knees and resumes her song.

The praying and singing are both wonderful, but more impressive than either are the breaks which occur when utterance can no more, and the sobbing in the silence momentarily heard is drowned in a tempest of melody. No need for an organ. The assembly was its own organ as a thousand sorrowing or rejoicing hearts found expression in the sacred psalmody of their native hills.

Repentance, open confession, intercessory prayer, and, above all else, this marvellous musical liturgy—a liturgy unwritten but heartfelt, a mighty chorus rising like the thunder of the surge on a rock-bound shore, ever and anon broken by the flutelike note of the singing sisters, whose melody was as sweet and as spontaneous as the music of the thrush in the grove or the lark in the sky. And all this vast quivering, throbbing, singing, praying, exultant multitude intensely conscious of the all-pervading influence of some invisible reality—now for the first time moving palpable though not tangible in their midst.

They called it the Spirit of God. Those who have not witnessed it may call it what they will; I am inclined to agree with those on the spot. For man, being, according to the Orthodox, evil, can do no good thing of himself, so, as Cardinal Manning used to say, "Wherever you behold a good thing, there you see the working of the Holy Ghost." And the revival, as I saw it, was emphatically a good thing.

IV.—THE NEW NATIONAL FREE CHURCH.

The Welsh Revival, however, stands alone. We are at last on the eve of a great spiritual awakening among the masses of our people. One of the signs of the coming of this religious spring-tide in the nation is the astonishing although little noticed success which has followed the efforts of the leaders of the English Free Churches to create one great active, living Evangelical National Free Church out of the chaos of Nonconformist denominations. Dr. Maclaren, of Manchester, a man not given to exaggeration, declared to the late Dr. Parker his conviction that the formation of the National Evangelical Free Church of England was the greatest event in the history of modern Christianity. Dr. Parker concurred. Mr. Price Hughes expressed his belief that fifty years would pass before the world-wide significance of the Free Church Union was fully realised by the world at large. We need accept neither of these statements without ample discount, but as a matter of fact the birth in our time of a new National Church, not established and endowed by the State, but created and sustained by the people, is one of the most unexpected and reassuring events of the last decade. Fifteen years ago, when the REVIEW OF REVIEWS was started, it began a vigorous.

propaganda in favour of the co-operation and co-ordination of all churches and other agencies in the work of social regeneration. Under the formula of the Civic Church our agitation achieved some small direct success, notably in Chicago, where the Civic Federation, afterwards to become the National Civic Federation of the United States, sprang as the direct result of our appeal. But its indirect results were much more remarkable. Dr. Lunn started the *Religious Review of Reviews*, and, taking up the question of union from a more ecclesiastical standpoint, held a series of conferences in Switzerland, to which he invited the leaders of all denominations for the purpose of discussing the reunion of Christendom. Dr. Lunn's ideal was as much in advance of the times as my idea of the Civic Church was in advance of Dr. Lunn's. I wanted the union of all who love in the service of all who suffer, regardless of religious creed. Dr. Lunn wanted the union of the Christian Churches, established and non-established. What ultimately resulted from the Grindelwald conferences was a decision that the one practicable thing to do was to unite the Free Churches into one great united Free Church. Mr. Price Hughes, Dr. Berry, of Wolverhampton, Dr. Clifford, Dr. Mackennal, Mr. Cadbury, Mr. Bunting and others flung themselves energetically into the work of Free Church Union. My attempt to secure the inclusion of Unitarians was brushed on one side. The New National Free Church had to be distinctively Evangelical in its foundation. Unitarians and Roman Catholics were therefore excluded. Local Councils, consisting of Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Quaker and Free Episcopal Churches, have been constituted in over eight hundred districts. These local councils have been federated in fifty county or provincial federations. Over all these is the National Council, constituted of Free Churchmen elected by the various local councils not as Congregationalists, Methodists, etc., but solely as Free Churchmen, together with other members of Evangelical Free Churches who subscribe five shillings a year to its funds. The objects of this National Council are thus defined:—

(a) To facilitate fraternal intercourse and co-operation among the Evangelical Free Churches.

(b) To assist in the organisation of local Councils.

(c) To encourage devotional fellowship and mutual counsel concerning the spiritual life and religious activities of the Churches.

(d) To advocate the New Testament doctrine of the Church, and to defend the rights of the associated Churches.

(e) To promote the application of the law of Christ in every relation of human life.

The Council which met last year at Newcastle-on-Tyne was the ninth annual gathering of that body. The following have been Presidents of the Council in the order named (Dr. Berry presided over preliminary Congresses):—The Rev. H. Price Hughes, Rev. J. Monro Gibson, M.A., LL.D. (Presbyterian), the Rev. John Clifford, M.A., D.D.

(Baptist), the Rev. A. Mackennal, D.D. (Congregational), the Rev. C. H. Kelly (Wesleyan), the Rev. J. G. Greenhough, M.A. (Baptist), the Rev. W. J. Townsend, D.D. (New Connexion), the Rev. James Travis (Primitive Methodist), and the Rev. F. B. Meyer (Baptist). The Rev. Thomas Law, the General Secretary, is the Schnadhorst of the National Council. It has an annual income of nearly £8,000, an Election Fund raised to defend the Free Churches against the Education Act of many thousands. It represents a body of English Christians, who in numbers, organisation, piety, and energy are at least equal to those who belong to the Established Church. The following statistics indicate the comparative strength of the various denominations now more or less merged in the New National Free Church.

	SEATS.	COMMUNICANTS.	MINISTERS.
Baptists	1,313,592	366,789	1,668
Congregationalists	1,650,392	418,461	2,372
Presbyterians	170,984	79,620	321
Wesleyans	2,193,997	584,164	2,212
Primitive Methodists	994,164	192,543	1,085
Salvation Army	531,000
Calvinistic Methodists	463,642	162,284	841
United Methodist Free Churches	399,682	84,196	353
Methodist New Connexion	162,417	38,870	194
Bible Christians	153,600	31,019	172
Wesleyan Reform Union	47,055	8,053	17
Independent Methodists	33,000	8,776	...
Society of Friends	17,254	...
Churches of Christ	22,500	12,841	...
Moravians	10,000	2,905	42
Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion	13,347	2,469	26
Free Church of England	6,794	1,090	21
Reformed Episcopal Church	6,000	1,500	28
Totals	8,172,166	2,010,834	9,652

The comparative strength of the two National Churches is shown in the following statistics, which, however, are not up to date in the case of the National State Church:—

	SITTINGS.	COMMUNICANTS.	SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.	SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLARS.
National Free	8,172,166	2,010,834	391,760	3,390,255
National State	7,127,834	2,050,718	206,203	2,919,413

It had been my intention to write chiefly of the new National Free Church, and to describe its manifold activities. But I leave them for another time. The Revival is the order of the day, and I wish to concentrate attention upon the significance of this new National Church from that point of view.

From the first the organisation of Missions, which are Revival services in every sense of the word, has been one of the chief duties undertaken by the National Council. It has three Missioners constantly "on the road." They are Gipsy Smith, Mr. W. R. Lane, and the Rev. Tolefree Parr. They work in connection with the Local Council. The Mission is thus in direct organic connection with all the federated Churches. Some idea may be gained as to the number of these Missions by the following lists of places where Missions were held last year:—

GIPSY SMITH: Sunderland, Blackburn, Eastbourne, Yarmouth, Redruth, Bromley, Douglas, Chester, Porth, Dublin, East London Tabernacle, Northampton, Islington, Macclesfield, Leeds, St. Helens, Southend, and Bournemouth.

MR. W. R. LANE: Aberystwyth, Cardiff, Ramsgate, Polytechnic, London, Blackheath (Staffs), Hawick, Huddersfield,

Paddington, Spennymoor, Louth, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Hebbden Bridge, Wimbledon, Mexborough, Saltcoats, Blaenavon, and Harlesden.

J. TOLEFREE PARR : Pudsey, Brigg, Blaina, Fenny Stratford, Redhill, Eastern Valleys, Horsforth, Belfast, Stanley, Paddington, Felling, Sheffield, Croydon, Kingswood, Driffield, Mirfield, Ramsbottom, Llandrindod Wells, and St. Austell.

The *modus operandi* of these Missions is invariably the same. The following account of the Bradford Mission will serve as well as any other to indicate the nature of the work :—

In February Gipsy Smith held a notable Mission in Bradford. The way had been prepared by Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., who, in the first four days of February, had delivered a number of heart-searching addresses, mainly to ministers and Christian workers. For the Gipsy the Council had secured St. George's Hall, one of the noblest buildings in the country. Night after night the hall was packed from floor to ceiling with an audience of from 3,500 to 4,000, and all through the Missioner was loyally supported by a large number of the ministers of the town. On Saturday night, February 21st, after the first evening service, we turned out with torches and bands and marched through the city fully 20,000 strong. It was the most wonderful procession Bradford has ever seen, and at the midnight meeting, held in a large hall on the edge of the worst slum in the city, some remarkable confessions were made.

The Rev. W. J. Dawson, of Quadrant Church, Highbury, referring to the midnight meeting at the Mission held at his church, says :—

It was about a quarter after ten when the procession left the church. Through the darkness and drizzle it marched round the church two or three times, singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," until it numbered more than a thousand persons. Most of the mission workers were there, some of the deacons and officials of the church, crowds of young people. Two really fine bands of the Salvation Army led us. The route was a long one, and at first we gathered few followers, though crowds watched us. But by the time Hornsey Road was reached, the work of the advanced guard began to tell. People poured out of the public-houses and low lodging-houses. And such people! The procession numbered fully five thousand

when it moved along the Seven Sisters Road. At a little after eleven we reached the church, and the great crowd poured in. I have preached to thieves, I have done mission-work in the lowest parts of Manchester and Southwark, but I think I never saw a congregation like that. The reek of alcohol was overpowering. Scores of men and women were drunk. Yet when I asked them to join in the Lord's Prayer no lips were silent. They sang "Rescue the Perishing" with a wonderful unison; they listened in profound silence to the addresses, many weeping, all reverent; and no sooner did Gipsy Smith appeal to them than they began to move toward the inquiry-room. I wish I could describe that inquiry-room.

This is Revivalism pure and simple. Processions at midnight by the glare of torches and the blare of bands—the sweeping off the streets the dregs and scum of the drinking dens—this is going on all the time, it would seem, somewhere or other in England, under the direction of all the ministers of all the Free Churches now federated together as the National Evangelical Free Church of England!

As these things are, so it is evident that the Revival is no mere Welsh outbreak. What the pious Christian describes as the mighty power of the Holy Spirit is working visibly in our midst. Others, who are materialists, can account for the phenomenon as they please. The hypothesis produced to explain these things may be true or false. It may be the Divine spirit or it may be a morbid physiological condition. I do not decide the matter. What I want my readers to realise is that even if it be only a morbid physiological condition, the important thing is that such morbid symptoms have usually preceded a great outburst of healthy political and social activity in the nation at large, and that if the spirit of Revival be in very truth abroad in the land, we shall not have long to wait for all manner of beneficent results in fields of human activity far removed from the prayer meeting and the inquiry-room.



The Review's Bookshop.

A YEAR of many good books, but no great book, is the verdict that must be passed on the year that has gone. It will not be remembered as the year in which some great or epoch-making volume first made its appearance. No single book will be associated with 1904 as Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" is with 1904. But the average merit was high, higher probably than it has been for several years. In nearly every department of literature we have to record additions that are real contributions to the literature of the country and that are destined to have more than an ephemeral existence. Not only have more good books been published but they have found a larger number of purchasers than has been the case in several recent years.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON'S COLLECTED POEMS.

Admirers of English poetry will welcome the edition in two volumes of the collected poems of Mr. William Watson. Hitherto it has been impossible to secure a collection of the verse of our modern Wordsworth save by purchasing an indefinite number of volumes of all shapes and sizes. Now, thanks to Mr. John Lane, the publisher, and Mr. J. A. Spender, the editor, anyone can get a complete collection of Mr. Watson's verse, with the advantage of his latest additions and emendations, at 9s. net. Mr. Watson is so well known by his poems on political crises that it is somewhat of a surprise to find that his poems relating to public subjects only occupy less than a third of one volume. On reading over these poems, I confess I experienced an almost painful shock. I had completely forgotten that twenty years ago Mr. Watson, this sane and sober singer, the sacred bard of the ideal England, had wallowed in the very abysmal depths of the mire of Jingoism. The occasion was that of the Penjdeh dispute, when England and Russia were brought to the verge of war by what was afterwards admitted to have been solely due to the bad faith of British officers who incited the Afghans to attack a Russian outpost. This incident, which, of course, raised the full fury of the Jingo to its height, appears to have been too much for the balance of Mr. William Watson. His sonnets on the subject, however vigorous they may be as verse, as politics are about as deplorable as anything that Rudyard Kipling ever wrote. Mr. Watson would have shown much more regard for his own reputation if he had buried those unfortunate sonnets in oblivion. These, however, are but spots on the sun, and if the sonnets disappeared entirely, there would still remain two volumes of stately and beautiful verse which now and again throbs and burns with a passion all the more intense because it is not lavished over every page.

The past year has also been notable for the publication of the collected library edition, in six volumes, of the poetical works of Mr. Swinburne (Chatto and Windus, 36s. net). It is a worthy edition of the poems of the last of the Victorian poets, and one which is sure of a warm welcome by all who are admirers of Mr. Swinburne's genius. Its publication, together with that of the two volumes edited by Mr. Spender, redeems the reputation of the year 1904 as far as poetry is concerned.

ENGLAND THROUGH FOREIGN EYES.

One of the most interesting and suggestive books published last month was Dr. Carl Peters' "England and the English" (Hurst and Blackett, 6s. net). It is always instructive to see ourselves as we appear to an intelligent foreigner, and this Dr. Peters' book enables us to do. He has lived in our midst for ten years, and has made good use of his opportunities for observation. He has studied us as in his earlier voyages of exploration he looked at the countries of the Massais and the Matha-langa. The result is an extremely interesting and vivid account of our country, manners, habits and characteristics, interspersed with many shrewd comments and suggestive comparisons. Dr. Peters is not merely a keen observer, but he knows how to marshal his facts, and can handle statistics in a manner making them of living interest. You should not fail to read the book, the nature of whose contents I can only indicate. It is interesting to note, however, that the national characteristic that most favourably impresses Dr. Peters is the English love of fair play, and the greatest danger he foresees the growing aversion to earning a living by honest work and the mania for the speedy accumulation of wealth.

MORE ABOUT JAPAN.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, with the assistance of Norma Lorimer, has published another bulky volume of sketches of Japanese life under the title of "More Queer Things About Japan" (Treherne, 21s. net). Miss Lorimer describes Japan from a woman's point of view in sixteen brightly-written chapters, and Mr. Sladen covers much the same ground from a man's standpoint. In addition to these purely descriptive portions of the book there is reproduced a curious Japanese history of Napoleon, with lives of Peter the Great, Alexander and Aristotle written in the first half of the nineteenth century, and the originals of the well-known series of letters by the English pilot, William Adams, written from Japan between 1611 and 1617. There are also many reproductions of Japanese illustrations. Taken as a whole, the volume affords much interesting, gossipy and miscellaneous reading about Japan and the Japanese that will prove attractive to those who eschew more serious books. Another book you should look at is Miss Ethel McCaul's entertaining diary of her experiences at the seat of war and her investigation of the work of the Red Cross Society of Japan, published under the title of "Under the Care of the Japanese War Office" (Cassell, 6s.). Miss McCaul went on her mission of inquiry as a learner, and she learned many things which she here sets down with straightforward candour.

BOOKS FOR TARIFF REFORMERS AND OTHERS.

Whatever the fiscal controversy may or may not have done, it has at least stimulated thought and provoked investigation. Many volumes have been published as the natural result of this stirring of minds. Last month there appeared one of the best that the agitation has as yet brought forth. This is a small volume by Mr. Thomas Kirkup, entitled "Progress and the Fiscal Problem" (A. and C. Black, 3s. 6d. net). I do not agree with Mr. Kirkup's main conclusion, which is the necessity for tariff reform, but I can heartily commend his admirably lucid and clear-sighted exposition of the present comparative industrial position of the principal manufac-

turing countries of the world. In the compass of a few pages you will find a statement of all the essential facts, which you will do well to keep in mind, although you may not draw from them the same conclusions as Mr. Kirkup. There is a breadth of view and an absence of prejudice about this little volume that is very refreshing after the hurly-burly of the controversy out-of-doors. Another book on the same side of the fiscal question which I have not had an opportunity of noticing before, although it appeared some little time ago, is Mr. V. St. Clair Mackenzie's "Dynamics of the Fiscal Problem" (Effingham Wilson. 4s. 6d.). Mr. Mackenzie casts his vote against Free Trade, and those who are of the same way of thinking will find in his pages fresh weapons to add to their controversial equipment. Another contribution to the general subject is Professor Ashley's investigation into the social conditions in Germany carried out with the intention of showing that the condition of the worker in the Empire has greatly improved within recent years in spite of Germany's adoption of Protection. The results of his inquiries are published under the title "The Progress of German Working-classes in the Last Quarter of the Century" (Longmans. 1s. 6d. net). To both Free Traders and Tariff Reformers I can recommend an admirable atlas of the World's Chief Industries, published by George Philip and Son, price two shillings. In a series of simple maps the chief sources of the world's supply of wheat, sugar, tea, coal, gold, silver, copper, iron ore, iron and steel, cotton, wool and silk are clearly indicated, together with the source and amount of our imports of these various commodities. These trade statistics are further elucidated by a series of excellent diagrams.

A VOLUME OF CRITICISM.

The appearance of a volume of "Miscellaneous Essays and Addresses," by Henry Sidgwick (Macmillan. 10s. net), will be welcomed and thoroughly enjoyed by all those familiar with his critical writings. These essays and addresses have been gleaned from various magazines and publications, and most of them were mentioned by Professor Sidgwick before his death as suitable for preservation in a more permanent form. An excellent case could be made out for the inclusion of Henry Sidgwick in Mr. Morley's very select band of seekers after truth—only four in number, it will be remembered, though at times he may have doubted whether there was such a thing as ascertainable truth at all. In this volume we have the ripe fruit of a keenly critical mind ranging over the fields of literature, economics and education. Those who have already read will read again, with renewed pleasure, his critical estimates of "Ecce Homo," Matthew Arnold as a Prophet of Culture, the poetry of Arthur Hugh Clough, and Mr. Kidd's "Social Evolution." The economic papers are valuable contributions to the subjects they deal with, and the criticisms they contain are full of suggestion. The essay on "The Theory of Classical Education" might be read with great advantage by all those at present engaged in discussing the merits and demerits of Greek as part of a liberal education.

A BIOGRAPHY OF BALZAC.

There are three books of biographical interest that you will find well worth reading. They describe the lives of Honoré de Balzac, Theodore Watts-Dunton, the author of "Aylwin," and the friend of Swinburne, and the last days of Aubrey Beardsley. Little authentic information has been published in English about Balzac, who has been called, not unjustly, the French Shakespeare. This is, perhaps, as his present biographer, Mary F. Sandars

(Murray, 7s. 6d., illustrated), suggests, because Balzac is such an extremely difficult subject for biography. Expansive in some ways, whenever anything really touched him he became extremely reserved, and our ever having a thoroughly complete biography of him seems put out of the question by his having destroyed nearly all the letters of the one woman he ever loved, and who does certainly seem never really adequately to have loved him in return. His life, as told by Miss Sandars, is pitiful reading. He worked as perhaps no man ever worked before or will work again; he loved passionately for sixteen years, only to marry and find a woman unable to give him what he had craved and striven for all the fifty-one years of his prematurely ended life. Finally, he died almost alone, except for his mother—often a trial to him during his life—and his servants, after the five months of marriage, which were all he had. The book is biographical and only occasionally critical, which explains the smallness of its size, considering the extremely busy and crowded life of its subject. Whoever cares for Balzac cannot but read it with eagerness and keen enjoyment.

THE AUTHOR OF "AYLWIN."

In writing the biography of Mr. Watts-Dunton Mr. James Douglas has been doubly handicapped. He is describing the life of a living man, always an extremely difficult undertaking, and he is writing of a man who has sedulously shunned publicity. The result is a feeling of incompleteness. Yet no one with any interest in contemporary literature can but feel attracted to this large volume, with its admirable illustrations of *The Pines*, which, since 1872, has been the common dwelling-place of Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Watts-Dunton. Of life at *The Pines*, however, nothing is said. Indeed, those who crave for gossip will not care for Mr. Douglas's book. He satisfies no one's idle curiosity. It is a volume of literary reminiscences, of views on criticism and its true function, on poetry, and on contemporary literature, and as such will possess a real interest for a wide circle of readers. The book would have been improved if it had been less bulky, and the amount of space devoted to "Aylwin" is somewhat disproportionate.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY'S LAST LETTERS.

You will rise from the perusal of Aubrey Beardsley's "Last Letters" (Longmans. 5s. net.) feeling, before everything else, how deeply affectionate and how grateful for the smallest kindness was the character into whose twenty-five years of life you have had a brief glimpse. But you will also have strongly borne in upon you the pitifulness of a long, brave struggle of youth against death. Almost to the very last there was hope, which every little renewal of strength revived again, only to be shattered the next day. Perhaps few outsiders realised how profoundly religious, how devoted a Catholic was Aubrey Beardsley—at least, in his last days. After reading the letters we feel that the writer of the introductory note, the Rev. John Gray, had no need to have assured us that Aubrey Beardsley "was utterly devoid of any malevolence towards his fellow creatures, whether individually or collectively."

PRISON LIFE AND DETECTIVE STORIES.

The length of Major Arthur Griffiths' book "Fifty Years' of Public Service" (Cassell. With Portrait. 18s. net), is fully excused by the title, which is a real index to the nature of the book. It is one of the least personal of autobiographies. Its interest will be especially felt by those who have had to do with prison administration. The book is quite a mine of information on the conditions

of our prisons and treatment of our prisoners during the past thirty years. Some of the most generally interesting chapters in what is, on the whole, an interesting book are those on the identification of criminals and on criminal anthropology. The style is direct and simple, never brilliant, but always easy to read.

Those who like detective stories that are at the same time absolute fact and, like most truth, stranger and more fascinating than fiction, had better read John Wilson Murray's reminiscences, published as "Memoirs of a Great Detective" (Heinemann. 10s. net). There could hardly be more exciting reading. The concluding chapter is, perhaps, in one way the most interesting of all. "Few make a success of crime," Mr. Murray declares. "It is a calling for fools. Yet men of intellect enter it deliberately, and here and there one of them may seem to succeed. If they devoted half the thought, energy, skill, and daring to any other line of business, they would make a far greater success of life and of work."

COUNT TOLSTOI'S PROTEST AGAINST SHAKESPEARE.

The Shakespearean student is, after the reader of fiction, the person best provided for by the publishers. Not a month passes but there appears at least one volume dealing with Shakespeare, his life, work, or some controversy connected with his name. Eulogy and appreciation is almost the uniform note of all these volumes. This chorus of approval is shortly to be disturbed by a harsh note of protest from Count Tolstoi, if we may believe Mr. Hugo Ganz, the author of a book of otherwise slight importance on "The Downfall of Russia." (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.) There is nothing either new or striking in his account of what he saw on a visit to Russia, with the exception of the last three chapters, in which he jots down his conversations with Count Tolstoi. Tolstoi, he reports, is engaged in writing a book against Shakespeare and the study of Shakespeare. He protests against the "unreasonable reverence" for a writer whom he roundly declares "is crude, immoral, a toady to the great, an arrogant despoiler of the small, a slanderer of the common people. He lacks good taste in his jests, is unjust in his sympathies, ignoble, intoxicated with the acquaintance with which a few aristocrats honoured him. Even his art is over-estimated, for in every case the best comes from his predecessors or his sources." We are living, he asserts, under the hypnotic spell cast by the consensus of opinion of multitudes handed down for centuries, a spell which Count Tolstoi appears determined to do his best to dissolve.

SHAKESPEAREAN TRAGEDY.

Until we are delivered from this hypnotic spell and our eyes are opened the student will read with interest Mr. A. C. Bradley's "Shakespearean Tragedy," as illustrated by Hamlet, Othello, King Lear and Macbeth, a selection of essays delivered originally as lectures by the Professor of Poetry at Oxford (Macmillan. 10s. net). Naturally you will turn first to the lectures on Hamlet, Mr. Bradley's view of whom gives far more prominence to the Queen's influence than is usual. If I read him aright, Hamlet's tragedy was due more to his bitter disappointment in his mother than to any other single cause, though, of course, Mr. Bradley does not ignore any of the other causes. The essays, if not strikingly original or brilliant—and perhaps it is almost too much to expect either originality or brilliance on such well-worn subjects—are thoughtful, scholarly studies; and if only because they are the views of such an earnest student of Shakespeare, they are certain to command both interest and attention.

THREE BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

If you would travel in imagination during these dull and foggy days to lands of sunshine and blue skies, I can recommend to you two volumes which will, for a few hours at least, help you to forget the English climate. "In Pursuit of Dulcinea" (Allen. 6s. net) is a curious book which is so nearly a charming one that it is with a feeling of regret that I laid it down. Mr. Henry Bernard, the pursuer, travelled in the footsteps of Don Quixote, in search not so much of Dulcinea del Toboso, as of the Spain of the Knight of La Mancha, or what remains of it to-day, which does not seem to be very much. The illustrations are better than the text, and that is at times original. I do not, as Mr. Bernard suggests his reviewer will, "arch my eyebrows at the book," but the impression left on my mind is of strange and somewhat disjointed conversations. Doubtless the Spaniard belongs to another order of being to the reader, and he feels it. The book, by-the-bye, is dedicated to the "Beloved Pessimist, Dr. E. J. Dillon." Vernon Lee's "Enchanted Woods, and other Essays of the Genius of Places" (Lane. 3s. 6d.) is a volume of pretty though somewhat slight travel papers, many of which have appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*. They deal mostly with French scenes, but there are others which take German and Italian places as their theme. They are pleasing sketches written by one who has had time to live. If I were to single out any for special mention it would be "German Fir Trees," "In Gascony," and "Les Charmettes." It is marvellous sometimes how people can have eyes and see not, and ears and hear not.

NOVELS WORTH READING.

No remarkable novels were published last month, and even in number there was some diminution as the publishing season drew to a close. One or two, however, deserve mention in a survey of the books of the month. Admirers of Ralph Connor's vigorous stories of Canadian life will not need to be urged to read his latest tale, "The Prospector" (Hodder. 6s.). It is a finely-told story; there is some excellent character-drawing, and it possesses all the strength and vividness that made "The Sky Pilot" so popular. Mr. Harry A. Spurr's volume of "Stories From The Plays of Alexandre Dumas" (J. R. Tuttin. 2s. 6d. net) also deserves notice. Dumas' plays are not so well known in England as his romances, and if you are not already acquainted with "Henri Trois," "Antony," and "Mlle. de Belle-Isle," you cannot do better than read them in these excellent prose translations, where the conversation of the play is worked into a connected narrative. "The Book of Angelus Drayton" (Long. 6s.) is a novel that reads more like fact than fiction. It is a prettily, even pathetically told tale of a dreamy scholar, who, through an accident, became a postman in a quiet country district, living with a widowed mother and his own thoughts. But his ambitions lead him on till eventually he becomes Angelus Drayton the poet as well as postman, his poems being accepted by one of the best London literary journals. Finally, just two days before the poems appear in book form, handicapped by one lost and one maimed limb, he loses his life in rescuing that of another. "The Love-Letters of a Lady of Quality" (Elliot Stock. 5s.) purport to be real letters found in a long-forgotten drawer by Rupert Lisle. The letters tell their own story, which is that of a devoted, manly lover, not absurdly sentimental, and human enough to be jealous, but ever faithful, and of a maid, interned for the time in a convent, but who could never persuade herself, though the nuns and "Father Francis" for the time brought her perilously

near doing so, that it was better to be "the bride of Christ" than the bride of a living, loving man. You will also be glad to possess the first two volumes of what promises to be the standard edition of Lord Beaconsfield's novels. This Centenary Edition of his earlier novels is being published by the De La More Press, with elaborate biographical introductions by Mr. Lucien Wolf, in which he traces the connection of each novel with the career of its author and the extent to which he is identified with its story. "Vivian Grey," in two volumes (7s. net), is the first of the novels to appear, and Mr. Wolf's introduction is an intensely interesting chapter of biography, throwing new light on Disraeli's early career.

FOR THE THEOLOGIAN AND CHURCHGOER.

For the theologian and the still larger number of persons who take an interest in theological and religious questions I have several volumes this month. First, there is a book that might be read with advantage by all churchgoers, "The Diary of a Churchgoer" (Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net), by an anonymous writer. The diary records the feelings of a worshipper, and points out those portions of the Church service that occasionally jar and offend the intellect. The writer makes various suggestions by which the service of the Church of England might be brought into greater harmony with the feelings of the congregation. Then there is Canon Henson's "Notes on Popular Rationalism" (Isbister, 3s. 6d.), which will appeal to a wider circle of readers. He attempts to answer some of the more conspicuous and weighty objections urged against the Christian religion by its critics and opponents. There is also Dr. Alexander Maclaren's volume on the exposition of the Scriptures dealing with Genesis (Hodder, 7s. 6d.), and Professor W. M. Ramsay's "Letters to the Seven Churches of Asia, and Their Place in the Plan of the Apocalypse" (Hodder, 12s.). In addition to these books by English writers, there are several admirable translations published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate. There is, for instance, the translation of the late Auguste Sabatier's treatise and lecture on "The Doctrine of the Atonement and Religion and Modern Culture," in which an attempt is made at a systematic application of the historical method to the study of religious beliefs and doctrines. Two valuable additions have been made to the Theological Translation Library in Dr. Ernst von Dobschütz's "Christian Life in the Primitive Church," and the first volume of Harnack's "Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries."

FOR MUSICIANS AND MUSIC LOVERS.

Students of Wagner have long been under a deep debt of obligation to Mr. William Ashton Ellis for his Translation of Wagner's Prose-Works, completed a few years ago. As soon as this great work was off his hands, Mr. Ellis turned his attention to Herr Glassenapp's "Life of Wagner," with a view to presenting us with an English version of it. At first the German and the English volumes coincided, but while the work of translation pro-

ceeded, so much new material, hitherto unavailable, came to hand, that considerable changes in the English version became necessary. Now we have the fourth (English) volume bearing the name of Mr. Ellis alone, for it is entirely an original work, based on the new details relating to Wagner and his music dramas, which have recently come to light (Kegan Paul, 16s. net). It may easily be imagined how much new matter Mr. Ellis has given us, in what should be called the standard "Life of Wagner."

An important work for musicians and others is the new edition of "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians," the first volume of which is now ready. (Macmillan, 21s. net). Under the editorship of Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland, the dictionary has not only been brought up to date, but the scope of the work has been considerably enlarged, and many articles have been more adequately treated.

INDISPENSABLE REFERENCE BOOKS.

The beginning of a New Year brings with it a swarm of reference books, some few of which take their place as a matter of right on every well-stocked bookshelf. "Whitaker's Almanac" (2s. 6d. net), for example, has long held an undisputed place among indispensable reference books. "The Reformer's Year Book" (Echo Office, 2s. linen, 1s. paper net) is also an admirable compilation of facts and information of constant use to everyone either engaged or interested in social work or political reform. Another invaluable book of reference to those for whom it is expressly compiled in Debreit's "Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage" (Dean and Son, 31s. 6d. net). The edition of 1905 is a striking contrast to that of some years ago, when the "Peerage" consisted of a few hundred sparsely filled pages. To-day the pages number 2,336, and are closely packed with names, dates, facts, and addresses, and illustrated by hundreds of coats of arms. For those who prefer a light and compact volume, a limited edition has been published on special thin paper, bound in limp morocco, at 50s. net. Those who cannot afford this expensive and authoritative work will find "Whitaker's Peerage" (3s. 6d. net) within their means. An exceedingly useful reference book is that compiled by Mr. Edward Latham, under the title "Famous Sayings and their Authors" (Sonnen-schein, 7s. 6d.). The compilation and verification has been very well done. The sayings are in English, French, German, Greek, Italian, and Latin, and there is an index of names of persons. France has contributed largely to the world's famous sayings. Disraeli, however, heads the list, with forty-nine; Napoleon I. contributes forty-three, and Louis XIV. forty-two; Queen Elizabeth twenty-three, Burke and Bismarck each twenty-one, Dr. Johnson nineteen, and Gladstone seventeen. Another useful and convenient book from the same publisher is "A Dictionary of Battles" (7s. 6d.), compiled by Mr. T. B. Harbottle.



See Page 143.]

THE SNEEZE (NOT ON THE PROGRAMME)

[Hop.

INSURANCE NOTES.

Mr. G. G. McColl, who for the last nine years has been the manager of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States in Victoria, has retired from the position to take up business on his own account.

The immense diamond, weighing 3000 carats, which was recently discovered in the Premier mine, near Johannesburg, South Africa, is to be forwarded to London for treatment. The stone has been insured for £500,000 for the voyage to London.

Owing to the advent of the State Fire Insurance Department in New Zealand, which opened at the beginning of the year, the fire insurance companies doing business there have formed a new tariff of rates to meet the Government competition. The reductions amount to 33½ per cent. on some classes of risks and to 7 per cent. on others.

A serious fire, involving total damage of nearly £100,000, occurred on January 27th, in the heart of the city of Wellington, New Zealand, in the premises occupied by the Drapery Importing Co. The buildings comprised a block of three-story brick premises, containing a large quantity of drapery and general dry goods, and the fire swept through the block with great rapidity. The flames spread to the adjoining premises of the Economic Drapery Co., where they were got under after doing heavy damage. The Drapery Importing Co.'s stores were completely burned out, the insurance thereon being £20,500 on the building, and £60,000 on the stock. The insurance on the Economic stores amounted to £18,200.

A sensation was caused in the banking world towards the close of last month, when it became known that the bullion reserves at the Bendigo branch of the Bank of Australasia were found to be £2100 short. A careful check of the books had been made to see if it was not due to an error in book-keeping, but it was

found that there was a shortage to the extent mentioned. The detective police have been engaged for some time trying to trace the missing money, but so far without avail. The Bank has offered a reward of £500 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who stole the money and the recovery of the amount stolen. It is anticipated that the strong room was opened by means of duplicate keys.

THE COLONIAL MUTUAL .. FIRE ..

INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED.

FIRE	-	-	-
ACCIDENT	-	-	-
EMPLOYER'S LIABILITY	-	-	-
FIDELITY GUARANTEE	-	-	-
PLATE-GLASS BREAKAGE	-	-	-
MARINE	-	-	-
BURGLARY	-	-	-

Insurance.

OFFICES.

MELBOURNE—60 Market Street.
 SYDNEY—78 Pitt Street.
 ADELAIDE—71 King William Street.
 BRISBANE—Creek Street.
 PERTH—Barrack Street.
 HOBART—Collins Street.
 LONDON—St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, E.C.

WM. L. JACK,
MANAGER.

LETTERS REPORTING CURES IN CASES OF GRAVEL AND STONE.

From Mr. G. H. Robinson, Harbour View, Watson's Bay, N.S.W., 29th Sept. 1903.

"I have much pleasure in testifying as to the value of Warner's Safe Cure, as, gradually, and without pain, it removed a stone from my kidneys which had been accumulating for years."

From Mr. Ernest Otto Beckmann, Prince of Wales Hotel, George-st., Moonta, S.A., 27th Nov., 1903.

"Nine years ago I was afflicted with what the doctors termed calculus, or gravel in the kidneys. I suffered excruciating pain, and could obtain no permanent relief from the medicines I took. The doctors could do nothing to benefit me, and I was nearly in despair, when a friend advised me to try Warner's Safe Cure. Knowing that that medicine was highly recommended for kidney, liver and bladder diseases, I commenced taking it, also Warner's Safe Pills in conjunction. Warner's Safe Cure seemed to act immediately on the kidneys, releasing from them a large quantity of gravel, which passed off in my water and gave me great relief. My urine soon became clear from all such deposits, and as I have had no trouble since that time, I consider myself effectually cured. I am now in the enjoyment of good health."

From Mr. A. Speirs, 98 Morehead-st., Redfern, N.S.W., 10th Feb., 1904.

"About six years ago I was a great sufferer from gravel and kidney trouble. My doctors said I had Bright's Disease of the kidneys. My sight, too, became very impaired. I tried Turkish Baths and many other remedies without obtaining relief. I was in misery for at least 18 months, when a friend advised me to give Warner's Safe Cure a trial. I did so, taking also Warner's Safe Pills, and in nine weeks I was a new man. I attribute my recovery solely to Warner's medicines, as I have not suffered in any way since."

From Mr. John F. Kennedy, Argyle-st., Parramatta, N.S.W., 22nd Sept., 1903.

"Some years ago I was attacked by great pains in the kidneys and bladder, accompanied by swelling in the groin. The pain was so severe that, even when lying in bed, I could scarcely bear it, whilst to walk across the room was agony. I was treated by doctors off and on for five years, and at last they told me that it was no use giving me any more medicine, but to take care of myself and take plenty of nourishment. I was laid up, feeling very bad, when I happened to read one of your pamphlets. I sent for some Warner's Safe Cure, and continued taking it for three months. After taking three or four bottles, it brought gravel in great quantities from me, and I was soon able to get up and walk about, after three months on my back. I am well known in Parramatta, and people were surprised to see the way I had improved after taking Warner's Safe Cure. I went to the chemist from whom I bought the medicine, and when I showed him the gravel it had brought from my system, he said it was marvellous."

From Mr. James Grant, Grocer, 126 Young-st., Annandale, N.S.W. Feb. 12th, 1903.

"Some ten years ago I was attacked by great pains in the back and groin, which at times were so severe that I almost screamed with agony. I was treated by doctors for fully five years, and also tried several patent medicines, but obtained no relief. I at last despaired of ever getting well again, but was recommended by a friend to try Warner's Safe Cure, as it had given him immense relief in a similar case. I followed his advice, and, after taking the medicine for a while I passed a stone about three-quarters of an inch long and a quarter of an inch wide. I am pleased to say that, after this stone had come away, my sufferings were at an end, and I have not suffered in the slightest degree since. Many of my friends know of my case, and I always keep the stone I passed. I can confidently recommend Warner's Safe Cure in cases like mine, as I am thoroughly convinced that it saved me many years of agony, if not my very life itself."

From Mr. W. W. Wignell, Elderslie, Camden, N.S.W., March 19th, 1903.

"I have great pleasure in strongly recommending Warner's Safe Cure. For the last eight years I have been suffering from gravel, and have found that Warner's Safe Cure has done me a wonderful lot of good."

From Mrs. Annie Dixon, Mareeba, Q.

"About five years ago I was taken ill, and could not leave my bed. I had read one of your pamphlets and thought I would give Warner's Safe Cure a trial. Before I had finished taking one bottle I was up again. It drove a lot of gravel out of my system. The doctor seemed to have no faith in my cure, and said that I should be troubled with the same malady again within two years. I am thankful to say, however, that I have never had a return of it since, and I think five years is long enough to prove the permanency of the cure."

Uric Acid.—The presence of this acid in the blood is the cause of people suffering from Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Backache, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gravel and Bladder Troubles. The accumulation of uric acid in the blood is a certain indication that the kidneys are acting inefficiently. Warner's Safe Cure acts specifically upon the kidneys, and invariably restores those vital organs to health and activity when all suffering due to uric poisoning ceases. So potent is Warner's Safe Cure that it will even cure Bright's Disease of the kidneys.

A simple test to make as to the condition of the kidneys is to put some of the urine, passed the first thing in the morning, into a bottle or covered glass, and let it stand until next morning. If it is then cloudy, or if it contains a sediment like brick-dust, or if particles float about in it, or if it is of an unnatural colour, the kidneys are not healthy, and no time should be lost in commencing to take Warner's Safe Cure.

ROBUR



Behold, Most Wise, the
Tea of Teas—the Tea
exquisite.

If you tire, the little Geisha
fill for you "Robur," the cup
of happiness,—is it not so,
most Magnificence? Wounded
—weary—desolate—a cup of
Robur is the great invigorator,
Serene and Sagacious One, and
it make of you the new again.

Pure it is, clean it is, for does
not the man of to analyse
say so, and is not the sealed
packet dirt-proof.

You will try the
"No. 1" Grade—Yes?

P.L.